September 25, 1963
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The Australian

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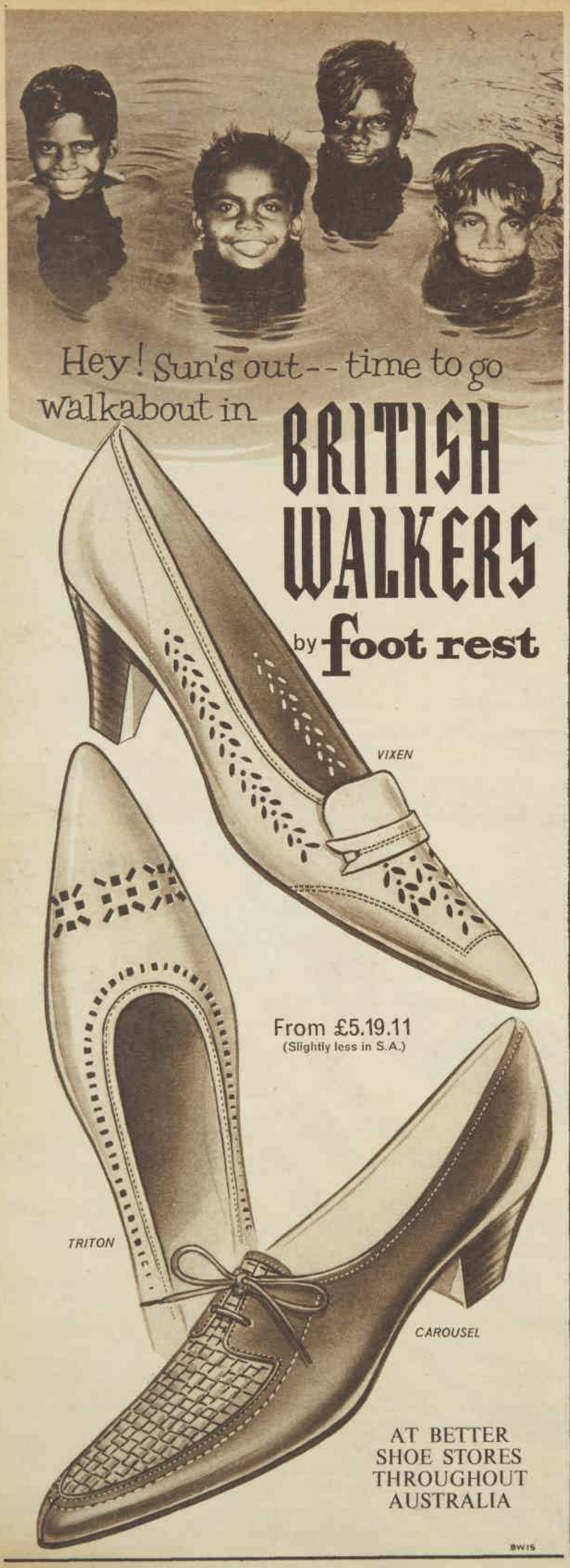

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Readers following our revolutionary new way to lose weight (see pages 4 and 5) shouldn't suffer any "hunger pains."

IN American tests involving the 1320-calorie diet, few people suffered extraordinary temptation to eat more than they should.

One woman, however, had a harrowing story to tell.

And hers was a special problem.

"I'm chief cook in a restaurant," she explained.

"I have to taste everything we serve — carbohydrate or not.

"Moreover, my day starts at five in the morning and ends at eight at night, and I'm in front of food all the time, so I do get tempted.

"Even so, I've gone from 254lb. to 228, which is better than I've ever done on any other diet."

★ ★ ★

"OH, what memories it evoked!" wrote Mrs. M. T. Locke, of Hanwood, N.S.W., after she saw Bruce Pinkard's color picture of St. Paul's Church of England, Murrurundi, in our August 21 issue.

"My grandmother, Mary Sophina Hill, was married at St. Paul's on January 13, 1886, by the Reverend W. Marshall. I have treasured her marriage certificate for many years.

"Now I shall keep this photograph with the marriage certificate for posterity and hope one day to visit Murrurundi in person."

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HAVE you tried President Kennedy's "Keep Fit Exercises"?

As part of the President's campaign to put America "back on its feet," a special series of exercises which everyone can do was published in the U.S.

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Our Cover

● Here's the latest fashion news for the beach: the shift pullover. Made in "wavy" stripes, it is designed to wear over short shorts or a swimsuit. There are more shift fashions on pages 45 and 47.

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Everybody's

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Quite the little gentleman

From ANNE MATHESON, in London

THE kind-hearted yet quite critical Scots living around Balmoral Castle were more charmed than ever with Prince Andrew when the Queen's little son was at Balmoral Castle for the late-summer holidays.

Andrew has acquired a friendly wave to match his wide and friendly smile. "That's my boy!" cried a crofter as the Prince, leaning from the train window, swept both arms about excitedly.

"Quite the little gentleman," said one old Highlander after seeing him kiss the Queen's hand on greeting her and solemnly and courteously kiss the Queen Mother's hand when she arrived.

It takes some children a long time to gain the poise that Andrew has already, and it isn't only because he has lessons in dancing and deportment and a Royal mother as tutor, but rather that Andrew is a Prince Charming, even at three and a half.

On this holiday his cousin Lord Linley, now nearly two, soon became his most constant companion and admirer. (Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon had gone to Greece to stay with the shipping magnate Mr. Stavros Niarchos on the island of Spetsopoula.)

Sunny nature

Andrew has a sunny nature, and unselfishness is one of his nicest traits. "David just worships him," one of the Royal nannies confided to another.

"Andrew is so thoughtful for others," an old friend of the Royal family remarked as she watched him put his hand out to steady his little cousin in their forays across the wild moors that surround the castle.

Prince Andrew has a pony, Valkyrie, on which he climbed the heather-clad hills. Everyone this year noticed how much more self-confidence he has gained, for he strode fearlessly over the rocks and crags and found a sure footing when crossing the burns.

● *Prince Andrew with the Royal family's corgis at Euston Station, London.*

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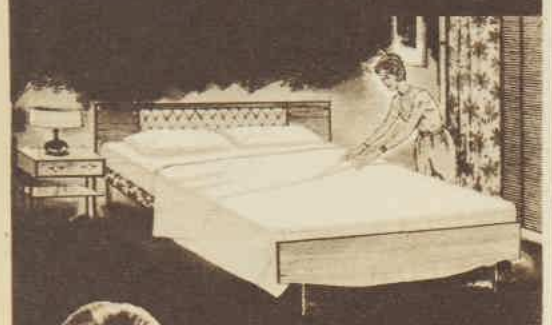

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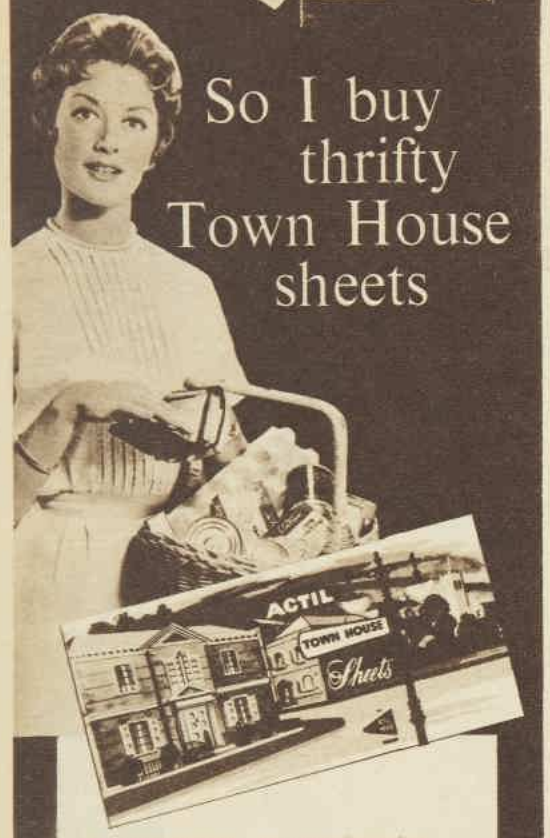

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Suggested meal plan for the day

1. BREAKFAST
Vitamin C fruit or juice
1 egg
1 ounce meat (¼ cup, or 1 thin slice Devon sausage, for example)
1 teaspoon margarine or butter
½ slice bread

2. MID-MORNING
1 cup skim milk
1 ounce meat

3. LUNCH
3 ounces meat
vegetable
1 teaspoon margarine or butter
3 teaspoons maize oil, coffee or tea

4. MID-AFTERNOON
2 ounces meat
½ cup skim milk

5. EVENING MEAL
3 ounces meat
vegetable
1 teaspoon margarine or butter
2 teaspoons maize oil
1 serving fruit

6. SUPPER
½ cup skim milk
1 ounce meat

See food lists below.

EAT EAT EAT EAT

Doctors'

● Three meals a day! The very words have a ring of virtue about them. They seem to imply that we are disciplined, solid citizens who know the value of forming good habits and have enough will-power to say "no" to between-meal snacks.

BUT the startling fact is that these very three meals may be making us *too* solid, and that wicked pastime — eating "between" meals— may be the solution.

Intense research recently conducted by Dr. Edgar Gordon at the University of Wisconsin and doctors at several other American research centres seems to be demonstrating dramatically that fat people can lose more weight by eating six, or eight, or even ten times a day than they can in a breakfast, lunch, and dinner regimen — and, even more startling, that they can do this while consuming **more** calories than previous diets have permitted them.

To date, more than 80 cases of obesity have been treated at the University Hospitals, Madison, Wisconsin.

These have ranged from very grossly overweight men and women to those who had perhaps 3 stone to lose, and the results have been almost uniformly spectacular.

Eating a diet worth 1320 calories a day (more than many other "reducing diets" allow), all these people have lost weight at the average rate of 2 or 3 pounds a week.

The diet itself is composed of ordinary foods, high in protein, very low in carbohydrates, and with essential small amounts of unsaturated fats each day, in the form of maize oil, as an absolute "must."

Important

In cases of extreme obesity, it is accompanied by certain drugs, principally to decrease the excessive water retention that often accompanies gross overweight.

But, Doctor Gordon emphasises, far and away the most important part of the diet is simply the fact that it is eaten in small quantities all through the day, so that digestion is going on all the time.

Like almost all medical advances, this diet plan had its origin in animal experiments.

In this case, the animals were white rats — used extensively for laboratory work because their physiological and psychological reactions are very close to the reactions of humans.

A rat's normal eating pattern is a simple, self-controlling one.

Exposed to food twenty-four hours a day, it will eat in tiny nibbles just what it needs.

It seems to be eating most of the time, but the amounts are so infinitesimal that the total consumption is merely adequate to sustain it.

But when rats are exposed to food for only a limited time each day — an hour or two — something strange happens.

Within a day or two they learn that their "mealtime" is limited and begin to eat more in that hour or two than they previously ate in a whole day.

Animals in these experiments regularly increase in weight about 30 per cent.

If, after exposure to this pattern of "mealtime" feeding, a rat is then restored to round-the-clock access to food, it does not return to its previous habits but continues to eat the larger amount.

However, if a short fast is imposed — 48 hours in which the rat is given no food — the eating pattern is broken.

After the fast, when the animal is again exposed to food at all times, it resumes its previous self-controlling habits and eats only what it actually needs.

Doctor Gordon's work with humans follows these animal experiments very closely.

Patients are first given a thorough medical examination and then put on a 48-hour fast, and eat nothing and drink only water and plain coffee or tea.

After that, they go on the 1320-calorie diet pattern (in the "Suggested Meal Plan" above), eating **at least** six times a day.

"More often would be better," Doctor Gordon said, "but we know that people like to sit down with the family and sometimes friends to eat, so we've given them something that looks more like a normal meal for lunch and dinner."

Four "fatties"

Incidentally, too, foods on this diet are varied enough so that in somewhat larger portions, and with certain additions which the dieter must pass up, they can serve the whole family — not just the overweight person.

In a recent introductory talk to four new recruits to the diet — four women, aged 56, 35, 26, and 17, the slimmest at least 3½ stone overweight — Doctor Gordon explained the programme:

"I want you to see," he began, "that the control of weight has been full of fads and even quackery for years. New starvation diets. Nothing but bananas for three weeks, say.

"Such diets aren't based on any research, and there's usually no sensible thinking behind them.

"What we're doing here is based on research."

He went on to explain in some detail the rat experiments.

"What struck us," he said, "was that the way the rats were eating, when the food was there only at certain times, was the way a lot of people eat.

"They get up and have little or no breakfast. They eat only a token lunch, and then somewhere around the dinner hour they begin really eating.

"We estimate that a good many people, and especially people with a weight problem, are consuming about eighty per cent. of their calories in a few hours in the evening.

"And that's the pattern that we're going to break for you."

He explained the diet.

EAT THESE QUANTITIES

FRUIT LIST

Where the diet plan calls for fruit or fruit juice, use these portions:

Apple	1 small (2" diam.)	Grapefruit juice*	¼ cup
Apple sauce	½ cup	Grape juice	½ cup
Apricots, dried	4 halves	Grapes	12 large
Apricots, fresh	2 medium	Honeydew melon	1-8th medium
Banana	½ small	Mandarin*	1 large
Blackberries	1 cup	Mango	½ small
Raspberries	1 cup	Orange*	1 small
Strawberries*	1 cup	Orange juice*	½ cup
Cantaloupe*	¼ (6" diam.)	Papaw	1-3rd medium
Cherries	10 large	Peach	1 medium
Dates	2	Pineapple	½ cup
Figs, dried	1 small	Pineapple juice	1-3rd cup
Figs, fresh	2 large	Plums	2 medium
Grapefruit*	½ small	Prunes, dried	2 medium
		Raisins	2 tablespoons
		Watermelon	1 cup

* Starred items are high in Vitamin C. Include one serving of these per day.

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DOCTOR EDGAR GORDON, an American specialist in diet, here puts forward the startling new theory that the three-meal-a-day eating pattern might well be responsible in part for the increasing problem of obesity. Extensive experiments have led him to believe that fat people can reduce more successfully by increasing the number of daily meals to six or more, with the right amounts of food in each. He gives a diet plan which, it has been said, may well revolutionise the whole approach to weight control.

"six-meals-a-day" diet

(SLIM WITHOUT STARVING)

emphasising the fattening effects of carbohydrates and pointing out that these are found not just in bread and desserts and macaroni but to some extent in certain fruits and vegetables.

"That's why we've sorted out the fruits and vegetables with the lowest carbohydrate content for you (see food lists below) and why you'll find just half a slice of bread on your beginning diet.

"You'll also notice the diet has some extra unsaturated fat in the form of maize oil. We have found that this kind of fat makes you burn your body fat faster.

"You need not count it as calories, because it's not used for fuel for the most part.

"One last word about the food: Cut down a little on the amount of salt you eat. Salt holds on to water in your body and water makes extra weight.

"You don't have to go without it; but if you eat a little less you'll lose faster.

"The average person uses about six grams a day — five grams are one teaspoonful.

"Now, if you can cut down to, say, four grams a day — a little less than a teaspoonful — you'll get results faster."

Doctor Gordon also explained the drugs which are necessary only in cases of extreme obesity.

Then he went on: "The rats, you remember, didn't seem to be able to change back to their normal pattern of nibbling until we put them on a fast.

"And humans have the same problem, so the first thing we're going to ask you to do is to fast for two days."

Moans from the ladies. "Well, we will let you have water and plain tea or plain coffee, but I think you're going to be surprised at how easy this is.

"And I know it's hard to believe, but I'll bet you're not even hungry."

Questions

At the end the women were encouraged to ask questions.

Would they have to stay on the six feedings a day for ever?

Doctor Gordon said they wouldn't, but added that it would be better if they continued to space out caloric intake as much as possible and not return to one or two large, high-carbohydrate meals.

He explained further that almost everyone made some adjustment in the diet, once he got well under way in it.

"No two people react identically to any diet, and once we see how you are doing we allow you as much leeway as we can."

One of the women asked about the need for supplementary vitamins.

"Not necessary," was Doctor Gordon's answer.

"This diet contains everything you need. That's why we insist you eat it all."

Some patients, it seems, have found the six feedings a day of meat **more** than they wanted, at first; but they are urged to eat them, to keep a balance in the eating pattern.

The least heavy of the women asked how much she should weigh. "You're only four feet eleven inches, so you shouldn't be over 8 stone 8 pounds" the doctor said. "You weighed 12 stone 4 pounds this morning, so it should take you about seventeen weeks to get down to that."

On this cheerful note he ended his talk.

Next, here is the picture regarding several men and women who had been on the six-meals-a-day diet for varying periods of time, to discover how effective the diet really was and how hard it was to stay on.

A woman in her late thirties started the diet weighing 20 stone 2 pounds and lost nearly 7 stone 2 pounds in six months.

Normal again

Another patient, wife of a doctor and mother of six children, has already reached her objective, dropping from a stout 12 stone 9 pounds to a lissom 8 stone 13 pounds.

"I had always weighed about 8 stone 13 pounds until four years ago," she said.

"Then suddenly I began to gain—and nothing seemed to help.

"My family doctor gave me several diets, cutting food down to 500 or 600 calories a day.

"But even at that low rate, I didn't lose.

"Then I read about this diet.

"My doctor thought it sounded hopeful."

She lost 17 pounds in the first three weeks. After that, her loss pattern changed.

"I'd lose a little—say five pounds—and then I'd hit a plateau and go for as long as two weeks without losing an ounce.

"Once it was nearly four weeks, and I was getting thoroughly discouraged, when suddenly my weight began to drop again."

She says there are very few changes in the family's eating habits because of her diet.

"Just one, really — and that is, food doesn't come to the table seasoned any more.

"I want to control my salt intake, so the others have to do their own salting."

A woman who has a job explained that she carried three little meals, including meat for each, to work.

She has been on the diet three months and has reduced from 12 stone 9 pounds to 10 stone 4 pounds.

Her objective: 8 stone 13 pounds.

A fifty-year-old man who weighed 21 stone 1 pound lost 30 pounds in twelve days.

During his stay in the hospital, he actually had difficulty eating the food he was supposed to.

"After the fast," he says, "I just wasn't that hungry.

"I'd send the food back to the kitchen, and they'd send it back to me with orders to eat it all. So I did."

A few patients complained that they found the five teaspoons of oil hard to swallow, but most had worked out some palatable form of incorporating this into the daily diet.

Salad dressing was the favorite solution, and dietitians working with the scheme developed a highly flavored recipe for a salad dressing (given below, left).

Fasting

One woman prefers adding the oil to broth or bouillon. Another drinks it in grapefruit juice.

Will this plan work as well for those not under medical supervision and particularly those not taking the drugs?

Doctor Gordon himself thinks it will, that people with a less severe weight problem may not really need the drugs.

As for fasting, Doctor Gordon believes there's no reason any healthy person who is overweight shouldn't go without food for a week-end at the start.

Naturally, he'd get a medical check-up first.

The advantage of the fast is not the loss of weight—it's the breaking of the eating pattern, which seems to make it so much easier for people to stay on the diet.

But Doctor Gordon stresses that the most important part of the whole programme is the multiple feedings.

What do other doctors in various fields think about it?

"Nibbles"

Doctor Fredrick Stare, of Harvard, has used the term "scientific nibble" for years to describe his advice to dieters.

He said, "We have found, from our own experience and from our animal studies, that it is desirable for the overweight person to have a small bit of food in the middle of the morning and the middle of the afternoon — provided that nibble is something he would ordinarily have eaten at lunch or dinner."

But he added this important warning: "It is not a free ticket to go ahead and nibble all one wants."

Dr. George Christakis, director of the Bureau of Nutrition for the New York City Health Department, says: "We in public health are following this research with the greatest interest."

Other doctors, including Dr. W. Stanley Hartroft, of the Hospital for Sick Children, in Toronto, and Dr. Clarence Cohn, of Michael Reese Hospital, in Chicago, have found that — among animals, at least — "meal eating" may be connected with high blood fat levels and contributory to heart diseases, which "nibbling" reduces dramatically.

There has long been evidence that in countries where people customarily eat five or six times a day obesity is rare, further suggesting that our own meal pattern is not an ideal one.

In the light of all this evidence it now seems that an important breakthrough may have been made, and that the research of Doctor Gordon and others has paved the way to new hope for slimness.

(and note all details and substitutes)

MEAT LIST

This meat may be prepared in any manner except frying. Cut off all excess fat.

Group A (make selections from this group for 7 or more of the 14 lunches and dinners during the week): Chicken, turkey, pork.

Group B (make selections from this group for no more than 7 meals): Fish—any kind, including smoked. Veal—all cuts. Beef—lean ground beef, steaks, or roast.

These are examples of three-ounce servings: **Chicken:** ¼ breast, 1 leg and thigh, or ¾ cup, loosely packed. **Hamburger patty:** 3 inches across, ¼ inch thick. **Pork Chops:** 1 medium loin chop, ¾ inch thick. **Roast** (beef or pork): 2 slices, 4 by 2 by ¼ inches. **Shrimp:** 10 to 12 medium, unbreaded. Tuna or salmon, ¾ cup.

The following substitutions may be made if desired:

For 1 ounce meat in group A, 1 tablespoon peanut butter. (Do not make this substitution more than twice a week.)

For 1 ounce meat in group B, ¼ cup creamed cottage cheese.

For 1 ounce meat in group B, 1 egg.

For 2 ounces meat in group B, 1 ounce cheddar cheese. (Do not make this substitution more than once a day.)

VEGETABLE LIST

Where a serving of vegetables is indicated, use 1 to 2 cups of any of these:

Asparagus, broccoli, brussels sprouts, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, cucumbers, eggplant, lettuce, mushrooms, pepper, radishes, sauerkraut, spinach (or other greens), string beans, squash, tomato juice, tomatoes, watercress.

THE MAIZE OIL

The consumption of 5 teaspoons of maize oil a day is an essential part of the diet and supplies unsaturated fat. Many people find it most palatable in the form of a salad dressing. Suggested recipe:

PAPRIKA DRESSING

Half medium onion, pureed or chopped, 1 cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons paprika, 2 tablespoons salt, 15 (¼-grain) saccharin tablets, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, 3 cups maize oil.

Puree onion in blender, or chop finely. Combine remaining ingredients, except oil. Gradually add oil, and continue blending until oil is finely dispersed. If the dressing separates on standing, shake well before using. Use 2 teaspoons dressing for 1 teaspoon oil in diet.

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STEN 6

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Television's richest writer tells

● America's most successful television playwright Rod Serling, once called "the angry young man of television," is now, after 12 years in the game, still young but considerably placated.

● *Rod Serling, creator of "The Twilight Zone" series of TV plays, who will visit Australia next month.*

ALTHOUGH he has often seen fit to bite television's hand, TV hasn't bitten back. At the age of 38 he may be the only writer in the world who could be a millionaire entirely from TV and without resort to books, plays, or films.

Suntanned, fit, and sassy, the author-producer of "The Twilight Zone" series met me in the Hotel Plaza's Persian Room to discuss his forthcoming tour of Australia and the Pacific.

He will spend 10 days from October 1 in Sydney and Melbourne as guest of the Radio, Television, and Screen Writers' Guild and of the A.B.C., conducting seminars for TV writers.

It will be Serling's first Pacific tour since the war, when he served three years as a paratrooper. He was severely wounded in the Philippines campaign, and was evacuated to Melbourne—where he spent three hours in transit to the U.S.

Critical

"I've planned to go back ever since," he told me. "I feel that three hours somehow wasn't long enough in Australia.

"Seriously, I have an immense curiosity about the country, chiefly as a result of meeting Australian fighting men in New Guinea. Not since then have I met people so vibrant and so open-handed and open-hearted."

But Serling's chief mission in Australia will be to discuss the problems of TV writing with his opposite numbers. He doesn't like everything about the medium.

He wants to talk about the "battles" of TV writing.

Battles with producers and sponsors?

"No. Battles within yourself. TV writing is a sombre concept and responsibility. You're purveying opinion — can't help it, no matter how much you try to avoid it.

"I don't have anything serious to say on TV," he added disarmingly. "When I do, I'll say it on the legitimate stage. Still, even in the science fiction of 'Twilight Zone' there's an occasional opening for social comment."

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

In a recent show on the series, called "Monsters Are Due on Maple Street," Serling recounted what happens when a neighborhood is invaded by another planet.

Well before the monsters arrive, the residents of Maple Street manage to kill each other off as a result of suspicion, distrust, panic, and connivance.

"I have no illusions that I could do a 'Babbitt' or a 'Main Street' (Sinclair Lewis novels attacking U.S. morality) today," Serling said. "Parables are acceptable, though, and it's possible to sneak in a message.

"I couldn't write a lynching story involving an American negro, for example, but if I make the victim an Eskimo it would pass."

The stage play Serling has in mind will have to do with the McCarthy era in America a decade ago.

"This area is still relatively untouched," he said. "They were five years of shame, of social trauma, in which America came close to moral ruin."

Serling lives with his wife and two daughters, Jody, 11, and Nan, 8, in a rambling stone mansion at Pacific Palisades, west of Los Angeles. His home has eight fireplaces and one "Tudor-style" swimming-pool.

He was born on Christmas Day, 1924, the son of a wholesale butcher. When he enlisted in the paratroopers after his high-school graduation, he did his first fighting as an amateur boxer, winning 17 of his 18 military bouts.

After the war he went back to college and began writing radio scripts.

His first 43 were rejected. He finally broke through when television started gobbling up scripts for live drama.

He began grinding out scripts by the dozen, switching from the typewriter to the dictaphone for the sake of speed. Sandwiched in among the potboilers were pure gems by which all TV drama has since been measured: "Requiem for a Heavyweight," "The Comedian," "The Time Element," "The Rank and File," and "A Town has Turned to Dust."

These controversial plays made Serling into TV's "angry young man." He complained repeatedly about the need to compromise — with sponsors, pressure groups, network censors.

Serling describes himself as looking "like a Sicilian boxer."

He is not as pugnacious as he looks, however. To those who have compared his past achievements with "The Twilight Zone" series ("pure entertainment") and called him a meek conformist, Serling shrugs and replies: "Not a meek conformist, but a tired non-conformist.

"Rapier"

"You can spend half your life fighting points instead of writing points. My attitude now is: Rather something than nothing."

In the first three years of "The Twilight Zone" he wrote 80 per cent. of the show's scripts. For the new series he is doing 10 of the 26 scripts.

"That's still far too much writing," he told me. "You lose freshness and begin copying yourself. You meet yourself coming round the corner. My best writing is done after a long lay-off, but that's a luxury I usually can't afford."

His wife, Carolyn, will join him in Australia five days after his arrival.

"I'll need her around," he said. "She uses a rapier to puncture my ego."

Recently on a promotional tour he phoned her at home to tell her he was about to be made a lifetime member of a Planetarium and that he was getting the keys to a number of cities. According to Rod, his wife reacted by saying, "If you don't laugh I'm going to divorce you."

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'Elsa' author's lecture tour

● Joy Adamson, author of the books about the African lioness Elsa and her cubs, will begin an Australia-wide lecture tour next month.

THE tour will coincide with our publication (starting in the October 9 issue) of the latest book in the series, "Forever Free."

Mrs. Adamson will show a color film of wild life during each lecture.

Proceeds from the lectures — admission to each is 5/- — will aid the Wild Life Fund.

Mrs. Adamson's lectures are sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly, David Jones Ltd., Myer (Melbourne) Ltd., and her publishers, William Collins Ltd.

Here are details of how and where to hear her:

SYDNEY: October 28 to November 1 inclusive. Art Gallery, sixth floor, David Jones, Elizabeth Street, 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. daily.

Bookings, ground floor, Elizabeth Street store.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

BUSH MEETING AT GONGOLGON

ABOVE: The president of the Gongolgon Branch of the Far West Children's Health Scheme, Mr. Ian McMaster, and Mrs. McMaster, of "Cowga Station," Gongolgon (couple on the left), with Mr. and Mrs. Dick Golsby, of "Weilmoringle Station," Weilmoringle, at the racecourse.

THE Leopard Woods Race Meeting at Gongolgon—the first after four years of drought — was a wonderful success, due to the hard work of the people of Gongolgon, 50 miles from Brewarrina in western New South Wales.

The course, on the common (land which can be rented by local residents for running sheep and cattle), was cleared and marked for the races, and shelters made from tree trunks covered with mesh and leafy branches. Bales of hay, scattered under the trees, served as seats. A display of the trophies, with the Gongolgon Cup — a beautiful silver vase — as the main attraction, was set up near the track.

The meeting, organised by the Gongolgon Branch of the Far West Children's Health Scheme, wasn't a picnic meeting in the strict sense of the word. It was a real bush gathering, a miniature Royal Show — with side-shows, merry-go-rounds, woodchopping, racing and gymkhana events, and even novelties like chase the rooster and catch the greasy pig!

At night enormous barbecued steaks were served with mugs of black tea. Afterwards there was dancing under the stars. The dance floor was built between a clump of Leopard Wood trees, which are indigenous to arid country, and so called because of their spotted trunks. The orchestra, with the back of a truck as its bandstand, played merrily until the early hours.

—ITA BUTTROSE

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Tony Trebeck, of "Bourimbla Stud," Brewarrina, and their children (front row, from left), Ross, Scott, and Elizabeth Ann, at the barbecue. Also in the picture is Mr. Trebeck's cousin, Mr. David Trebeck, of Killara (right), who is holidaying with the family.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Brian Allen, of "Eumarra," Brewarrina, with their sons (from left), Robert, David, and Jonathan, and Miss Merrilee Bowen, of Lindfield (right), at the races. Miss Bowen and her sister, Miss Rosalind Bowen, who took part in many of the events, are spending a three-week holiday with the Allens.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Ron Wynne, of "Woodlands," Coolabah (left), chatted between races with youthful sisters (from left) Patricia, Jean, and Margaret Field, of "Mayfield," Coolabah. Margaret rode her horse Peter at the meeting.

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ABOVE: Five-year-old Vicki Burt, of Gongolgon, exercised stud bull Strathdown Enact at the races. A competition was held to guess the weight of the bull. It weighed more than two thousand pounds.

ABOVE: From left, Mr and Mrs. John O'Neill, of "Oakleigh," Brewarrina, Mrs. Ken Norris, of "Sainsbury Park," Brewarrina, Mrs. Peter George, of "Wave Hill Station," Brewarrina, and Mr. Norris ate their steaks round a fire at Gongolgon racecourse.

Pictures by staff photographer BARRY CULLEN.

ABOVE: Miss Sue Russ, of "Glengara," Orange (left), and her sister, Miss Jan Russ, drove to Gongolgon with their mother, Mrs. Cecil Russ, for the race meeting. They were guests of Mrs. Russ' sister, Mrs. Fred Field, of Coolabah.

ABOVE: Young riders Helen Forbes, of Brewarrina, with her horse Bluey (left), and Dru Tucker, of Brewarrina, riding her horse Rocky. The girls competed in several race events.

AT LEFT: A ride on the merry-go-round was a highlight of the meeting for tiny tots (from left) Lynette and Karen Mitchell, of Byrock, Helen Sullivan, of Bathurst, and Rhonda Field, of Carinda. More than five hundred people attended the meeting, which raised £800 for the Far West Children's Health Scheme.

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"Gipsy doctor" packed a gun

By FLORENCE HOPE

● "I'd always thought it would be much more fun to practise medicine in remote villages than in my quiet London surgery —and I wanted to study the impact of modern medicine on primitive man," Dr. Wendy Carnegie said.

DOCTOR-AUTHOR Wendy Carnegie with her son's gun. She used one like this for bandits.

"ONE day I just went out to buy a loaf of bread. When I came back I owned a 22-foot caravan.

"My children thought I was mad, of course!"

Dr. Carnegie looked up her son's atlas to check that there was land from France to India ("geography was never one of my strong points"), packed her caravan with medical equipment, and set out on a journey that was to take her two and a half years.

Driving a Land-Rover with the caravan behind, she travelled from Dunkirk in France, through Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Irak, Iran, Afghanistan, and India to the borders of Tibet —a total of 42,000 miles.

She tells of her adventures—humorous and hair-raising—and of her many strange patients in her book, "Gipsy Doctor," which was recently published in London and is now on sale in Australia.

Wendy Carnegie—she is now a grandmother — is vital and energetic, with a dry sense of humor.

Writes, too

When she decided to become a "gipsy doctor," she had been practising in London and Essex for eight years, specialising in chronic and incurable diseases. Her daughter Gabrielle, then 19, was a beautician in Bond Street and her 17-year-old son Simon was at boarding school in the Channel Islands.

She came to Australia two years ago, and retired from medicine to concentrate on writing, her "second string" for many years.

"I'm sure my pills and medicines saved me from a grisly death more than once during my wanderings," she told me when I visited her in the Sydney flat she shares with her son Simon.

"News of my coming would travel ahead of me.

"Some of these wayside patients — especially in Iran and Afghanistan — were pretty dangerous characters. In fact, I learned later that some people travelling behind me were murdered."

Dr. Carnegie actually waged a "one-woman war" against bandits in a wild part of Afghanistan known as "the desert of death."

"The last trye on my Land-Rover had burst and I was stranded," she said. "The American ambassador at Herat had warned me that I was going into bandit territory, so when I saw these figures circling around at a distance, then gradually coming closer, I was terrified.

"I loaded my two guns — an old Mauser and the revolver I always carried with me — and propped one in each window.

"When they opened fire I rushed furiously from one window to the other firing the guns, so that they would think there was more than one person in the caravan.

"I must have fooled them, because they gave up after a while and melted away.

"The next morning I found a bullet hole in my caravan, but I don't know to this day whether it was from their shots or mine."

Dr. Carnegie spent another fearful night in Farah, a town on the fringe of the desert of death.

She had no sooner parked her caravan outside the primitive hotel than an armed soldier appeared. After much pantomime she understood that she was to tend a sick chieftain — a fabulously wealthy man whose size was as impressive as his fortune. He weighed around 30 stone and was said to eat half a sheep at one meal.

"He had his own private army — a sinister-looking lot — and I knew that if anything happened to him I would be quietly and efficiently exterminated," Dr. Carnegie said.

Sigh of relief

"He was in obvious pain and running a high temperature. I prescribed some medicine for him and spent the night perambulating between my hotel room and his Bluebeard-like quarters.

"Late the next afternoon he began to show signs of improvement, and I began to breathe freely again.

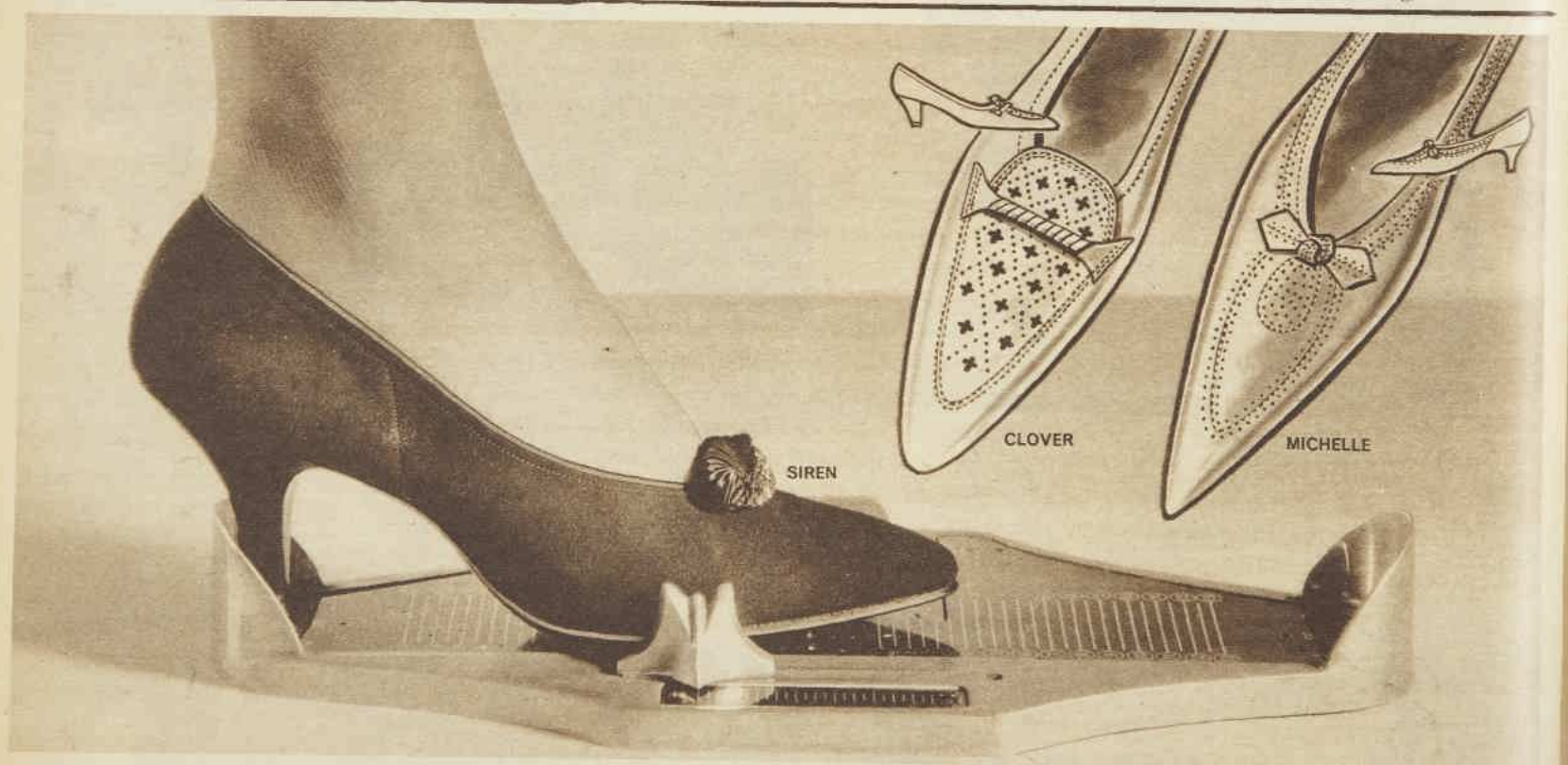
"Despite his wealth, I did not even receive a 'thank you' for my services."

Dr. Carnegie later took her Land-Rover and a limited quantity of medical equipment to Africa.

"I tried to save a native from being sacrificed in a tribal rite once," she told me. "It was just south of Timbuctoo.

"None of the villagers would take me to the spot where the shindig was being held, but I finally found a little boy of seven who knew where it was.

"I was too late. A man was stirring the ashes of a fire, and I saw some skulls hanging nearby. They spotted me and started to look threatening, so I moved off."



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BOY FASHIONS IN THE LAURENT COLLECTION

Yves Saint-Laurent, 27, the Paris boy-wonder designer, showed an autumn collection luxurious from the standpoint of fabric. From the designing angle, many of the clothes were faintly fancy dress — and the girls were often dressed as boys.

● *Tweed hostess gown (below) consists of a heavy floor-length tweed skirt and soft jersey top. The top bares the shoulders and is finished with a turtle neck.*

ROBIN HOOD, complete with mid-thigh boots, highwayman-style hats, jerkins, and tunics strode often through Saint-Laurent's autumn collection. The Sherwood Forest look was also evident in shaggy tweed slacks.

The collection was obviously designed for youth and the ultra-slim.

In his Dior days Saint-Laurent told me he had always been most inspired in fashion by slender brunettes with hair cut close to the head or drawn back in a chignon. It was interesting that the mannequins in this collection had their hair in blown-up page-boy bobs.

Student fashions are the second theme of the collection. The reefer, the middy, the sweater, and heavy hand-knit stockings all contributed to this look.

A wonderful shaggy tweed was first fabric choice.

Saint-Laurent's easy-fit overblouse is still around. Currently it is in crepe or satin, and its new look comes via embroidered sleeves.

For evening he had floor-length hostess gowns in separate units, often combining tweed, jersey, and suede.

Saint-Laurent designs his own accessories, including costume jewellery. For autumn he replaced his usual antique settings with giant gold chains. At times they dangle huge pendants.

—*Betty Keep*

● *Formal two-piece in pink crepe (above) has a semi-fit front-fastened top finished with embroidered sleeves.*

● *Typical Laurent jerkin (above) made in leopard-skin. The gold chain and pendant portrays the designer's trend in costume jewellery.*

● *Hand-knit stockings with low-heeled shoes contribute to the student look. These stockings are knitted in dark green and brown wool to simulate tweed.*

● *Robin Hood suit and hat in fancy Italian tweed. The suede thigh boots are worn over skin-tight pants.*

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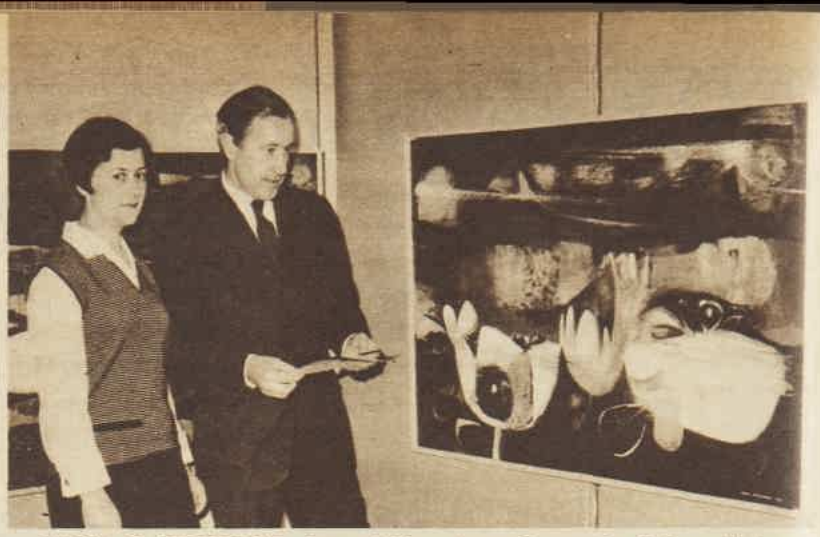

ERICA McGILCHRIST shows fellow Australian artist Sidney Nolan a painting at her London exhibition. Picture is one of a series entitled, "Tell Me Where the Flowers Are."

ARTIST WITH AN ACCENT

From BARBARA LAWSON, in London

● When the Adelaide-born artist Erica McGilchrist heard Marlene Dietrich singing in Munich "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" she was so moved that she went to her easel and began painting a series of five oils which she called "Sag mir, wo die Blumen sind" (Tell me where the flowers are).

THIS series, along with 55 other oils painted during Erica's three years in Germany, will arrive in Australia soon to be shown at an exhibition of her work in Melbourne from October 21 to November 11.

"I'm using the exhibition as an excuse to return home myself," she told me in London.

For the past three years Erica has held a scholarship at the Academy of Fine Arts in Munich.

"I loved every moment of my stay in Germany, though the going was often tough on a lone Australian who didn't speak a word of the language when she first arrived in the country," she said, with an accent picked up through speaking nothing but German for so long.

"First I enrolled at a language school in Rottenburg," she went on. "Then I lived with a family in Munich.

"The only time we spoke English was when we wanted to say something we didn't want their child, Jens, to understand.

"Jens was only a baby when I arrived, and he and I had a race to see which of us could speak 'correct' German first.

"Oh, it was so embarrassing — because the baby won."

Erica feels her art has changed little since her studies in Germany but has "become more definite in its intention."

"At the Academy I studied under Ernst Geitlinger, whose students are encouraged to make works of art from nails, concrete, plastics, egg-crates, and wooden blocks," she grinned, "but I struggled on with my seemingly *passe* brushes and tubes of oil paints."

It's hard to find a definition for the kind of art Erica paints — she struggled for a name for it herself — but it is certainly very modern. "Perhaps the most correct description would be to say I am a figurative painter, but with certain reservations," she told me.

"I paint portraits of feelings.

"For instance, with a series which will be seen in

RACED BABY TO SPEAK GERMAN

Melbourne, I've said to myself: 'If feelings and emotional experiences could be seen, what would they look like?' 'Nostalgia,' I felt, would look like moonlight, so I have painted it like this. 'Longing' would best be expressed on hardboard as rain.

"It's an exhausting type of art, but very satisfying when the painting is completed and the 'message' is across."

When Erica had an exhibition of her paintings in London (at the Qantas art galleries) just before sailing home, critics were strongly drawn toward her "Tell me where the flowers are" series.

"I thought the real feeling of the paintings went over especially well because a recording of the song was played in the art gallery for the people walking round to hear," she said.

"Marlene Dietrich's version reached the top of the sales list in Europe last year.

"In Germany, where we all think most deeply about everything, it struck us that the words of this song expressed poetically the pointlessness and tragedy of violence and destruction. 'When will we ever learn?' it asks.

"I tried to express in visual terms each of the five verses."

Long ago Erica had to choose between painting and dancing.

"For some years as a teenager I studied art at the Adelaide Teachers' College and the Adelaide School of Arts," she explained, "but all the time I'd also been studying ballet. At 19 I went to Melbourne for a holiday and decided to join the Australian Contemporary Dance Group there.

"But I couldn't go on doing both, so I eventually chose painting."

After that she virtually made her home in Melbourne, though her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. McGilchrist, still live in Adelaide.

"My mother was a great encouragement to my art," she said.

Something else Erica picked up in Germany besides an accent was the art of cooking spaghetti.

"That's something I've promised to teach my sister when I get home, though she's a good cook already," she told me. Erica will stay with this sister, Mrs. Marion Scown, at St. Kilda until after the exhibition, and then she will make up her mind whether to remain in Australia or return to Europe.

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OUR "HAPPY MOTHER AND BABY" CONTEST THE STATE WINNERS

N.S.W. STATE FINALISTS in our "Happy Mother and Baby" contest included (from left) Mrs. Janine Farrell, of Liverpool, and Lex, aged 5 months; Mrs. Betty Walker, of North Rocks, and Deanne, 4 months; Mrs. Barbara Coburn, of Warriewood, and Daniel, 3 weeks, the youngest baby there; Mrs. Maria Farnan, of New Lambton, and Ruth, 8 months.

THE WINNERS of the N.S.W. section of our £2250 contest are Mrs. Vivienne Huggett and her adopted daughter, Jennifer, aged 13 months.

● Mrs. Vivienne Huggett, the wife of a Cootamundra police detective, and her 13-month-old adopted daughter, Jennifer, are the N.S.W. State winners in our £2250 "Happy Mother and Baby" contest.

THEY will now compete for the first prize of £1000 against other State winners at the national judging to be held in Sydney on September 26.

The contest, conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with the H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., aimed at finding an obviously happy, healthy mother and child with a well-adjusted relationship.

From the thousands of N.S.W., entries, the State judging panel of three leading child-care experts chose 10 mother-and-baby finalists, including Mrs. Huggett and Jennifer.

Last week the mothers and babies, who come from widely varied walks of life in widely scattered parts of New South Wales, faced the judges at Sydney's Chevron Hilton Hotel.

During the judging the Troubador Room, usually the scene of cocktail parties, became a nursery.

While mothers rocked babies to sleep in bassinets or amused them in playpens, waiters used to scurrying around with trays of drinks were kept busy opening cans of baby food or warming babies' bottles.

The mothers and babies present obviously all had happy, healthy relationships, and there was scarcely a wail to interrupt the goos and gurgles during the long afternoon of judging.

It was an exciting day for the finalists, particularly for the five country mothers who, with their babies, spent two days of luxury "away from cooking and washing-up" as guests at the hotel.

The most exciting moment of all, of course, came when TV personality Elaine White, of TCN9, Sydney, announced the names of the winning couple.

Tall and pretty Vivienne Huggett cuddled Jennifer, a brown-eyed "baby doll," and said: "Not us? I can't believe it's true."

Adopted two

The 28-year-old Cootamundra housewife, who was a secretary in Sydney before she married about six years ago, has two adopted children — Jennifer and James, aged 2.

Mrs. Huggett said that when she and her husband found they could not have children of their own, they had long and serious discussions on the wisdom of adopting a family.

"We know we made the right decision, because since James and Jen entered our lives, we've known the meaning of real happiness," she said.

"We don't mind the world knowing they're adopted because we believe that problems over adoption arise only when parents try to hide the fact or talk about it in hushed tones.

"James tells everyone that I went to the hospital and picked him out from all the babies there. He's quite proud of the fact, and I'm sure he and Jennifer, and the third child we're still hoping to adopt, will grow up happily accepting the fact.

Mrs. Huggett said she had never entered a contest of any kind before, and therefore was "doubly excited, surprised, and overwhelmed" by her win.

"Friends really talked me into entering. I didn't think I had any chance of winning, but I enjoyed filling in the form, because it made me sit down and think about why we're such a happy family," she said.

At the State judging, each mother-and-baby pair underwent a medical examination and in turn were interviewed by the judges.

Mrs. Huggett said she was asked such questions as whether she and her husband had combined hobbies; where Jennifer slept; what she would do if Jennifer took poison; and did she believe in fluoridation of water.

"I found it a very interesting interview," she said. "I'd expected the questions to be much harder."

Prizes

As State winners, Mrs. Huggett and Jennifer won £100, made up of £50 cash and £50 in a savings account in Mrs. Huggett's name.

The ten N.S.W. State finalists all received prizes of six months' supplies of Heinz Baby Food.

The youngest baby present at the State judging was three-week-old Daniel Coburn, of Warriewood.

His mother, sculptor wife of artist John Coburn, said: "Daniel really shouldn't be here. He was born exactly one week before the contest closed on August 26, but he was two weeks premature."

Mrs. Coburn has two other children, Kristin, aged 9, and Stephen, 8.

The finalist with the largest family was Mrs. Marie Mansfield, of Kingsgrove, who entered with 17-month-old Angela, her sixth child.

There's now a three-week-old addition to the family, which has four girls and three boys, the oldest of whom is 12.

AT THE STATE JUDGING of our contest in Sydney, five more mother-and-baby finalists were pictured together. They are (from left) Mrs. Arline Russell, of "Talga," Barrigan, via Mudgee, and Andrew, aged 5 months; Mrs. Joy Smith, of Inverell, and Murray, 9 months; Mrs. Huggett and Jennifer; Mrs. Maria Mansfield, of Kingsgrove, and Angela, 17 months; Mrs. A. J. Kelly, of East Ballina, and Martin, 14 months. The 10th finalist withdrew for personal reasons.

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Eartha outshines the diamonds and Rolls

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "The Eartha Kitt Show," to be telecast from TCN9 on Wednesday, September 25, at 7.30 p.m., is the best entertainment I've seen in seven years of TV watching.

IT is also the most lavishly presented and expensive half-hour live show yet seen on Sydney TV.

I think its lavish production and expensive props, from the Rolls - Royce (sprayed to a dull finish so that its polish didn't "blind" the TV cameras) to the diamond bracelet, the valuable furniture, and the flowers, are all wasted.

None of them will be noticed from the moment Eartha Kitt steps on to the set — unless she is near them.

The finished show looks like an effortless half-hour from a superb artist; in fact it was hard work, sweated over and tirelessly rehearsed for more than a day.

I have never seen anyone work so hard, enjoy herself so much at a rehearsal, or be as nervous as Eartha Kitt was for the 10 minutes before she faced the specially-invited audience who arrived at 5 p.m.

Human "props"

Rehearsals had started at 9 that morning.

Miss Kitt had met her human "props" — Kevin Johnston, Allan Reid, Alan Dearth, and Bruce Henries —the day before with Channel 9's choreographer, Shirley Regan.

The four young men appear with her when she sings "Santa Baby," and they spent an hour the day before the show was made doing what they call "walking through" the song.

I had gone to the Chevron Hilton to meet Miss Kitt, too, and watched the walk-through.

It all seemed disastrously sketchy to me, but Miss Kitt was impressive in her scarlet wool knit two-piece middy suit (casual clothes are her favorites off stage; she is taking a lot of Australian knitteds back with her), limbering up by touching her toes, and meeting every request unruffled.

☆ **Television** ☆

She is a physical-culture and yoga expert, says physical culture "is the greatest thing in the world for anyone, helps mental attitudes as well as physical ones."

She thinks all actors should do physical culture. "If you are fit you are never clumsy or ugly as you move," she said.

If you want this proved, watch Eartha when she sings "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" and "Let's Do It."

She begins lying on a staircase, moves on to a chaise longue (her show-business trade-mark), crosses from one side of the set to the other, and then right up to the front where she flirts outrageously with a bust of Bach.

She covers a lot of territory, but seems to flow rather than move.

I had heard a lot about Miss Kitt being temperamental, but the day she made the TV show she gave the lie to every moody story ever told about her.

The only thing she snarled at was her sables, 43 of them fashioned into a stole that she dragged round the floor from time to time.

(As well as the sables she wears a street-length white mink edged with chinchilla and a scarlet floor-length evening coat of dyed fox.

"I don't know how much my furs are worth. I'm not in love with them, they're just props," she said.)

She's got a great sense of fun, she's generous with her praise, and appreciates anything done for her. Her pranks and ad-libs during rehearsal would have made sensational TV.

At four o'clock she asked for a lightly boiled egg and a slice of thin dry toast "to calm her nerves."

She ate it as she watched Shirley Regan stand in for her and walk through her closing scene, complimented her by saying, "You get the job, Shirl, you're good."

In the short time I spent with Miss Kitt I was amazed by her varied accomplishments.

She didn't like the bongo drum introduction that opens the show, so she showed them how it should be played. When her wig was combed up before the show she showed the hairdresser deftly and expertly how to do it.

(She has two wigs, the same color as her own hair, which she finds invaluable. They save hours in hairdressing salons.)

Nervous Kitt

I watched Miss Kitt make up for the TV show. She was nervous by then.

She uses very little make-up and never wears false eye-lashes, but TV doesn't do anything for her. She is much more attractive off camera.

Her pretty pinky-brown skin glows, her teeth are white, her nose tilts upward to give her her cheeky, gamin look.

As I zipped her into her heavy gold lame sheath for the opening, she took a deep breath and said, "I don't feel good." I could see her trembling.

She took another deep breath and said, "It shouldn't be so hard, all the time . . ."

("I always get nervous before a show," she had told me the day before. "I feel so worried, in case I don't hit the audience right. If I don't, the show can be very uncomfortable for both parties, the people and me. I am always worried until I know if I have hit them right.")

Two minutes later she was on the set, a moment later she knew she'd "hit them right," and you could watch her relax.

As she passed me after the opening to change for the next scene, the Rolls was being driven off the set.

"See," she said. "This always happens to me. They always take it back."

Footnote: I told Miss Kitt that a taxi-driver had asked me if she was fat. She isn't. She weighs 7 stone 9lb., measures 33-22-35, stands just under 5ft. 3in., but always wears 4½in. heels.

EARTHA KITT with TCN9 floor manager Jim Badger rehearsing for the show.

Reviews of New Films

With WINIFRED MUNDAY

★★★ WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?

This is a powerful and shocking film, magnificently acted by the two stars, Bette Davis as Baby Jane and Joan Crawford, still beautiful, as her sister, Blanche. The story is a terrifying one about an old, ugly woman who was once a child star and who still lives in her brief and glorious past. Sister Blanche (who was a brilliant and successful movie star) is crippled, helpless, and terrified of her sister, who keeps her, through guilt and jealousy, a prisoner in her own home. To tell the story would spoil the suspense. Sufficient to say that this is a film not to be missed if your nerves are good. P.K. —**Regent, Sydney, and some suburban theatres.**

In a word . . . BRILLIANT

★★ THE RELUCTANT MAIDEN

Michael Craig steals the laughs as the vague but brilliant young aircraft designer more interested in an old steam tractor engine than in influencing an American millionaire to buy his newest plane.

There are many fun-packed disasters, but the handsome engine driver finally wins all round and even the maiden is far from reluctant. K.Y. — **State, Sydney.**

In a word . . . LAUGHS.

★ DONOVAN'S REEF

Light-hearted film about a saloon-keeper (John Wayne) on a Polynesian island and his fighting partner (Lee Marvin) and their efforts to keep from a snooty Boston girl the fact that her father (Jack Warden) has three half-caste children. The story is rather far-fetched, but the South Sea island scenery and atmosphere make the film flow along pleasantly. Two old veterans make a welcome appearance—Cesar Romero, as the French Governor, and Dorothy Lamour — minus sarong. — **Prince Edward, Sydney.**

In a word . . . AMUSING.

THE OLD DARK HOUSE

A comedy thriller which is supposed to be funny, but isn't. Descendants of an eccentric pirate, including Robert Morley and Joyce Grenfell, are never allowed to leave the gloomy Dartmoor family mansion if they want to inherit his fortune. The situations are hackneyed and even the slapstick fails to amuse.—**Lyceum, Sydney.**

In a word . . . MIRTHLESS.

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Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S
Thought For The Week

Momma once said to me . . . After she and Dad had come storming into the house, he into the den, slamming the door; she into the kitchen, rattling the pots and pans . . . "I think I have just discovered what causes more divorces than anything else." "What happened," I said. And she said: "Your father has just given me my first and, I think, last driving lesson. If you ever get married, my son, and your wife wants to learn to drive, send her to a reputable driving school. Believe me, my son, it will save you a lot of arguments. But if your wife insists YOU teach her to drive, remember this . . ."

Momma's moral: Go on green, stop on red, and take it easy when I turn white . . .

DID YOU KNOW?

"THE ROBERT TAYLOR SHOW," a new series planned by N.B.C. in America, has been abandoned.

Robert Taylor was to play a supersleuth of germs working for the United States Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. But the government agency refused to lend its endorsement to the series, which was cancelled.

To fill the gap in the schedule, N.B.C. is making a new series of two time-tested formats — a Western and a lawyer series.

The new show will be called "Temple Houston," and will have Jeffrey Hunter in the title role.

★ ★ ★

GREER GARSON is dickering with a major film-and-television studio for a TV series in which she would play great women of history.

★ ★ ★

JACK LORD, whose TV series, "Stoney Burke," has been cancelled, is having more luck with feature films. He has been signed to star in six movies.

★ ★ ★

ARTHUR GODFREY, who has been in radio and television virtually since the birth of the commercial broadcasting medium, is going to Hollywood to make his film debut, a dramatic part in a Frank Sinatra-Dean Martin film, "Four for Texas."

Television

THE U.S. N.B.C. network is planning a television series based on a feature film that hasn't yet come out of the Hollywood cutting room. The film, "Flipper," is about a boy and a dolphin. The TV series would use the same title.

★ ★ ★

HOWARD KEEL, a star in musical films, has been approached by a TV production company to undertake a series about the famed Diamond Jim Brady, last of the REALLY big spenders.

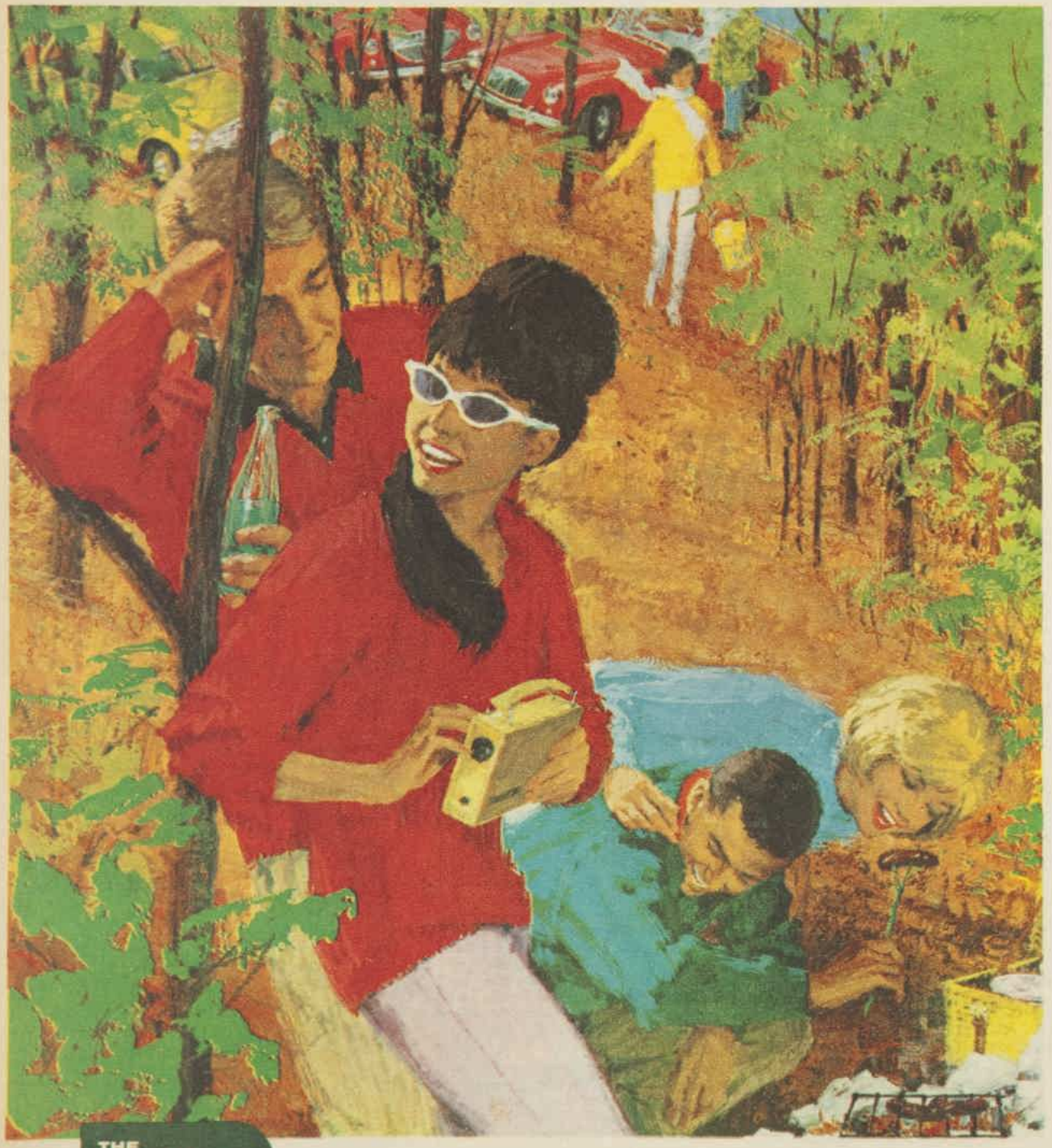
HOWARD KEEL

THE ten top brewery firms in the United States paid 36,000,000 dollars last year on TV advertising. One beer company, Schlitz, shelled out 9,000,000 dollars.

★ ★ ★

EDD BYRNES, who has been dropped from the "77 Sunset Strip" series, is being considered for the lead in a Broadway musical version of "What Makes Sammy Run?" the Budd Shulberg book about Hollywood that was later adapted as a successful TV drama.

Nick Adams, formerly star of "The Rebel" series, was approached for the Sammy role, but he wanted a guarantee that he would star in the same role if the play was made into a film. This was unacceptable to the producers, who then called Byrnes.



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GHOST LEGEND FROM THE PAST

● ABC-TV has set a tradition for Australian historical drama with its serials "Stormy Petrel," "The Outcasts," "The Patriots," and "The Hungry Ones." Now it has produced the first television opera with an Australian historical background, John Gordon's "Fisher's Ghost."

Television

THE story of Fisher's Ghost has become an Australian legend.

Fred Fisher, a ticket-of-leave man who had a farm at Campbelltown, N.S.W., disappeared on the night of June 17, 1826, and was never seen alive again.

Another ex-convict, George Worrall, who lived with Fisher on the farm, claimed Fisher had returned to England to avoid prosecution for a forgery.

Four months later a man said he had seen Fisher's ghost, and police investigation uncovered his body buried in the marsh on his farm.

Worrall was tried for murder, and before his execution admitted that he had killed Fisher to get the farm.

"Fisher's Ghost" will be shown on ABC-TV channels on the following dates: Sydney, September 22, 8 p.m.; Melbourne, September 29, 8 p.m.; Brisbane, October 6, 8 p.m.; Adelaide, October 13, 8 p.m.; Perth, October 20, 8 p.m.; Hobart, October 27, 8 p.m.

LEFT: John Hurley (played by New Zealand teacher Edmund Bohan) and his wife and sister are terrified by the apparition Hurley has seen. Birdlime (left) persuades him to report it to the police, who find Fisher's body buried in a marshy paddock.

BIRDLIME the pickpocket is played by Ereach Riley, who appeared in the original production of "Fisher's Ghost" at Sydney University Teachers' College. The opera was composed by a lecturer at the college, John Gordon, who revised it for television.

MARILYN RICHARDSON (left), who has appeared in a number of operatic productions for the A.B.C., plays the role of John Hurley's sister. The musical soundtrack, with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, was recorded before televising. The cast mime to their own voices.

FISHER'S GHOST (right) slowly advances toward the frightened John Hurley. Donald Philps plays the role of the ex-convict Fred Fisher murdered by George Worrall. Several people claim to have seen the ghost of Fisher in Campbelltown, N.S.W.

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Veet 'O' is as nice to use as a beauty cream. And so quick and easy, too. You simply smooth it on and—in minutes—every trace of unsightly hair just *melts* away. Arms, underarms and legs feel wonderfully soft and smooth-as-satin. And with fragrant Veet 'O' there's no tell-tale hint of unpleasant 'depilatory-smell'. Tubes 4/-. Large size 6/-.

Veet Odourless

pleasantly fragrant—easy to use

When I sip Dubonnet, I think I'm in Paris

Dubonnet

Not too sweet, not too dry; long drinks or short . . . Dubonnet serves perfectly with soda, Gilbey's Gin, Bond 7 Whisky, Pierre Smirnoff Vodka, or just by itself. Be gay . . . be like the Parisiennes and try Dubonnet soon. 12/6 per bottle (slightly higher in some States).

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LETTER BOX

● *We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.*

She's a hoarder

CAN someone suggest a cure for my habit of hoarding? I just can't throw anything away. My wardrobe drawers are filled to the brim with laddered stockings I'll never wear again; magazines and newspapers cram every shelf; even my vanity case is full of empty mascara boxes and worn-down lipsticks for which I'll never manage to buy refills. I live in a home unit, and I'm running out of space quickly.

£1/1/- to Miss Roslind Carpenter, Mosman, N.S.W.

Alone—and scared of the dark

MY husband and I have moved to a new State where he has to travel a lot, and I am at home alone at nights. My problem is that I am frightened alone after dark. Nothing I tell myself seems to help. Does anyone have a cure?

£1/1/- to "Nervous" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

One way of washing up

LAST summer I had to leave my two teenage sons to look after themselves at home for a few days. They quickly invented a new method of dealing with the washing-up. To the delight of the neighbors they put their dirty dishes in the plastic dish-rack and took it out on to the back lawn and hosed them down. A 60ft. hose lying in the hot sun provided quite a lot of hot water.

£1/1/- to "Proud Mum" (name supplied), Charlton, Vic.

They cemented the garden

AFTER we married we decided to sow some plants in our garden. In a shed we found a bag of grey manure dust left by the previous owner. This we freely spread on the ground to allow the rain to wash it in. Weeks after, when no young plants came through, we found a solid layer of concrete in the "garden." The "manure" we'd found was cement.

£1/1/- to "Absolutely True" (name supplied), Hastings, N.Z.

Standard keyboard wanted

MANY touch-typists will welcome the day when all the manufacturers of typewriters agree on a uniform setting of keys. It is most difficult, after using one machine for some time, to get used to another make which has completely different positions for a number of keys such as the back spacer, fractions, and signs.

£1/1/- to "Touchy-typist" (name supplied), Esperance, W.A.

Secret ambitions

LIKE Mrs. Fitzgerald (N.Z.), who yearns one day to play the clarinet in a Dixieland band, I also have a secret ambition. Mine was to be an actress, but for various reasons I had never been able to do anything about it. However, three years ago I was asked to a play reading by the local drama society and had to "fill in" and read a part. Since then I have had a role in nearly every production. I am now 66.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Swan, Culcairn, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I ALWAYS have seen myself as a ballad singer, so later in life I bought a guitar, learned to play it, and now specialise in Australian folk songs. The family loves to sing along with me.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. White, Townsville, Qld.

★ ★ ★

FOR years I had no idea that I had the makings of a linguist, but opportunities at school had been lacking, and also the older I became, and the more wrapped-up I was in being a housewife, the more diffident I became. One day I thought, "Life begins at 40," and bought some Russian text books and records, and set to work. Now, after 15 months' effort, I can read, write, and speak Russian, and am starting on Indonesian.

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. Forrest, Waitara, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

AFTER many years my secret ambition was fulfilled. When I was nine, the American Fleet came to Melbourne, and we received medals to commemorate the occasion. Thereafter my ambition to see America increased with the years. As a teenager I had an American penfriend. Then, 13 years ago, my only daughter flew to the U.S.A. to marry her penfriend. And last year, after waiting 50 years, my ambition was realised, and I sailed to the land of the Stars and Stripes.

£1/1/- to "Happy" (name supplied), Chadstone, Vic.

★ ★ ★

MY life's ambition has been to sing hillbilly songs and play the guitar. To realise it, I had to wait till I was 54, and stopped going out to work. When I eventually bought the guitar and took lessons, I found all the other students were young and I felt embarrassed, so I laid the guitar aside. Instead, I have joined a pensioners' choir and a concert party.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Clarkson, Footscray, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

CARS, like people, have different standards of living. Things are easy for some, hard for others.

You could not find a more pampered vehicle than the Hopkins' family saloon.

It has had one owner, Mr. Hopkins, and he looks after it devotedly. Every Sunday—a day which he considers sacred to car-washing—he cleans and polishes it with care.

It has a cosy garage for its home. Often Mr. Hopkins brings it a present. It got a demister for Christmas and a radiator mascot for its first anniversary.

Very different is the lot of the Buntings' car across the way.

This one has had several owners, each less considerate than the last.

It is left standing in the street in all weathers. Its color is unhealthy, and the engine coughs a lot.

Mr. Bunting never shows it any affection. In fact, he refers to it as "the old bomb."

It seems unfair that while some cars are comfortably housed, others should have to stay out-of-doors:

CAR CARE

I feel sorry when I see them in the streets out our way, exposed to the rain and sun. They are disfigured, too, by smog, leaves, and birds.

When the McGoons' mulberry tree is bearing, the bird marks on

the local cars are purple. The Jenkins', who have a cream station waggon, complained to Cec McGoon about it. But he only laughed heartlessly.

Some owners are by nature kinder to cars than others. It is a curious fact that men who treat their cars well are often lacking in consideration for their wives.

Mr. Hopkins is an example. His car, thanks to his loving attention, is well preserved. But the same could not be said of Mrs. Hopkins.

Her husband spends very little on her maintenance, and she looks neglected and shabby. She is not as well upholstered as when they were married.

In the neighbors' opinion she is depreciating faster than she would if more care were taken of her.

Mr. Bunting, on the other hand, though his car looks run-down, has a smartly turned-out wife. He takes a pride in her, and has kept her in "as new" condition.

Often, I have noticed, an owner fusses over his car when he has first got it, but after a while he takes it for granted. He devotes less time to it. His eyes start wandering to younger, better-looking models.

To my mind a man should take a kindly interest in both his car *and* his wife.

With proper attention a car will give long and loyal service. Likewise, a wife who is well looked after will keep her showroom shine till trade-in time.

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Decoré introduces a magically new . . . dramatically different Home Perm.

With a Decoré Home Perm there is no mixing, no mess and no mistakes—just silkier, softer, more natural-looking waves, and Decoré's foaming cream neutralizer pours straight from the bottle—so easy to use. The secret of a Decoré Home Perm is K129—this magic ingredient will give your hair magnificent body, lustre and resilience.

Every pack of Decoré Home Perm contains, as well as a bottle of pure pre-filtered wave lotion and a bottle of foaming cream neutralizer, a sachet of Decoré's cold wave shampoo, exclusive acid-free end tissues together with a styling leaflet, with wonderfully simple instructions for brilliant new setting ideas.
Whatever your type of hair there's a Decoré Home Perm to suit you. Regular, Easy to Wave or Hard to Wave.

Free Hair Advisory Service. If you feel you would like some specialised advice on perming, colouring, or any hair problems, our fully trained staff of expert hair consultants will analyse your problem and answer you promptly. Simply send along a 2" snip of hair with a letter explaining your problem, together with a stamped self-addressed envelope to Decoré Advisory Bureau, Dept. WW, 389 Sussex St., Sydney.

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FROM PEARS... A NEW HABIT FOR HANDS

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keeps busy hands soft, smooth – always

AT LAST SOMEONE'S REALISED what a life your hands lead — every day you do hundreds of jobs that roughen and dry your hands.

NEW Vinolia makes you this promise . . . after each rough job, smooth in a little Vinolia, seconds later your hands will be soft, smooth. Why? Because Vinolia works a new, *different* way.

The finely-emulsified beautifying oils in Vinolia smooth in so fast your hands never feel greasy. You actually want to use Vinolia *each time*. And that's the secret . . . *each time* you dry your hands, smooth a little in . . . just a second's beauty care and what a world of difference! Your hands really are soft and smooth, lovely to look at *always*.

New unbreakable squeeze plastic bottle—handy beside the kitchen sink, in the bathroom, and pretty enough to stand proudly on your dressing table. Vinolia is in all chemists and stores now and costs 6/3.

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WORTH REPORTING

IF you're missing such items as a stuffed snake or coffee-table legs, and have travelled by air lately, check up with the airline's lost-property office.

As London air-hostess Monica Ewington shows (picture at right), just about anything can be left on planes or in air terminals by absent-minded passengers.

In a survey of lost-property offices at Sydney airlines we found that only about half of the items are claimed.

The three "most lost" items are clothes, especially plastic raincoats, umbrellas, spectacle cases.

Many bizarre articles pass through Sydney airlines' lost-property offices. They include a 5ft. salad spoon, assorted straw hats, pills, golf clubs, a child's playpen (who could miss that?), a shovel, powder compacts, an X-ray print, pipes, dentures, pyjamas, a red telephone handset (left behind last April and still not claimed), and numerous toys.

Airline officials go to a lot of trouble to restore lost property to their owners, but, of course, they can only do this if there is some indication of ownership on the article.

Chocolates and cigarettes are rather hard to return, and, naturally enough, not so much trouble is taken.

But if the passenger who left his plane so hurriedly can identify the nulla nulla he left, the airline's lost-property office will be only too glad to help.

AIR-HOSTESS Ewington with a lost item.

NEW fashion pants which look like becoming popular overseas are called "plusaloons." Why? They are a cross between plus-fours, riding breeches, and pantaloons. (Actually, they look like a slightly tailored version of great-grandmother's bloomers.) They're for wearing on a horse, scooter, bicycle, or just plain walking. In view of recent lifting of taboos, we can even visualise them on the golf course.

★ ★ ★

SIGN in a Spanish cafe: "English and Scotch tea served here." And in a Sydney espresso bar: "Coffee Ole."

Mud pies inspired it

MOTHERS and kindergarten teachers alike, we feel, owe a debt of gratitude to the tall, bearded art teacher who watched some children making mud pies on the banks of the River Avon, England, 60 years ago.

The teacher (his name was William Harbutt) decided that there ought to be a cleaner, more pliable substance which children could use for their modelling play. He invented it — and called it plasticine.

The firm he founded is still the only one in the world that makes it. The secret formula has been handed down over the years by word of mouth.

Plasticine has not only provided hours of happy absorption for millions of children.

Strategists planning military campaigns have pored over models fashioned from it; pilots in World War I used to carry plugs of it in their pockets to fill up bullet holes in their planes.

Many a piece has been taken from the children's playbox and put to domestic use in an emergency. We've even heard of a car which ran for six months with a hole in the radiator — plugged with plasticine!

"LIGHT whines and mixed-up spirits" were the unusual beverages served to accompany an unusual meal in Adelaide recently.

It was at a private screening (with supper) of the film "The Old Dark House," starring Joyce Grenfell.

The screening was held in an appropriately old dark house borrowed from the Port Adelaide Council.

Other items on the menu were Vampire Curry and Rice, Creeping Crayfish, Choked Chicken, Cox Comb pies and pasties, Cocktail Frankensteins, Asparagus and Arsenic Rolls, Screaming Hot Coffee.

A few "corpses" littered a dimly lit corridor. These were realistic dummies made from old clothes stuffed with seaweed.

The "inventor" was impish Adelaide theatre manager Gordon Wright.

Mr. Wright was called in to assist with the spook-making by film company manager Mr. Graham Parsons, the host for the preview.

Other ideas these two thought up for the general discomfort of the invited guests were cobwebs hung with spiders, black-draped walls, shrunken heads (made of plastic and bought at a hobby shop), ghastly ghostly noises issuing from a concealed tape-recorder, and theatre staff in witches' wigs.

"Mrs. Puffin" — a novelist

"YOU shouldn't have let me start talking about my book," visiting English actress Irene Handl said. "I'm afraid I get carried away!"

Few people start writing their first novel at the age of 63. Miss Handl did. But, then, few people begin a theatrical career at almost 40 and make an immediate hit. She did that, too.

Irene Handl has played in 48 films and in numerous stage and television shows. Most people know her best as Reg's Mum in "The Rag Trade."

Now she has a new, absorbing interest. Her book. She started it six months ago, and hopes to finish it on her Australian tour as star of "Goodnight Mrs. Puffin."

"I always keep it with me," she told us as we chatted at the Theatre Royal, Sydney. "Whenever 'Mrs. Puffin' is off-stage, I take it out and write a bit more."

Miss Handl is a gentler, quieter person than her screen and television image (she has been called the greatest cockney comedienne since Marie Lloyd). Her light brown hair is greying softly, and her fair complexion is unlined.

Miss Handl has written her own radio and television sketches for some years. She was the author of "Shadows on the Grass," a delightful duo which she recorded with Peter Sellers.

IRENE HANDL as "Mrs. Puffin."

"I've had a surprising number of letters about it—even from people here in Australia," she said. "People write and ask me to tell them more about Squeegie — she just seems to have taken their fancy. ("Squeegie" is the middle-aged widow in "Shadows on the Grass.")

"The characters in my book are very different," Miss Handl said. "They're international people, well-off, but with very deep problems of human relationship.

"I don't think I'll ever write another book. This has taken too much out of me.

"But if it's a success it will give me a deeper sense of achievement than I've had from anything I've done in films and the theatre."

KING GEE

SCHOOL CLOTHES

Sitting in class or running wild in the playground (King Gee know boys inside and out!), he can study or play to his heart's content in tough, neatly tailored King Gee's. They save your money and time, too—cost less, last longer; so easy to keep spic and span. King Gee School Shorts and Boxers are in Polyester fabric; wash and drip dry (keep their pleats without ironing, even with a schoolboy in them). Boxers are available in Bradmill Drill, too, and School Shorts in Sanforized cotton drill. Choose whichever you like best. School Shirts to match have a 2-way stayed collar to take a school tie nicely. You can be proud of your boy in school clothes tailored by King Gee.

FOR THE YOUNG MEN OF THE NATION

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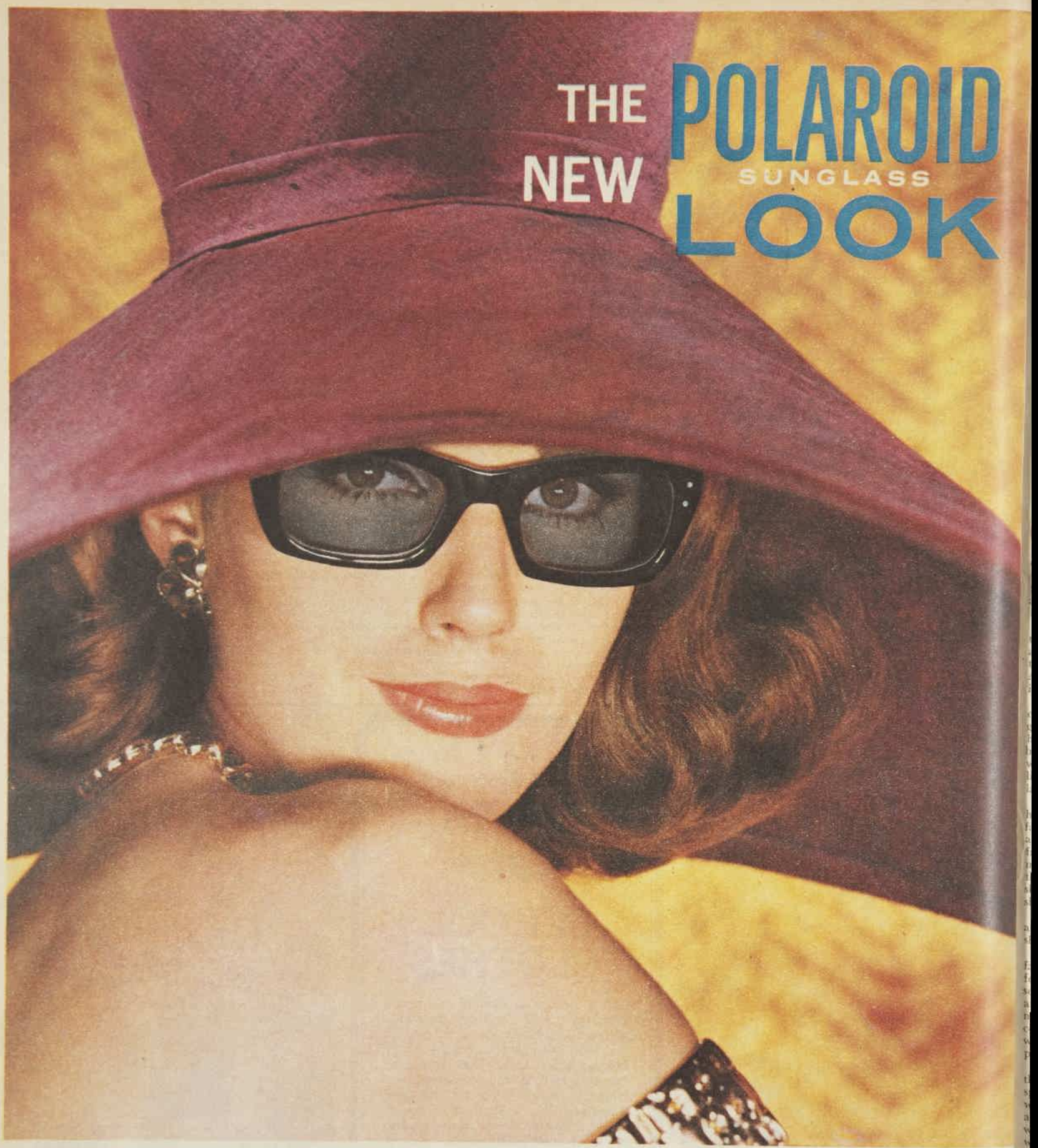

This is the look that makes fashion . . . these are the new POLAROID sunglasses that set standards.

But glamour is only part of the story. Just as important is protection. Polaroid Sunglasses are different. Unlike ordinary sunglasses they "polarize" light. Annoying reflected light is stopped—it never reaches your eyes.

POLAROID polarizing lenses are specially imported from the U.S.A.—they are lightweight, shatterproof and safe to wear, scratch resistant, distortion-free — and ONLY POLAROID sunglasses have them.

Be sure of the styling and protection that cannot be copied —insist on genuine POLAROID Sunglasses.

See the New 1963 range at your chemist, optometrist, optician, or leading department store.

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Hat by Fabrika Hats. Jewellery by French Perfumers

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Faces of Love

In the light of truth this was the final disillusion — a sophisticated story

By Gina Berriault

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN TOURRIER

ON the last Sunday that the family was ever to be together, they discovered a strip of rocky beach on the north side of the channel. It was just where the channel opened out into the ocean, just where the returning freighters and fishing boats lost their solitary state to the cities ringing the bay and where the departing ones felt the wide, isolating arc of the open sea.

Others had discovered the beach long before them. Many times on their way to the bridge and San Francisco, driving along the highway that skirted the high, rough, weedy hills of Army property, the family had seen cars entering and leaving a small dark tunnel.

They had thought that only Army personnel could enter, but on that Sunday the younger girl, Edita, had dared her father to turn off the highway. No one was in the little sentry house by the tunnel; no soldier halted their car. And when they emerged from the long, damp, dimly lighted tunnel, acres and acres of golden hills lay before them.

On each side of the road winding among the hills stood the small, boxy houses of the Army families. Children played on patches of grass, and laundry tossed in the wind funnelling in from the sea. The wind blew against them the moment they emptied the car at the end of the road. The two girls ran on ahead, hair and skirts blowing in the gusts, long dark hair shining and translucent in the sun.

But the wife and her husband met the wind and the diamond brilliance of the sea with shocked faces and tensed shoulders.

Plodding the pebbly sand between the high, fast breakers and the ochre and rust cliffs, she felt an old elation, a memory of beginnings, a sense of possibilities rise in her chest. All around under her feet lay a natural mosaic of many-colored pebbles, and along the beach couples and lone figures and family groups were down on their knees picking over the pebbles, dropping them into jars and baskets.

A little later, as they sat with their backs to the towering cliffs, their faces misted by the spray from the high waves that spumed halfway up the great lone rocks out in the water, and the voices of their girls, dancing in the water, were carried to them on the gusts of wind, he told her that it was time for them to separate.

What he was saying she had expected to hear for months, for years. It was what she had wished for and dreaded. The end had come at last. The shock of it went through her even as a pride in reasonableness drew the words "It's wise" from her mouth.

"It's wise," she repeated, for he had said that it was wise, and to their conversation together, to the words of the ending, they imparted all the reasonableness lacking in their words together over the past years.

To page 48

As her husband spoke she was shocked but not surprised.

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NATURALLY BETTER

BABY FOODS

The prospect of new horizons casts its magic spell on youth . . . a romantic short story

FARAWAY PLACES

By EILEEN HERBERT JORDAN

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

MY baby sister, Angela, who is twenty, returned from California two months ago and announced, upon arrival, that she was in love with a movie actor. It was, to say the very least, disquieting. To understand Angela's return and what happened afterward, you must understand her departure a year ago. But to understand any of it, first you must understand Angela.

Angela was born when our mother was forty-seven years old and our father fifty-six. The four of us who had come along when they were young were, by this time, deep in college and budding romances, and we were by turns unbelieving, awed, and enchanted at the prospect of Angela — like a rare Indian Summer day, she was touched somewhat by magic.

The thing is, she has proceeded through life touched by it still. She grew up surrounded by a flurry of eager servants and admirers, in a world where it always was Christmas. Then she compounded the felony. She suddenly grew pretty.

She was pretty to begin with; but she simply kept going in the same direction. She never reached an awkward age noticeable to any observer — she skipped baby fat, adolescent skin, braces on her teeth, and the all-arms-and-legs period. It is not good fortune for a girl to be like that. Angela had no preparation for the lonely moments of womanhood; she didn't know what rejection meant, and she had no groundwork for isolation. It's a hard thing to master from scratch.

Father died when Angela was twelve, and Mother when Angela was sixteen. It was then that my husband, Mike, and I learned that, under the terms of my mother's will, we now were Angela's legal guardians. I was the oldest, and Mike is a lawyer, and my three brothers were located all over the country, so we were the logical choice.

There was a comfortable fund for the balance of Angela's education and for her expenses; otherwise, the future was entirely up to us. My husband is a nervous man. Marriage and fatherhood had caused him to twitch a bit; but they were as nothing compared with the prospect of the care and maintenance of a sixteen-year-old such as Angela. It was not that she was defiant — far from it. She was malleable as a kitten, lovely as spring, and absolutely unaware of the possible reasons for saying no to any of her whims or fancies.

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Angela, young and very beautiful, yearned to travel far and wide.

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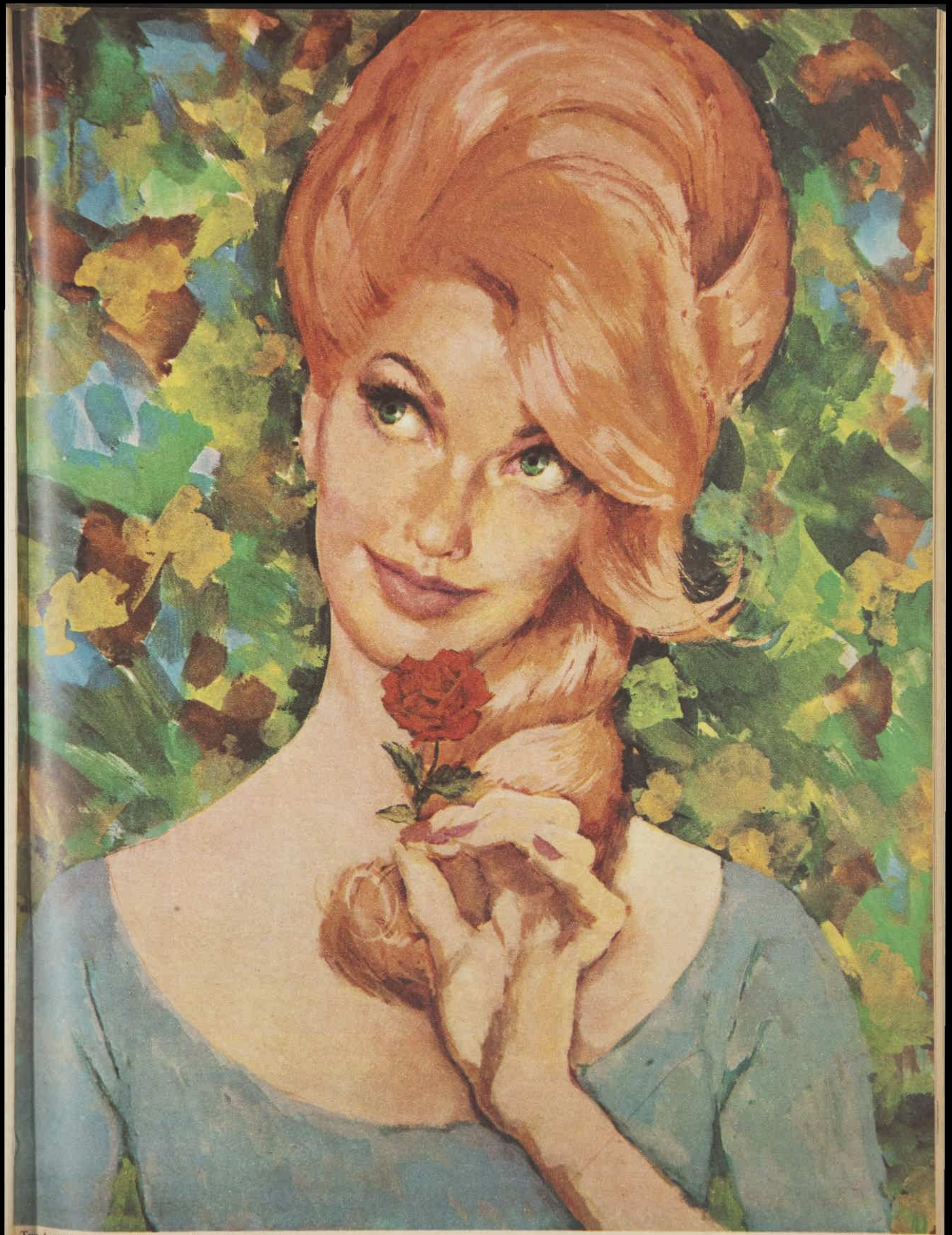

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Careful, He Might Hear You

The happiness of the child hangs in the balance . . . part five of our serial

By SUMNER LOCKE ELLIOTT

"Now then, P.S.," the judge said with a kindly smile, "don't be afraid to tell me the truth."

FOR over six years LILA BAINES has been guardian to her late sister SINDEN'S child, affectionately known as P.S. Lila and her husband, GEORGE, have cared for the boy in their humble Sydney suburban home and he has known the love of two other aunts, the gay and impetuous VERE and the serious AGNES, who is dedicated to a strange religious cult.

But another aunt, VANESSA, returns from London, where she has lived for many years as a companion to a rich relative, ETTIE BULT, with the news that an old friend of Sinden's, ERNEST HUXLEY, has forfeited his co-guardianship to her and that the boy's father, LOGAN MARRIOTT, has signed his agreement.

Changing over to a luxurious homelife at Point Piper with Vanessa and cousin Ettie, P.S. becomes more and more unhappy, although he is allowed weekends with Lila and George. Lila knows Vanessa is hoping to gain full control of the boy and tries to hide the fact from her that George is out of work, but Vanessa wheedles the truth from P.S.

Then one day Logan arrives at Vanessa's request. She realises he has changed since she knew him — before Sinden had even met him — and finds the ideal of love she has held for him is nearly destroyed by the change. But this does not deter her from seeking his permission for her to have complete guardianship of P.S. He avoids giving her an answer and then the boy arrives to meet his father for the first time. Vanessa leaves them alone and, although awkward with each other at first, Logan warns him Vanessa wants to take him away to England. Terrified at this, P.S. locks himself in the bathroom after Logan leaves.

That night Lila and George rush to Central Station to try to talk to Logan before he leaves, but cannot make him understand their position. The next weekend P.S. refuses to go back to Vanessa and she arrives later with a lawyer. This decides Lila to consult a lawyer herself and she sees MR. GENTLE. NOW READ ON:

LILA was packing a flask and a package of damp tomato sandwiches into George's night bag. "He said—well, Mr. Gentle practically said that he thought the judge would be on our side because he's a great friend of Sam Hamilton's," she said.

"Just the same," said George, "it would have been better if Sam had handled the case himself. This bloke Gentle sounds very green to me."

Just the same, Lila said to herself later, hearing P.S. and the new little friend Alan from across the street laughing in the sitting-room. She tried to put an end to the nibbling doubts by once again adding up the positive factors, but they dissipated under the ever-present ugly voice that murmured, "Just the same . . ."

Agnes said, taking off her tricorn hat, "I've had a very marvellous, joyous revelation."

"Have you, Agnes?"

"Yes, and I want you to listen to me, please, and not fiddle at the stove like Nero."

"I'm listening."

"This afternoon Sinden spoke to me in the Temple—Lila, you're not listening to me."

"I am, Agnes, but the potato pie has to be taken out of the oven."

"If you're more interested in a pie than in hearing about a spiritual revelation—"

"All right, all right. There. Now I'm listening."

"Thank you. This afternoon I was looking toward Jerusalem—"

"In all that rain?"

"Lila, if you're not going to allow me to tell you—"

"I'm sorry; go on."

"I was looking toward Jerusalem and suddenly Sinden spoke very clearly to me."

"What did she say?"

"I'm about to tell you if you'll kindly stop interrupting me on every second word. Sinden spoke to me. She wishes you and George to win the court case. Well, haven't you anything to say to that?"

"You said not to interrupt."

"I hope you realise the importance of all this. I'm not just making it up. The thing is that Sinden wishes P.S. to be with you and George on the Day."

"On what day?"

"The Day. What day? Goodness gracious me—what day!"

"Oh, the Day, yes; I'm sorry I wasn't thinking."

"Well, you had better think. Sinden is very much against P.S. being with Vanessa when the Day comes. So she has asked me to testify on your behalf in court."

"Oh, I see."

"I promised that I would. I gave Sin my promise."

"I see. Well, the only thing is, Agnes—"

"So I'm prepared not only to sign an affidavit in your favor but also to appear in court with your other witnesses and defend your cause to the judge. There now!"

"It's very good of you, Agnes, but—"

"It's not good of me at all, Lila. Try to understand this from a less earthbound point of view. It is Sinden's wish. The judge must be made to understand this."

"Uhuh. The only thing is that Mr. Gentle thinks we have enough affidavits with George and Vere and the housemaid and Mrs. Grindel and—"

"They are not in contact with someone on the Seventh Plane as I am."

"I know, but — well, Agnes, you know what judges and lawyers are like."

"I know all about judges and lawyers. I'm not a fool, Lila. I've lectured to thousands of people here and in Seattle. And I'm not a nobody, thank you very much."

"I didn't say you were, Agnes. We all know how sincere

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(...Good news gets around quickly)

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EMILY paused, appalled to find herself asking still another couple to another dinner she probably *never would* cook. She forced herself to finish the sentence, ". . . have dinner with us some night."

It was during the social hour of the P.T.A. meeting that Emily met Dorothy Moore, a newcomer in town. Emily liked people and she liked Dorothy Moore. She and Dorothy seemed to have a great deal in common, and she was sure she and Tim would like Dorothy's husband, too. She really would have liked to have Dorothy and her husband to dinner, but Emily knew her own weakness. She was always impulsively asking people to the house for meals — some time — and never making good on her invitations.

There was always some good reason why she couldn't. Sometimes she and Tim had just paid their insurance on the car and couldn't afford the extra expense. Or Tim was working on a second job at night and couldn't stay around as host. Or the baby was teething and fretful. Or Bobbie or Janie was sick. Or Emily herself just felt too tired for guests. Or the payment on the house was due and they could just squeak through the week.

Of course, she could have invited the girls in for lunch or tea without its costing too much. But Emily was not a very efficient housekeeper. There was always some room she never got around to straightening out — or piles of unironed clothes she was ashamed to have the girls see.

At the P.T.A. meeting that evening Emily noticed Dorothy Moore, a pleasant-faced young woman not much older than herself, wearing a casual tweed suit, standing alone, apparently not knowing many people there.

Emily introduced herself and they talked. Dorothy Moore seemed delightfully unpretentious and casual, with a nice touch of humor, too. Emily didn't extend her invitation just as a friendly gesture to the newcomer. She really did want to know Dorothy Moore better. But the moment she voiced her invitation she couldn't help wondering: Would she ever get around to asking Dorothy and her husband over for a meal?

"You know, Dorothy, I'm always asking people to come over some time — and never making good," Emily confessed impulsively, "but I do want to see you again."

"I know exactly what you mean," Dorothy laughed. "I do the same thing myself."

"Give me your telephone number," Emily said, "then as soon as I find out the nights Tim will be home, I'll telephone and make a definite date."

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Simplicity is the basis of friendship . . . an appealing story

By ISABEL JOHNSTON

They exchanged telephone numbers. Happily Emily drove home, sure this time she'd broken herself of her habit of vague invitations that didn't mean a thing. She told herself she would invite Dorothy and her husband over for a definite date next week.

The baby cut another tooth. Emily simply couldn't invite Dorothy over to listen to his fretful wails. Something in the car broke down — whether it was the generator, the battery, or the fan, Emily didn't quite know — but they had a whopping bill to pay. To economise, Emily fed her family stews and casseroles all week.

Much as she wanted to have Dorothy and her husband over, she and Tim simply couldn't afford steaks and cocktails for company. To help pay the car repairs, Tim took on some extra work at night. There was no point in asking Dorothy and her husband over if Tim couldn't be there.

One week slipped into two. A whole month passed. With Tim working at night, Emily didn't get to the next P.T.A. meeting. After five weeks — well, Emily was just too ashamed to call Dorothy and tell her that the invitation to dinner was just another well-intentioned, empty gesture. Anyhow, after so much time had passed, Dorothy might have difficulty remembering her.

To restore her self-confidence, Emily decided to discipline herself. No longer would she keep Bobbie and Janie neat and clean by ironing the clothes they were going to wear just before they left for school. She'd catch up on her ironing and put everything away in each child's bureau, all ready. She'd straighten out the room they used as a lumber room. For once, she'd get organised.

Right in the middle of her ironing, the telephone rang. She pulled out the iron plug and ran to answer it.

"It's Dorothy Moore," the voice on the telephone said. "Remember? We met at the P.T.A. meeting."

"Oh, Dorothy, I've been meaning to call you," Emily apologised.

Before Emily could say she'd been meaning to ask them to dinner, Dorothy interrupted.

"I know," Dorothy said, "I've been meaning to call you. But my youngest had a bad cold, his dad caught it, too. You know how it is."

"I certainly do," Emily agreed, feeling better.

"I don't go in for watching TV in the morning. It keeps me from getting my work done," Dorothy said, "but we both have to stop for lunch. Around one, won't you bring your baby over and join me in a sandwich?"

"But I should be inviting you to my house," Emily objected.

"Will you come or won't you?"

"I'll come," Emily accepted.

There was just time to iron a dress for the baby, a dress for herself, feed the baby, and drive over to Dorothy's. The house was in a development — very much like the one Emily lived in.

Dorothy was clad in slacks, quite informal, but she welcomed Emily warmly. Her house, Emily observed, wasn't much tidier than her own. They put the baby in a bedroom for a nap, with chairs banked against the bed to keep him from falling out. Then Dorothy ushered Emily into the kitchen. Dorothy served sandwiches, very good ones, too, on paper napkins, so there wouldn't be any dishes to wash. The coffee was delicious, even though they used evaporated milk out of a can for cream.

"This is a lot of fun," Emily said, "but I feel guilty. I really should have made good on my invitation and had you and your husband to my house first."

"Do you honestly think, Emily, that mothers of young children can stand on ceremony?" Dorothy asked. "If they are going to take time to play with their children and take time to do things with their husbands, besides all the house cleaning and cooking and laundry, there just isn't time left for formal dinners and formal entertaining. My boys are in school now, but I still have my hands full."

"With a big, unexpected repair bill on the car, Tim and I couldn't afford to serve cocktails for company this week," Emily confessed.

"Don't I know," Dorothy sympathised. "But just because we can't always afford it, that's no reason why people who like each other can't get together anyhow. Pitch in and bring a covered dish to each other's house!"

"Wonderful," Emily cried, "Let's make it definite! Could you and your husband make it next Wednesday evening at 7.30?"

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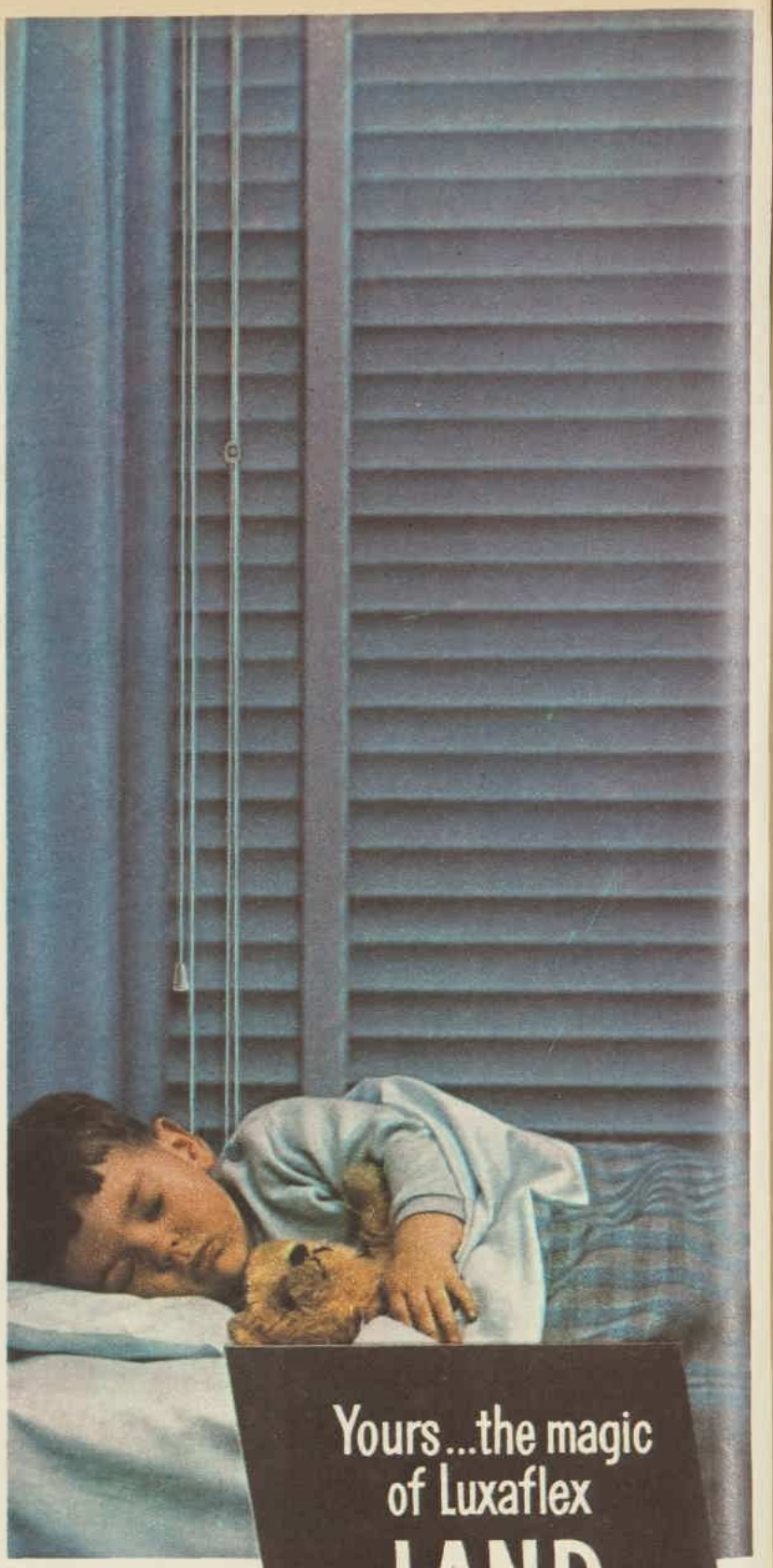

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FOUR HISTORIC HOMES

● *In this special seven-page section we feature four of Australia's loveliest homes, all more than 100 years old.*

ROUGH-HEWN stone is in striking contrast to the painted woodwork of "Mount Ireh." Built on top of a high hill, the house has been in the Dumaresq family for five generations.

In family 128 years

● Built in 1835, "Mount Ireh," in Longford, Tasmania, is now being lived in by the fifth generation of the Dumaresq family, direct descendants of the original owner, Captain Edward Dumaresq.

THE present family is Mr. and Mrs. Alan Dumaresq, and their children, Frances, Martin, Delia, and David.

An officer in the 21st Native Infantry of the East India Army, Capt. Dumaresq came to Tasmania from the Channel Islands on a health cruise in 1821, and returned later with General Ralph Darling, Governor of the day of N.S.W. and Van Diemen's Land, as Tasmania was then.

He built his home at Longford high on a hill, with lovely views of the Western Tiers and the Hummocky Hills, and, closer at hand, the South Esk River.

For it he chose stone — quarried at Ross and brought to Longford by bullock wagon — topped by a shingle roof, though this is now covered by iron roofing.

The home has been greatly enlarged and altered.

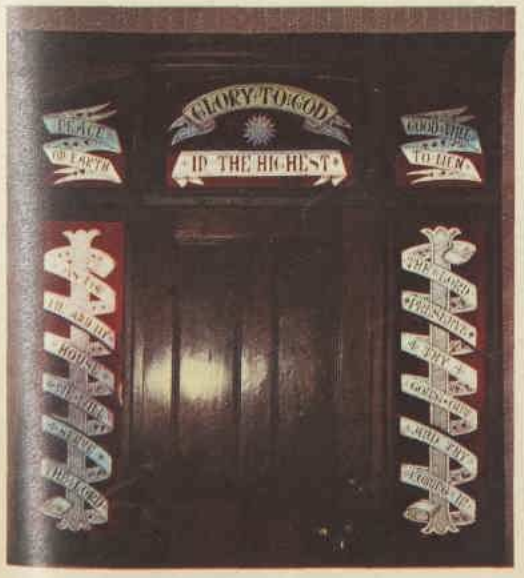
A two-storey verandah at the front and one side was taken down, and 17 fireplaces removed.

Instead of three separate staircases there is now one.

But still there are the hand-sawn boards which form the floors throughout, and the blackwood window frames. These were made by free craftsmen from Carrick, about 10 miles away, where their descendants still live and work.

Most of the furniture, too, is the original made for Capt. Dumaresq, some of it stamped with the name of "A. H. Heron, cabinetmaker, upholsterer, and undertaker, 1349 Elizabeth St., Hobart Town." Other cedar pieces were made on the property.

— Freda Irving



ONE-WAY glass surround of the front door was imported from England in the 1850s. As well as greeting visitors with its religious sentiment, it allows those inside to see who's outside without the outsiders being able to see in. The wording is "Glory to God in the Highest. Peace on Earth. Goodwill to Men. As for me and my house we will serve the Lord. The Lord preserve thy going out and thy coming in."

DRAWING-ROOM has ceiling-to-floor windows and a big open fireplace. Ceiling-high blackwood folding doors lead to dining-room at left, and the window at right leads on to a stone terrace and garden banked down to the South Esk River. Pictures by staff photographer Jim Ellard.

Continued overleaf

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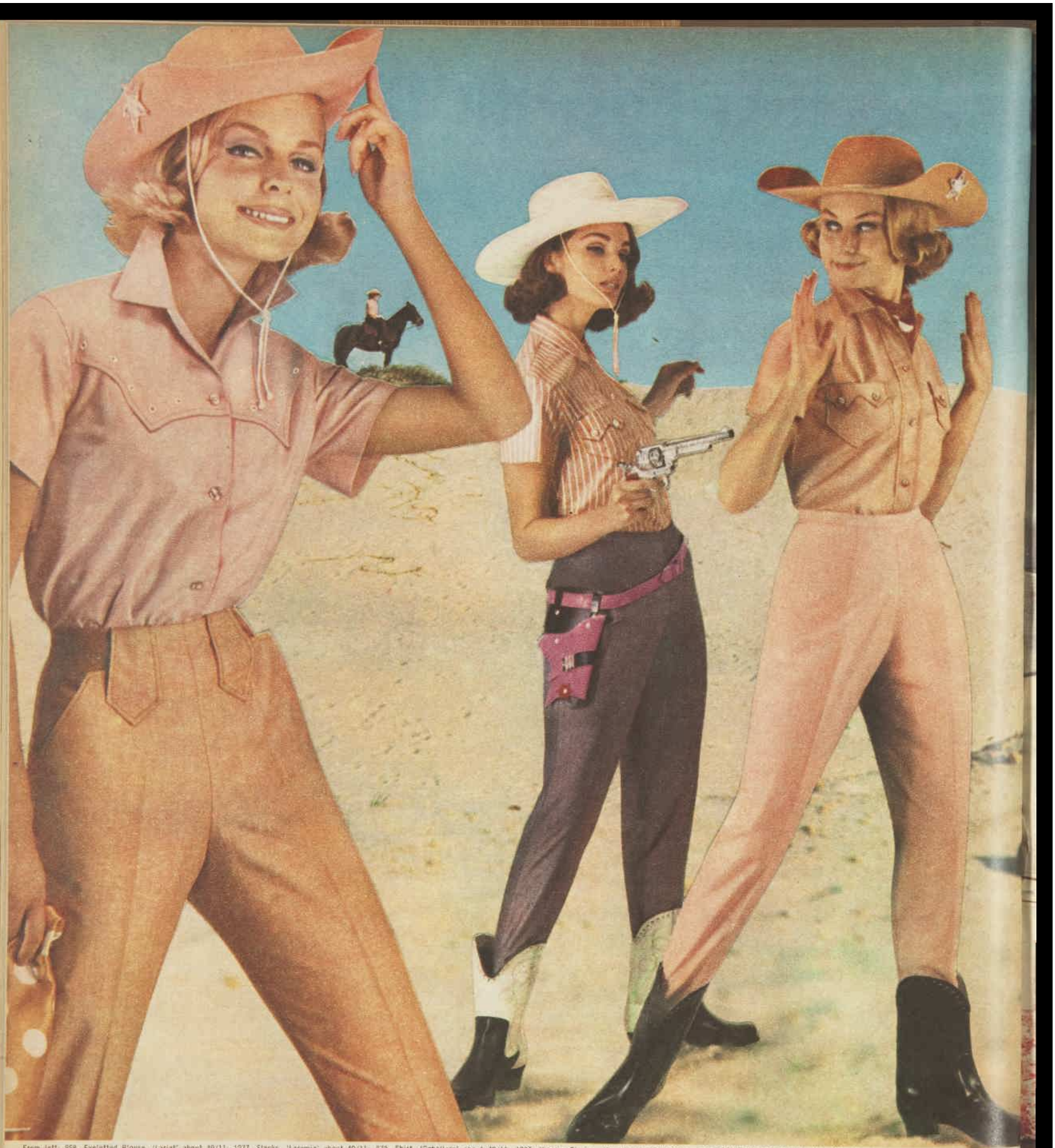

From left: 858, Eyeletted Blouse, 'Lariat' about 49/11; 1277, Slacks, 'Laramie' about 49/11; 878, Shirt, 'Caballero' about 49/11; 1287, Hipster Slacks, 'Hip-a-long' about 49/11; 877, Shirt, 'Rodeo' about 49/11; 1290, Slacks, 'Palamino' about 49/11.

Ship 'n Shore COLLECTION

The 'Wild Young Westerns' are not sun-dried Western denim but French Chambray denim that **looks French!** Skinny pants are sometimes tabbed at the waist, sometimes plain; sometimes low-slung, dangerous hipsters. Tabs on a shirt are borrowed from a live sheriff whilst the eyelet embroidery is definitely big-city. Colours captured in a late Western sunset are: Sand, Pink, Orange, Black, Blue.

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Experiment Farm Cottage (1798)

EXPERIMENT FARM COTTAGE as it now stands, restored by the National Trust. On the verandah camellias and azaleas in simple tubs greet the visitor. At the far end of the verandah is a veteran lagerstroemia which will flower for many years to come. Beside the steps is a century-old wisteria. Once covering the roof, it has been cut back to be trained as a standard. Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

● Experiment Farm Cottage, Parramatta, built on the first land grant made in Australia, is the nation's oldest building open to the public.

THE cottage was built about 1798, ten years after the first settlers arrived in N.S.W.

The New South Wales branch of the National Trust bought the cottage in 1960 for £4300, and fully restored it at a cost of more than £10,000.

The cottage stands on the site of Experiment Farm, so named by Governor Phillip when he installed an ex-convict, James Ruse, on a two-acre plot.

The "experiment" was to find out "in what time a man might be able to cultivate a sufficient quantity of ground to support himself."

When Ruse assured the Governor in 1791 that he could make a living, he was granted 30 acres on which to continue his farming.

The farm was the birthplace of private agriculture in Australia. On it the nation's first commercial wheat crop was planted and flourished.

When Ruse received permission to return to England, he sold Experiment Farm to John Harris, Surgeon of the New South Wales Corps, and it was Harris who built the cottage.

(Ruse subsequently decided to stay in Australia and took up land on the Hawkesbury.)

By 1807 Harris held more than 2500 acres of land.

Continued overleaf

FOUR-POSTER BED of Australian cedar dominates the first bedroom. Made in 1850, it was given by Mr. E. A. Collingridge. The raspberry toile used as soft furnishing was first printed between 1790 and 1820. The astral lamp (1820) on the bedside table burned whale oil. Descendants of John Harris, who built the cottage, gave £300 toward the cost of refurnishing.

DINING-ROOM of the cottage contains an early (1815) Australian-made cedar sideboard, given by Mr. K. R. Bernard-Smith, as was the Spode ironstone china dessert set (1810-1815). The set of six Australian-made cedar chairs (1835) were given by Lady Hall Best. The Coromandel wood tea-caddy (1820) was a gift of Miss M. Jopling, and the brass candlesticks (1820), with original push-up stub removers, were given by Lady McMullin.

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CENTRAL hanging light fittings with three or four arms are authentic reproductions of Argand oil lamps of the Regency period (1811-1820). The decorative centre vases were containers for oil in the original lamps.

SITTING-ROOM. The Sheraton piano (1790) was given by the late Frederick Mann, the stool (1805) by William Spencer, the Australian cedar candlestick stands (1820) by Norma Smith.

Continued from page 33

In the diary of Mrs. Edward Cox we are told that Dr. Harris "made one of the pleasant society in Sydney . . . a very merry man who sang pleasant songs."

Harris married in England when he returned there to give evidence at the court-martial of George Johnston for having led the troops who arrested Governor Bligh.

In 1819 Harris accompanied John Oxley as honorary surgeon during his six-month journey exploring the interior.

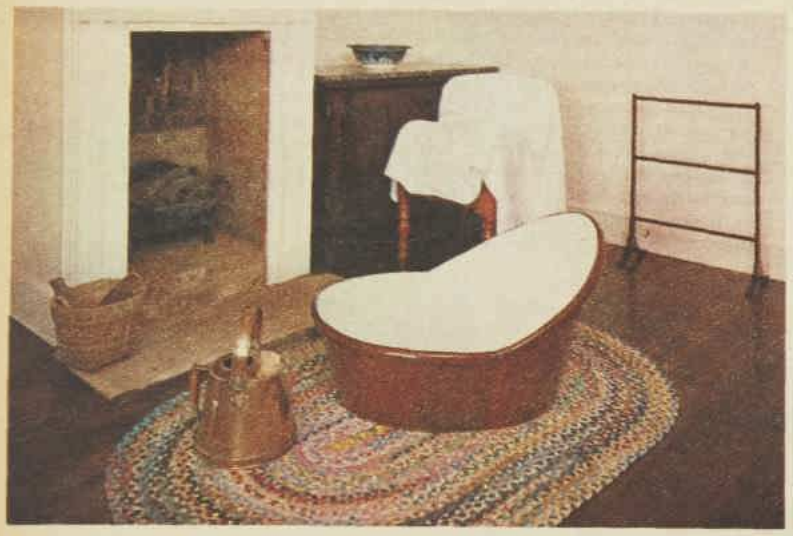
The National Trust bought the cottage when it was advertised for sale in a Sydney newspaper. To refurnish the cottage the Trust tried to find furniture made in Australia or brought out from England before 1840.

Australian furniture of pre-Victorian design and manufacture is rare, and some pieces are of later date.

A visitor to Experiment Farm Cottage today sees a typical colonial gentleman's country cottage, furnished with original antique pieces, and as it well may have appeared to a visitor about the year 1840.

Many pieces of beautiful furniture of the period have been given to the Trust by private donors. Other pieces have been lent to the Trust to fill the gaps until suitable articles are found and bought.

—*Joyce Bowden*



VICTORIAN hipbath (left), from Government House, Sydney, is a feature of the dressing-room. The low mahogany cabinet with the black-and-white marble top (1855) was given by the late Miss E. Hinder.

PATCHWORK quilt (left), an authentic design of the early 19th century, was made for the second bedroom by the N.S.W. branch of the Embroiderers' Guild. The plaques over bed are Sutherland lustre.

EARLY willow pattern Spode china tea-and-coffee service (right) is arranged in an Australian cedar cupboard (1825). China was given by Miss Winifred West.

Cont. page 38

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GO AUSTRALIAN with ARNEL!

On Sunday. An outing at Old Government House, Parramatta. Three generations, plus Junior. They'll all stay fresh, crisp and creaseless the whole day long in attractive Arnel clothes. Mother can relax because she knows Arnel washes in a wink, will drip dry.

(left to right)

TAM-O-SHANTER Kayser boys shirt, sizes 3 to 16. Blue, honey, moss. From 25/-. ADELYN jacket dress in Arnel Jersey. SSW½–OS½. Cinnamon/aqua, lime/gold, cocoas, greys, £9/19/6. TAM-O-SHANTER Kayser girls top, sizes 4 to 14. Blue, tangerine, moss. From 27/6. PRINCETON dress in cool Arnel jersey, paisleys in green, blue, taupe, navy, citrus. XSSW-W, OS £8/19/11.

Arnel (reg. t'mark) is a pre-tested contemporary fibre marketed by AMCEL

WONDERFUL EVERYWHERE
BECAUSE IT'S ARNEL

TAM-O-SHANTER by Kayser. At leading retailers throughout Australia. ADELYN: At leading city stores and suburban and country retailers. PRINCETON: N.S.W.—*SYDNEY*, Jeanne Barrie; *CANBERRA*, David Jones'. VIC.—*GEELONG*, Bright & Hitchcock; *MELBOURNE*, Myers. S.A.—*ADELAIDE*, Myers. QLD.—*CAIRNS*, Bolands; *IPSWICH*, Cribb & Foote. W.A.—*PERTH*, David Jones'.

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GO AUSTRALIAN with ARNEL!

We're off the ground about Arnel, because it is just made for our way of life. Love the swish of it, the sleek and snappy feel of it. The ever-loving, colour-lasting look of it. The way it snubs wrinkles, washes without care.

(Pictured left to right)

MARCO jacket in Arnel Bruck fabric. All sizes, £11/19/6. WAGNER trousers in Arnel Bruck fabric. All sizes, £4/19/6. CLEECO shirt, Arnel by Bruck. SM-XL, 59/11. PLAY TOGS Arnel Peppercloth Denim by Bruck. XXSSW-W, £6/9/11. GINA soft Arnel crepe. XSSW to XW fittings, £10/19/11. MARCO in Arnel by Bruck. Jacket, £11/19/6; Trousers, £4/19/6.

Arnel (reg. t'mark) is a pre-tested contemporary fibre marketed by AMCEL

WONDERFUL EVERYWHERE
BECAUSE IT'S ARNEL

MARCO: Jacket in fawn, blue, green, grey/white, brown/black stripes. Available *SYDNEY*, Lowes and other stores throughout Australia. WAGNER: Trousers in greys, blues, fawns. Available at: *SYDNEY*, Grace Bros.; *CANBERRA*, David Jones'; *MELBOURNE*, Buckley & Nunn; *ADELAIDE*, Miller Anderson; *PERTH*, David Jones'. CLEECO: In navy, fawn, green, pink. Available at all leading men's wear stores throughout Australia. PLAY TOGS: in turquoise, red, black, white, green, blue, citrus. Available at your favourite salon or store. GINA: In black, white, blue, pink, aqua, mystic. Available at *SYDNEY*, Farmers; *MELBOURNE*, Myers; *ADELAIDE*, Myers, David Jones'; *BRISBANE*, Peter Jones; *PERTH*, David Jones'. MARCO SUIT: Available at: *SYDNEY*, Waltons; *MELBOURNE*, London Stores; *ADELAIDE*, David Jones', and other leading stores throughout Australia.

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GO AUSTRALIAN with ARNEL!

The street says Sydney . . . past. The fashion is today! It's in luscious, colour-clinging Arnel. Cool and light Arnel. Washing, wrinkle-shedding, forever immaculate Arnel. Was there ever a better fabric for the way we live Australian?

(Pictured left to right)

CAMPUS fashioned the fluid navy and white check suit in Arnel Melba Jersey. Sizes XSSW to XW. Price £4/19/11. LA GAYE PARISIENNE: fresh Arnel Sharkskin by Bruck. In white, navy, aqua with contrast. 10 to 20, approx. £5/19/11. LEROY dreamed up the immaculate navy/white suit in Arnel Siggins Jersey. XXSSW-W, 7 gns. Also in aqua, pink/white.

Arnel (reg. t'mark) is a pre-tested contemporary fibre marketed by AMCEL

WONDERFUL EVERYWHERE BECAUSE IT'S ARNEL

CAMPUS: Available at leading stores throughout Australia. LA GAYE PARISIENNE: *SYDNEY*, Grace Bros., Chatswood, Broadway, Parramatta. N.S.W.—*TAMWORTH*, P. G. Smith & Regan Pty. Ltd., Tamworth, and other Western Stores; *NEWCASTLE*, Newcastle and Sub. Co-op.; *WOLLONGONG*, Kitty's Sportswear; *TAREE*, Evelyn Kent; *MURWILLUMBAH*, L. Newman. VICTORIA—*ST. KILDA*, Carnival Fashions; *FRANKSTON*, Trents; *PRESTON*, Trudi Lee; *GLENFERRIE*, Walkers Store; *MAFFRA*, W. D. Leslie Pty. Ltd.; *BENDIGO*, Saline Salon. S.A. —*ADELAIDE*, Regent Frock Salon; G. & R. Wills & Co. (Agents). TASMANIA—*LAUNCESTON*, Pelson Credits; *HOBART*, Mary Jane; *ULVERSTONE*, Allens Frock Salon. QUEENSLAND—*BRISBANE*, Flair Salon; *TOOWOOMBA*, Pigott & Co.; *TOWNSVILLE*, Hollis Hopkins & Co. (Agents). W.A.—*VICTORIA PARK*, S. W. Clarke Pty. Ltd.; *PERTH*, G. & R. Wills & Co. (Agents). PAPUA—*PORT MORESBY*, La Petite. LEROY: *SYDNEY*, Farmers; *BRISBANE*, McWhirters; *MELBOURNE*, Myers; *ADELAIDE*, Myers; *PERTH*, Aherns.

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Beauty restored in Tasmania

● One of Tasmania's oldest homes — "Saundridge," which was built at Cressy in 1835 — has been beautifully restored to its colonial dignity by its present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bowling.

FOR years the verandahs and balconies had been glassed in, ruining the good proportions of the house.

The Bowlings have stripped out these excrescences, and restored to the house the original beauty it had when built by William Archer of bricks made on the property.

Once again the graceful arched windows of the upper floor stand out clearly on its white facade, and the slim pillars, wreathed in weeping forsythia and wisteria, which support the roofless balcony, are revealed in all the beauty of their clean lines.

Inside, the story is the same. The elegant high-ceilinged rooms have been restored to the atmosphere of their original period, all save the ballroom and billiard-room, vast areas on the upper storey which stand as rather bare reminders of a more leisurely and servantful way of life.

"After all, how could you manage to give a ball upstairs, so far away from the kitchen, in this day and age?" asked Mrs. Bowling.

"Saundridge" came into the Bowling family in 1930 when it was bought by Mr. Bowling's father, Mr. F. R. Bowling.

Previous owners, after William Archer, were Mr. James Thirkell and Mr. R. C. Field.

With a backdrop of the Western Tiers, "Saundridge" is surrounded by lawns, with a typically Archer circular lawn in front of the main entrance.

Around the lawns are massive old pines and English trees, including nine different varieties of oak.

There is just one strictly modern touch in the garden — a big swimming-pool set into the lawn at one side of the house.

— *Freda Irving*

THE ARCHER CREST, a hand grasping an arrow, is part of the fretwork in the pediment of a bookcase in an alcove of the office.

ENTRANCE HALL at "Saundridge" contains an old John Broadwood spinet, with early prints on the wall above. Doorways leading to drawing-room and bedroom have white acanthus mouldings.

SEWING-MACHINE dated 1879 stands in drawing-room. Decorated with mother-of-pearl and gold leaf, the machine folds into the figured walnut cabinet. Labelled "Made for Mrs. Kate McKenzie," it still works.

DRAWING-ROOM (below), with its mahogany and cedar furniture making patches of rich color against the pastel walls. Also in this room is a grand piano which belonged to Mrs. Fred Bowling's great-grandfather, John Field. The mirror is a beautiful 18th-century Dresden.

SIDE STAIRWAY with interesting curved lines branches from the main stairway. The portrait is of Mrs. Fred Bowling's great-great-aunt, Miss Nora Field, who lived at "Calstock," Deloraine, Tasmania.

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"SAUNDRIDGE" as it is today, after restoration, with its arched windows on the upper floor, weeping forsythia and wisteria twined round its pillars, and the typical Archer circular lawn.

MEMORIAL CHAPEL (below), which stands in a field near the front gates of the property. Built in 1860 for use by all denominations, a Church of England service is still held there fortnightly.

FRENCH WINDOWS (right) in a downstairs bedroom have acanthus mouldings which are still in perfect condition. Pictures by Jim Ellard.

Continued overleaf

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BATHROOM of the Brocksopps' house at Eltham. Of the 97 patterned tiles around the bath recess, the bunches of roses are modern, but some of the others may be older than the house.

Clay, straw stand test of a century

● Nicholas and Anthony Brocksopp, aged nine and 11, have a boys' room to end all boys' rooms in a house built 113 years ago.

NOT only is the room lit by ship's lanterns, and is a lavish 30ft. by 20ft., but it's an honest-to-goodness cellar, and what could be more exciting, other than a cave?

For that matter, it makes a very passable cave, approached from the double glass doors that lead out into the leafy garden.

Cave, cellar, or merely "below-decks," this room has a fascinating history.

Where the boys now sleep once rang with the clang of the blacksmith's hammer and anvil of Charles Souter, who built the house.

It was the first pise house built at Eltham, near Melbourne — a district where pise houses are a cherished tradition.

The room was once used as a wine-cellar, too, and in it was stored wine from the grapes grown on what was once a 22-acre property.

And it was in this cellar that the fierce McIvor brothers, who had shot a policeman, were captured.

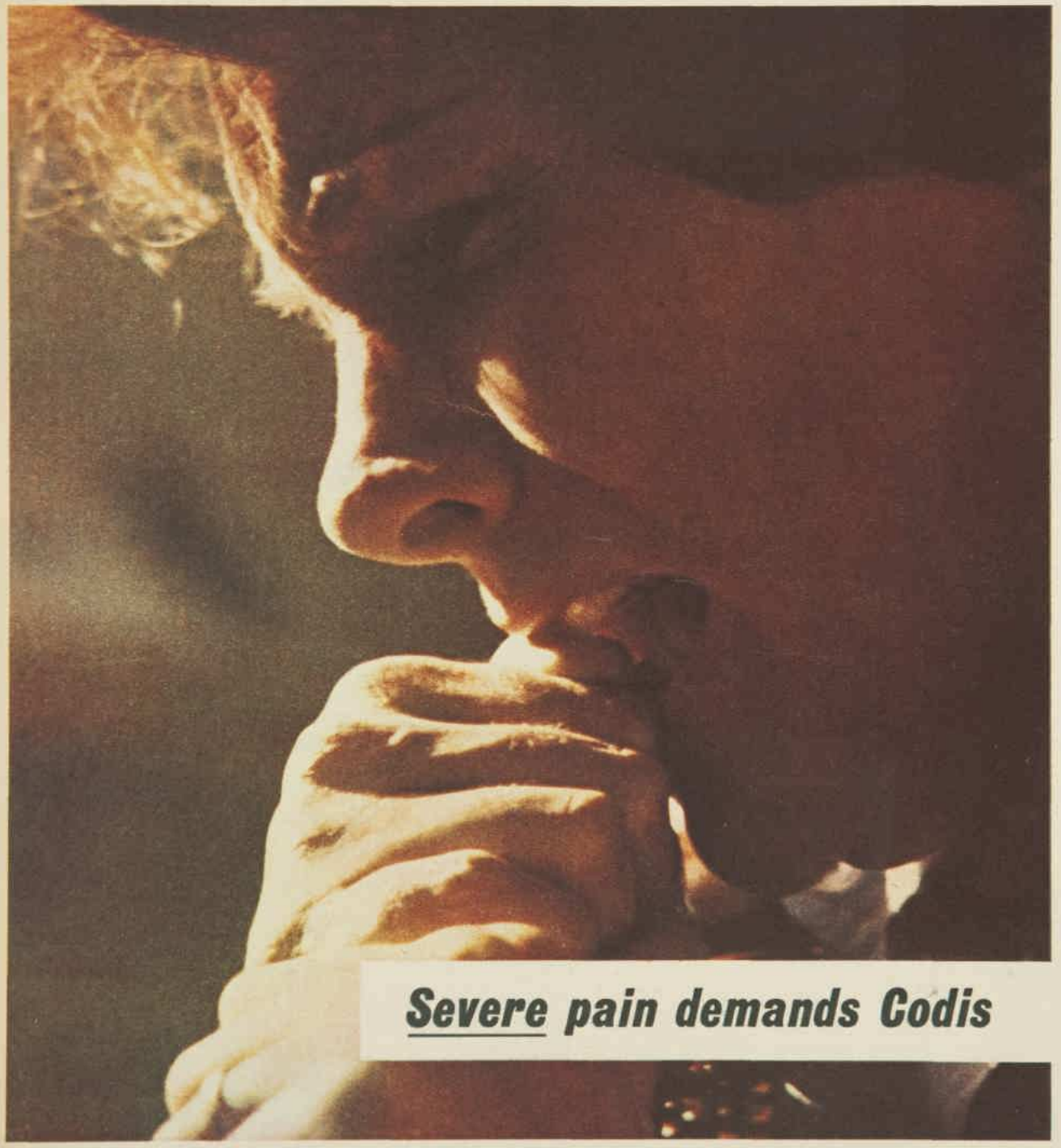
Their mother had asked innocent Mrs. Souter if she would board her two boys at Eltham for a holiday. Unaware that the boys were wanted desperadoes, the good lady gave them the freedom of the cellar, only to be woken at dead of night by police calling on the brothers to surrender.

In 1850 Charles Souter began his house by excavating a hole in the hillside, 30ft. long, 20ft. wide, and 15ft. deep. This he reinforced and covered with boards to form the floor of the house above. The clay from the hole, mixed with straw, was his building material.

It says a lot for the durability of pise that this house, though it suffered years of neglect, was still standing stoutly when Pat Brocksopp and her husband, John, discovered it eight years ago.

The house was then little more than one big room in which there was a sink and a stove and an

DRESSER, stripped of paint, then waxed and polished by Mrs. Brocksopp, holds part of her collection of pewter and Australian pottery. The brilliant ceramic bowl to the left is by John Percival.



For most pains, soluble aspirin alone is your wisest choice. But exceptionally severe pain, and those pains which occur periodically, demand an exceptionally strong pain reliever. Codis is such a product. It contains a strong formulation of soluble aspirin and other pain relievers — including an approved measure of codeine. However, if pain is persistent or recurs frequently, it may indicate a condition requiring medical treatment. The sensible course is to ask the advice of your doctor, who may very well prescribe Codis. Codis is available only from your Chemist.

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HISTORIC HOMES—cont.

open fireplace. There were gaps in the floor above the cellar, and the bathroom had a mud floor, a tin bath, and a broken chip heater.

It looked so desolate that it had gained a local reputation for being haunted.

For the first two months Mrs. Brocksopp did her cooking on an open fire, but she now has a magnificent modern kitchen.

This and an adjoining sunroom, six squares in all, were added five years ago by builder-designer Alistair Knox.

The kitchen is a typical Knox kitchen, having a terracotta-tiled floor and a timber and glass wall overlooking the lovely garden.

Mrs. Brocksopp did much of the renovating herself.

After taking upholstery lessons at Prahran Tech, she elegantly refurbished most of her living-room furniture, including four dining chairs, a settee, a buttoned chaise-longue, and a lady's chair.

Floors of slate

Two brightly polished brass taps, projecting from the white pise wall, mark where the sink used to be when the Brocksopps had to sleep, eat, and cook in one room.

The bathroom and dressing-room have been floored with Castlemaine slate set in concrete, a task conceived and executed by Pat and Margot Knox, who is Alistair Knox's wife.

"I was only the laborer," Pat Brocksopp said. "Margot laid the slate while I shovelled the cement and carted it in a wheelbarrow." Her back still aches at the memory.

Mrs. Brocksopp then framed her new bath-recess with old tiles which she has been collecting for years, hunting her quarry through junkshops, antique shops, occasionally in up-to-the-minute hardware stores.

Paying from 2/- to 8/- a tile, she has collected 97 patterned tiles for the bathroom and 13 for the top of her pretty dressing-table.

Most of her spare time is spent in the garden — an acre and a half of it. Her husband, John, is building a bushhouse to shelter her geraniums, of which she has over 70 varieties.

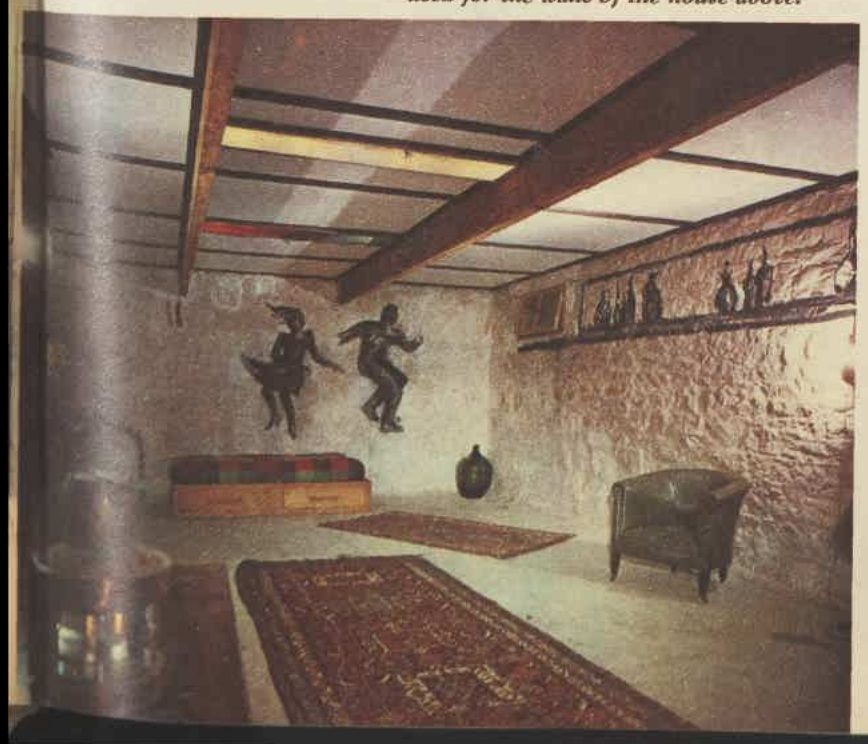
Trees in the garden include quince, willow, elm, silver birch, cherry plum, liquidambar, prunus, poplars, chestnut, walnut, golden and claret ash, and a tulip tree.

—*Sheila Sibley*

***OLDER PART** of the house, half-hidden by trees, looks like Hansel and Gretel's cottage in the wood. Beneath this room, to the left, french windows open from the boys' room below. To the right is the new kitchen.*

***LIVING-ROOM** (right) has pise walls 12 inches thick. All this furniture was upholstered by Mrs. Brocksopp, and the room contains most of her copper collection, including a coal scuttle and a warming-pan 100 years old.*

***BOYS' ROOM** (below) was formerly a wine cellar, a blacksmith's shop, and a hideout for wanted men. The clay removed from this cellar, measuring 30ft. by 20ft. by 15ft., was used for the walls of the house above.*



***DRESSING-ROOM**, beside the bathroom, has a tiled dressing-table and a fresh, pretty, blue-and-white decor. Mrs. Brocksopp helped pave this and the bathroom with Castlemaine slate. Photographs by Jonothan Evetts.*

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Miraculous! New apply-

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Napro introduces Australia's newest hair colour idea! It's Napro Live Colour – exciting new colour you simply cream into your hair! Live Colour can't drip or run – stays colour true through weeks of shampoos. And it contains lanolin to give your hair sheen, make it silkier, easier to manage. Napro Live Colour is the greatest instant mood-changer you've ever seen! Eight wonderful shades provide a perfect fashion colour for your hair, choose one today!

RICH BURGUNDY: For rich burgundy lights on all shades of brown and black hair.

SILVER MINK: For silvery tonings on grey, streaked, or white hair.

Another Napro first – this instant ready-for-use pack. Just snip and cream in! One application size avoids waste.
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in-a-minute hair colour!

ROSE GREY: For rose-grey tonings on grey or white hair.

AZTEC COPPER: For copper lights on all shades of brown hair.

SIERRA HAZE: For fashionable smoke tonings on all shades of brown and black hair. Adds a mauve-grey haze to dark hair flecked with grey.

GRANADA CHERRY: For rich cherry highlights on all shades of brown and black hair.

CARIBBEAN GOLD: For golden highlights on all shades of light brown or blonde hair.

CALYPSO BROWN: For rich brown high lights on all shades of brown hair.

t colour idea... by napro

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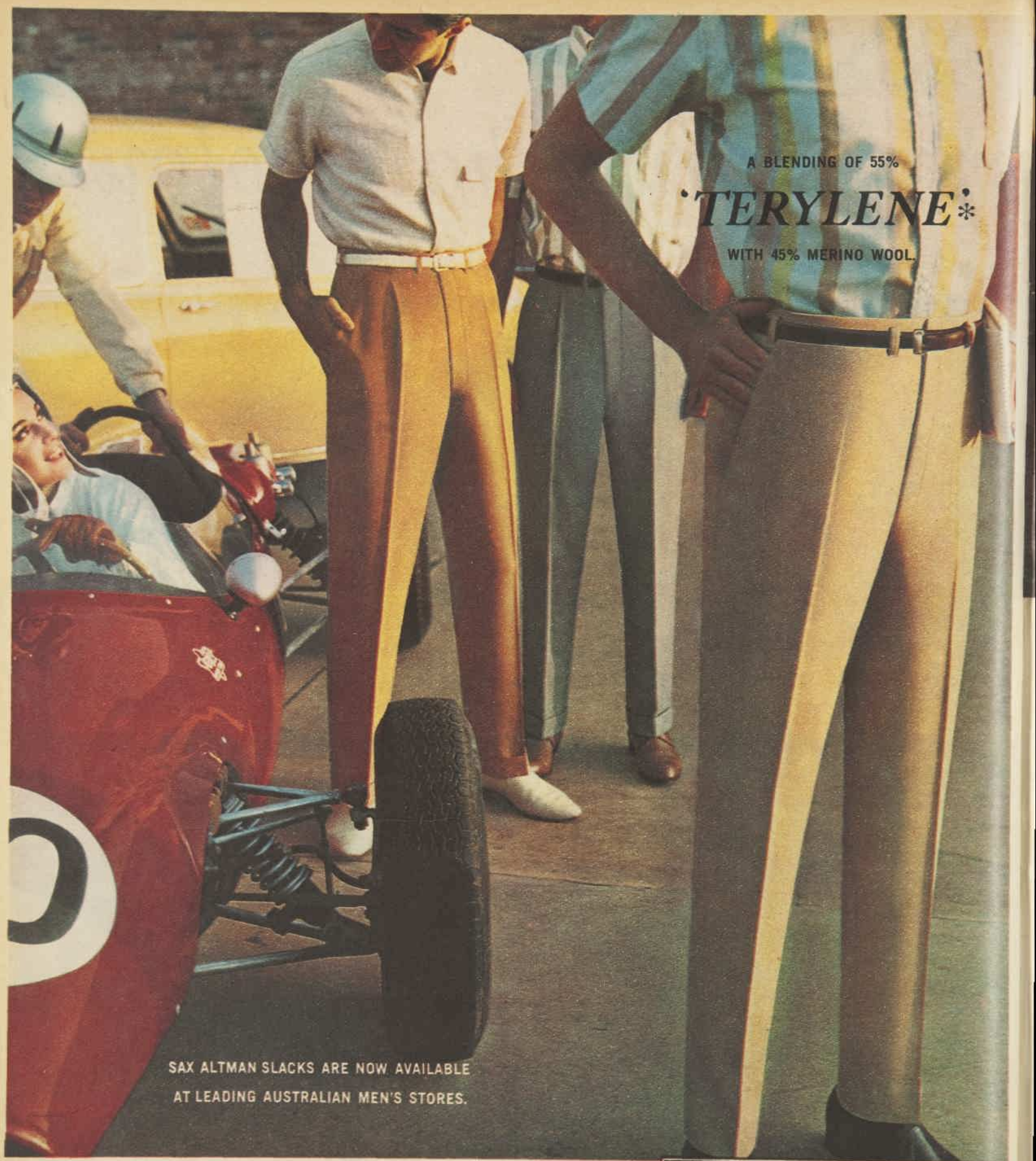

GRAND PRIX TIP! Look relaxed, feel relaxed, –win hands down in the style point-score

Sax Altman Slacks 'go' with the world image of Australian men. Virile men, bronzed and tough; fearless soldiers — cavalier sportsmen; Sax Altman Slacks, with their deliberately casual ways, suit the new mood of Australians who want to **look good** as well as **feel good** in their leisure. Choose your Sax Altmans from shape keeping summer weights — in 'Zero 12', 'Coolstream' and many other fine 'Terylene'/wool fabrics. * REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

SAX ALTMAN SLACKS

by *Anthony Squires*

GALAXY OF COLOURS INCLUDES MANY NEW LIGHTER SHADES. £7/19/6 TO 10 GNS.

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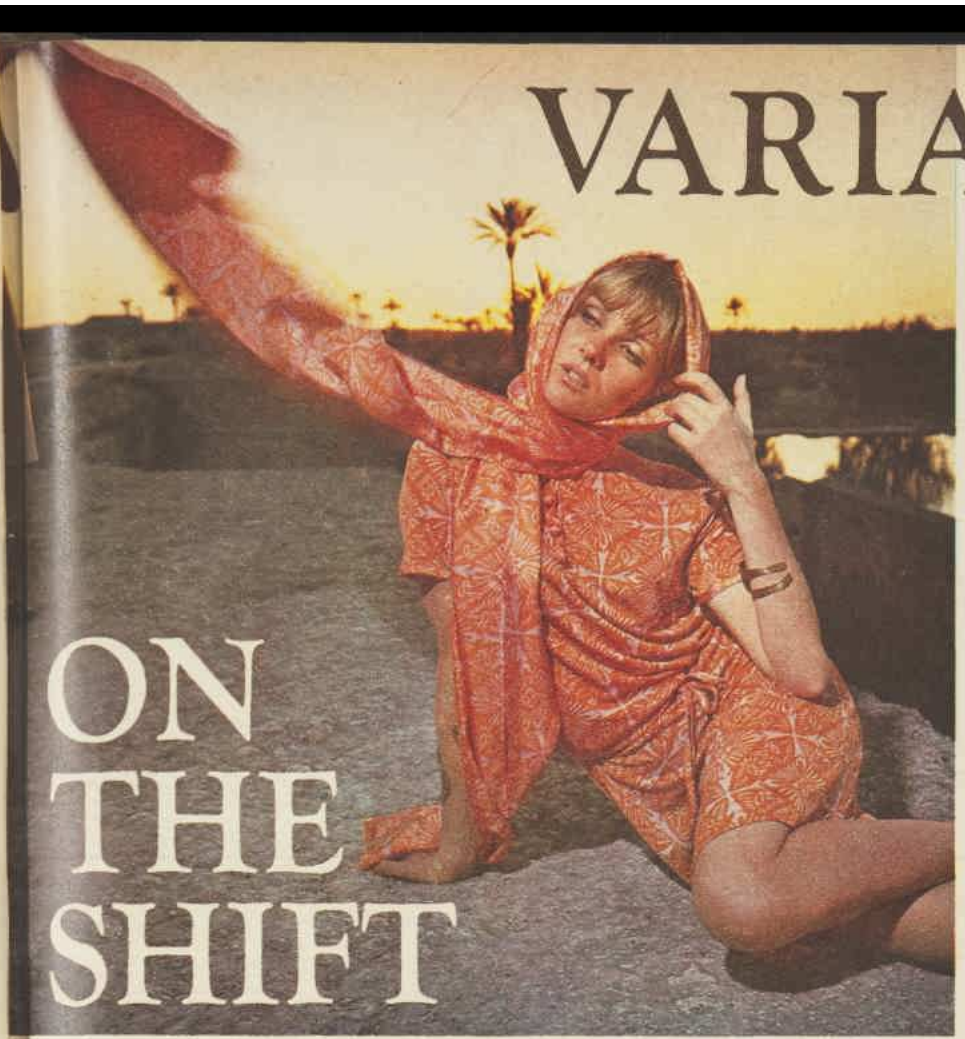
VARIATIONS . . .



ON THE SHIFT

● *Wonderful for travel — a shift with its own matching scarf to settle softly around the head. The material is printed silk jersey.*

By BETTY KEEP

● The shift, like the head scarf, has become international fashion.

Two devotees of the shift, Jackie Kennedy and Audrey Hepburn, have kept it in the world's fashion eye. It is one of the most-worn current designs, and scores of new ideas vary its slender line.

The shift is an ideal fashion for the lanky, yet its figure-slimming silhouette puts it in the success class for all sizes.

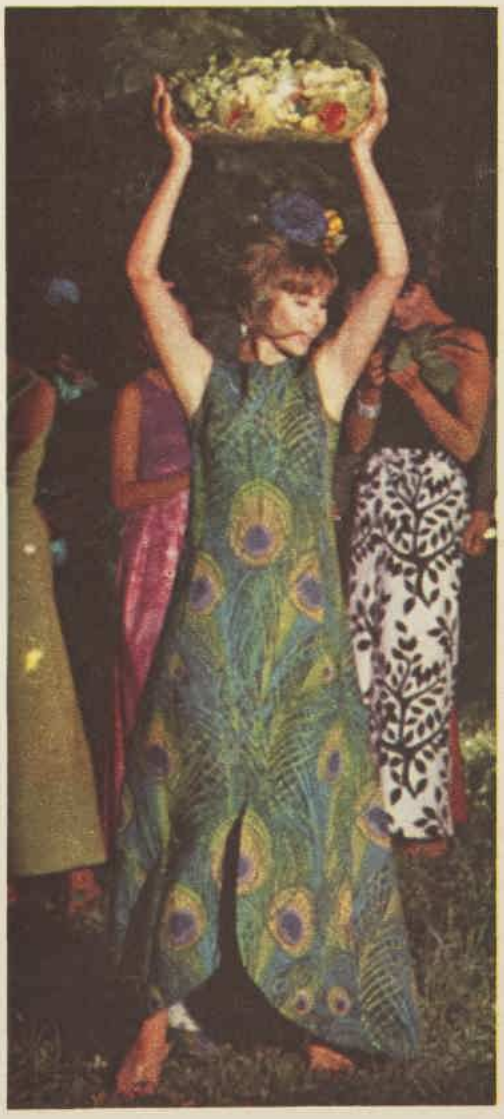
Its style variations are almost unlimited. (We show three here, and more overleaf.) It comes in all prices and in scores of colors and materials.

When an invitation says "Don't dress up," a shift is the perfect fashion answer.

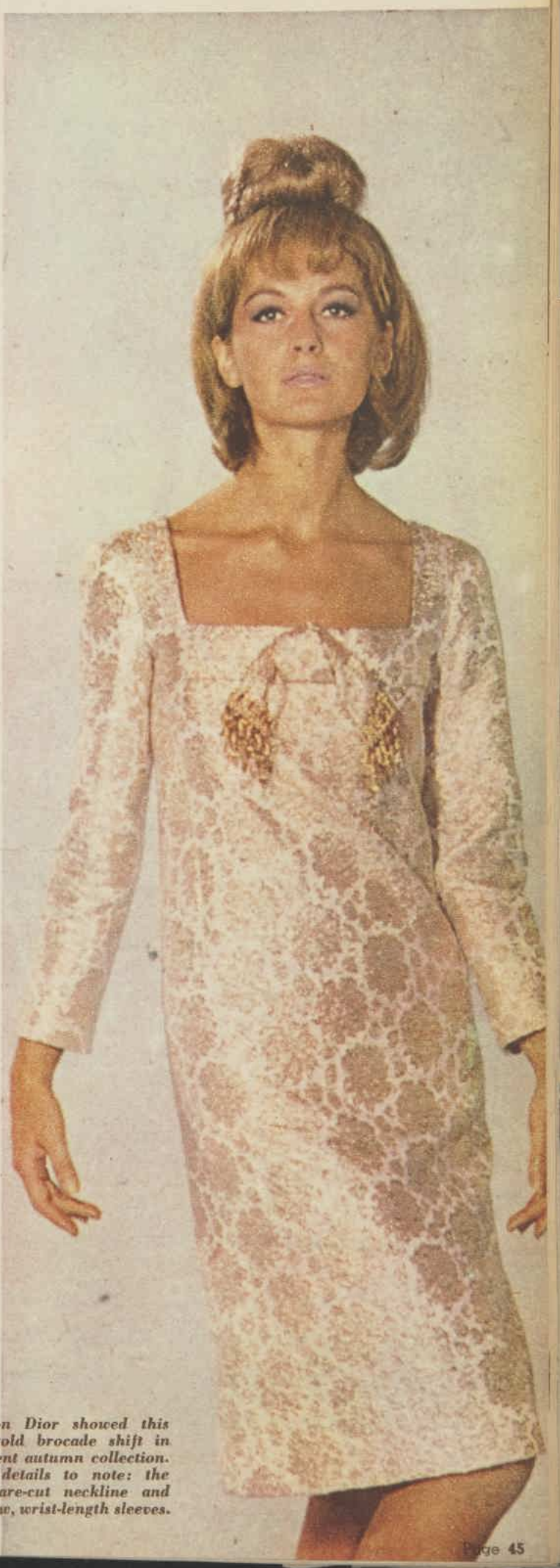
In floor-length, it carries through to party evenings. Worn with a hat, it is a cool, chic city fashion. In flowery print, it's feminine; in gold brocade, it's glamorous.

Be with it, because the shift has a long fashion future. Backed by the Paris couture, and such famous names as Dior, it is hot fashion news for all weathers.

Continued overleaf



● *Floor-length, lightly shaped shift (above) drifts into summer party nights. The top is sleeveless, the skirt slit high at front. The fabric is printed with a peacock-feather design.*



● *Maison Dior showed this superb gold brocade shift in their recent autumn collection. Autumn details to note: the low, square-cut neckline and the narrow, wrist-length sleeves.*

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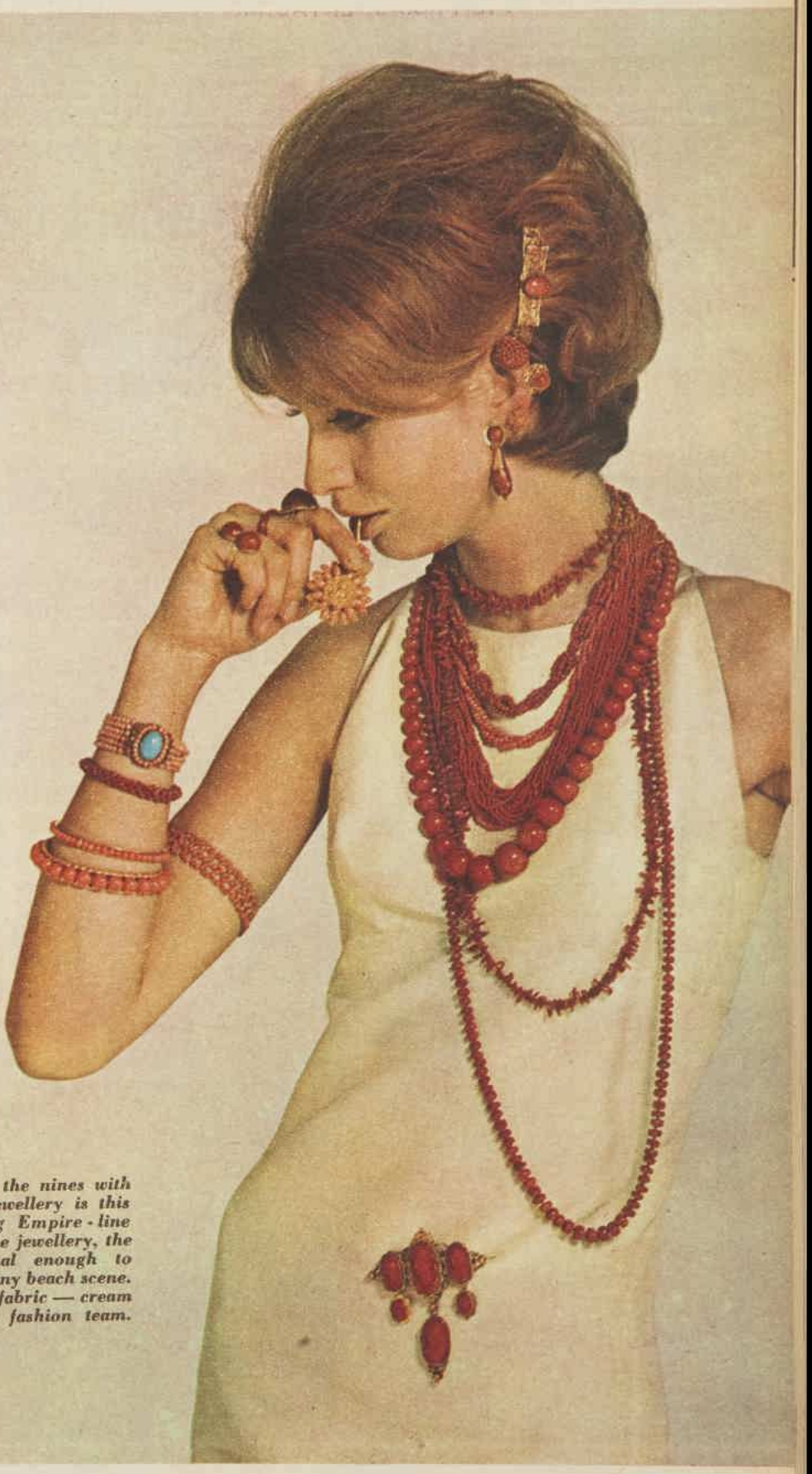
THE SHIFT– DRESSED UP OR DOWN

● *Giant multi-colored flowers printed on white cotton give a summer garden look to the design above. More news is the blown-back hat in green straw worn over a turban in pink jersey.*

● *Short-cut, narrow side-slit shift (right) is sleeveless and has a high - to - the - throat neckline. Could easily be the backbone of a holiday wardrobe — good for indoors and under the sun. The new team, violet and pink, is current news.*



● *Dressed to the nines with exotic coral jewellery is this shoulder-baring Empire - line shift. Minus the jewellery, the dress is casual enough to meander into any beach scene. The color and fabric — cream linen — are a fashion team.*

● *Scarlet poppies printed on dark forest-green silk is the exotic color choice for a pared-down city shift (left). The large-brimmed hat is worn back from the face.*

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Continued from page 23

FACES OF LOVE

As she watched her hand smooth a fan in the rough sand—the hand of a 36-year-old mother—it came to her that he was leaving her because it was easier now for him to do it, because he was in love with another woman. And, still reasonable, she asked him if that was so. Gazing out at the girls, at their dancing legs bird-thin in the glaring, misty distance, he said that it was.

For three weeks she was reasonable. It was the last three weeks of the girls' summer vacation, and she drove them back to the beach frequently, finding it on some days swept by fog and on other days hot and brilliant and exploding with high breakers. Out in the water stood the tremendous rocks, and on one rock perched a tiny, broken white hut, once a shelter for a light.

A broken catwalk of a bridge was strung between the rock and the cliffs of the shore. While the girls dragged yards of seaweed up and down the beach, she lay on the blanket, and, stunned by the sun-shattered air and by her own reasonableness, she accepted the end of the marriage, his absence from her days and nights.

She accepted without rancor but with remorse the faults of both herself and her husband, which had combined to make the faults of the marriage.

She remembered the long silences between them, which were the brooding amalgam of so many things — his unspoken complaints against his architect boss, the complaints of a self-belittling person with talent working under an aggressive person with talent; her own unspoken complaints against her humdrum existence, an existence in which the purchase of a new pair of shoes for one of the girls or a new rug required an afternoon of shopping, an existence comprised of minor things, a mountain of minor things.

They had voiced their complaints in silence or in petty quarrels over other matters, and now this reasonableness at the end was like the relief from a drug after an ordeal of pain.

But something else was at work in this relief of reasonableness. It was a promise of life with him again. She sat on the blanket with her arms around her bare legs, her dark hair blowing across her face, her knees smelling of salt water and suntan lotion, and was convinced that the marriage was not over, that one day a new respect, a new attraction for each other — combined with the needs of the two little girls — would serve to bring them together again.

She believed that he still loved her, that the ardent need with which he had loved her in the first years was only banked by years of monotony, by years of striving to discern just what their lives were about.

It was when she learned from her daughters, after a Sunday they had spent with their father, just who the woman was he loved that her reasonableness left her. The girls had returned to school the week before, Edita to first grade, Joan to sixth, both girls with silken brown hair in braids, with starched dresses and new saddle shoes, with sweaters knitted for them by his mother in Oregon, their slender bodies tanned by the summer sun.

They were unshocked by the separation of their parents, both parents had done everything by word and deed to make it seem that separation was not an uncommon occurrence—was, in fact, quite natural.

In that first week the girls were in school again she had applied for work at several agencies, reluctantly taking typing tests with fingers and mind stiff and unresponsive after so many years of touching no keys, and it was in these small stuffy agency rooms that her reasonableness began to desert her, even before she learned who the woman was.

It began to desert her also in the evenings when the girls were in bed and he was not there or coming, but was — with whom?— in his own apartment over in the city. But on that Sunday she felt its desertion like a bird flying straight out the door of a house.

He left them at her door at six o'clock, two tangle-haired, dusty-jeaned girls, the littler with mustard on her cheek from the hamburger supper he had treated them to. All three of them, father and daughters, were red-faced from the sun, unstrung. The girls threw their arms around him and clung to him, Edita trying to climb up as he bent over her, hanging from his neck, lifting her feet, bending her knees.

THE face that he turned to his wife as she opened the door on the scene was a face that had already taken on experiences from which she was barred and that could never be confided to her. And meeting eyes with him for a second, she was gripped by the knowledge that he was actually in love with the other woman—and that the love was not transitory, not tentative, but something to last.

The presence of the woman was closer to tangibility than it had been that day on the beach when he had admitted her presence. It was as if his presence were now the presence of the woman he loved. Her hands went out to the girls as the presentiment of her anguish rose in her.

"We climbed the mountain," Edita cried as she sat facing her sister in the tub. "We climbed way up to that little, little . . ."

"Ranger station," said Joan.

"Ranger station, and oh, you never saw such a beautiful sight." Edita's voice floated on in an imitation of some woman's. "We saw the whole bay, we saw the city, we saw bridges, we saw boats. Janice is a good climber."

"Janice?" she asked. She was kneeling to pick up the discarded dirty clothes on the floor.

"You know Janice!" cried Edita, offended by this ignorance, which was an obstacle to the story. The weariness, the excitement of the climbing day, and the confusion that came of her parents' separation, of her father's love for another woman, began to gather into a complaining wail.

"Yes, I know Janice," she hastened to say, and saw her elder daughter glance at her with a child's worried curiosity to see if she was sad.

"He dropped her off for a cup of coffee," Edita said. "I said she could get it here, that you'd give her one, but he dropped her off."

"Off the mountain?" she asked, trying to joke, the joke like a desecrating smudge across her face, like everybody's footprints on her face.

"No, no, not off the mountain, Mama. At the drugstore. At the junction. She's waiting for him there . . ."

When the girls were asleep, their door closed upon the light and upon the absence of the father in the rest of the house, upon the mother who had drawn the blankets around their small throats and kissed their faces good-night but said nothing, unable to say anything, she wandered in the living-

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FACES OF LOVE

room, coffee cup in one hand, cigarette in the other, contending against the presence of the woman whom her husband loved.

So it was Janice Malone. So it was Janice. Janice, a woman who was their friend, who before her separation from her husband a few months ago had come with him and her young son for dinner several times. A woman older than herself — forty? forty-two? — a plain-faced woman, almost graceless, but yes, admit it, womanly, kind, a woman she had both liked and disliked and had never known — oh, never known — that her husband was to love.

And where had Janice's boy been today, that sulky nine-year-old? Of course, with the father. On Sundays, on weekends, children spent the day with the parent they did not see during the week. An ache for all the children who were shuttled back and forth from parent to parent forced her to cover her face with her hands and weep.

And the ache for the children released into her the ache for herself, for the woman unloved, left for another whose virtues were greater, who was even now, perhaps, receiving the kisses and caresses that he had learned to perfect in the early years with his wife — and that she, poor, deluded fool, had thought were hers forever and forever.

She huddled in the chair, the ache for herself consuming her, for the woman who had lost whatever it was he had found delightful and lovable. Lost how? Lost when? Lost where?

In the midst of rearing two children, in the days of sameness, in the days of fatigue after rising so many times in the night for so many years, in the days of talking with no one but children and with other women about children until the whole world of variety, of ideas that she had barely glimpsed when she was out in that world had receded, receded, and the man who had returned each evening from that world was able no longer to convey to her whatever meaning he garnered for himself because she could not speak the language.

So he had found someone to talk with and to love, to yearn for and to love, a woman who could speak the language because she was out in the world, an attorney, a woman who had made her own way. The ache for herself—alone in the garden all that day while her husband had been at the side of the woman he loved, under the sun, two figures on the mountain delighting in the newness of their love—the ache for herself doubled her up in her chair.

She spent the night awake on the couch, walking through the house, sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee and smoking. In the hands that pressed against her eyes she saw the unplumbed depths of tenderness for him. No matter how buried it sometimes was, it had remained a constant, a part of her system, and she had thought that, in spite of his days and days of silence, in spite of his criticisms, there had remained as a constant with him his tenderness for her.

But his had dried up long ago. Or had it ever existed? Had there been, with him, only a few years of love, only a few years of nights of love? And when the children came, when the humdrum existence closed down around them, was there only the memory of love to live with?

She gripped her face with cruel fingers that were his betraying fingers. What was she to do with the emptiness where her tenderness had been? She could not bear its going; the emptiness it left must be the worst kind of pain. She felt the rage against him beginning, a rage that came to fill the vacuum. She gripped her face that was no longer dear to him and felt the rage fill up her breast.

She was awake, her head down on the kitchen table, when the girls called to her in the morning, wandered out for breakfast in rumpled nightgowns, one child bright, one grumpy and complaining of a sore knee from falling on the trail. An hour later she closed the door after their departing figures. But now she did not, as she had done every morning for so many years, begin the gathering up and washing of the breakfast dishes, the making of beds, the hundred and one jobs.

There was laundry to be done, there were bills to pay, there were phone calls to be made about jobs and there was the car to take to the mechanic for repairs. She sat at the cluttered table, her head in her hands, wanting to die. The rage against him and the love for him had torn her apart all the night like contending teams of horses in some form of medieval torture.

Suddenly the desire to live drew her straight up from her chair. He would be able to help her. He had become a stranger that she raged against, but that part of him that was the past, the tender lover, would help her to cope with the stranger he had become. For twelve years he had helped her simply by his presence — the husband, the provider, the father of her children — and now he was the only one to help her face the future without him.

While she waited at the telephone for the ring at the other end of the line, she clamped her hand over her face to hide from him the night's ravages; and standing there in the dress she had worn for two days and a night, hiding her face from him, she saw the wildness of the moment, the unpredictability of it, and wondered how many women had done it and how logical and predictable it was to them, after all.

He came within an hour. She had broken down over the phone and wept, and with a voice that she had never heard before, a hoarse, raucous voice that beat its way up out of her breast, she had begged him to come and help her. She had no desire, after the call, to pretty herself for him. He had known her in sickness and in health, in ugliness and in beauty; for twelve years he had known her.

She had called him to come and help her in her anguish, and she met him at the door, her eyes down with the shame of his devastating effect upon her, knowing that no man, no woman should ever be so much in another person's power.

They sat in the living-room, she on the couch, he in his big chair, neither able to meet the other's eyes.

"Are you going to marry her?"

He nodded. "Yes."

The shock went through her body, and the shaking that had been going on inside her was observable now on the surface. Her hands began to shake; her voice broke loose. "You didn't know me!" she cried. "You never tried to know me. Who I was, who I am, inside . . ."

"That's not it," he said. "We know each other well enough, you and I."

"No, no, no!" Her voice went high, beyond her control. "That's the way the shallow ones talk, about the monotony, about knowing each other too well. Yes, we knew

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each other, but not well enough. The longer you're married to a person the more you ought to know them, and the more you know them the more you ought to love them, for their mortality, for being human . . ."

She saw him swiftly turn his face to try to hide the spasm of muscles down one side.

"That's the way it was with me!" she cried. "The way I felt about you. But you couldn't do that. There's something missing in you, and that's why you could answer me so flippantly, 'We know each other well enough'."

His hand was up before his face. "Ought, ought, ought," he said. "Everybody ought. Love thy neighbor, love thy parents, love thy wife, love thy husband. But what about just being human? Why can't you let me just be human and not expect so much of me? He looked at her, trying to make his voice comforting because she had called for him to comfort her.

"What do you know about

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FACES OF LOVE

me?" She repeated the refrain, her voice hoarse and raucous with weeping, as it had been on the phone. "Nothing, nothing. You ask me to let you be human, but you expect me to be more than that, to be wise, to hold my head up just at the moment when everything is falling down.

"You know nothing about me, nothing about the yearning that went on here"—she hit her throat—"the wondering. I love the girls with all my heart, and I loved you, but still there was the wondering and the need.

"For what? If you were to ask me, I couldn't tell you. But you never even thought to ask. For years you asked me nothing. You talk about letting everybody be human, but what do you know about me, the human being you married?"

"Listen," he said, his voice hard and weary. "I can't help you. The only thing I can do is to tell you that I can't, that it's over, that I'm in love with somebody else. The way to come out of this is to face it. Yes, it's the end of the marriage, but it may be the beginning of something very good for you. I mean, you're bound to meet someone—"

"Be quiet!" she cried, standing starkly by herself, her back to him, the tears streaming down her face. "That's the glib way that everything awful is explained away. The glib way the end is told. It died and we didn't go to the trouble to keep it alive.

"Everything around us seems like the end. Crises all over the world, and the bomb waiting to solve them all at once. Maybe the end of this—of us, of the marriage—is only a fragment breaking off, part of the crumbling. Why is it the end of everything? Why is the world coming to an end? Is it because we are all so glib?"

He got up and stood behind her but did not put out his hand to touch her arm.

"You need to sleep," he said. "There are some sedatives in the house—you take one, and I'll tell the woman next door to gather in the girls when they come home from school, give them supper, let you sleep."

"Let me tell you something," she said, covering her weeping face. "The children ask me: 'Don't you love each other any more?' Especially Edita. She asks with a kind of lost look, and I want to say, 'No, no, I don't love him any more.' Because that's the way I really feel—it's dead. But I can't say it to them because they can't bear to hear it. It destroys their idea of love, that it lasts. They're afraid that it'll be taken away from them because—look how suddenly their parents took it from each other."

She walked away from him, that person who could no longer touch her. "Remember this!" she cried. "If they tell you that I love you, that I said so, remember it's not because I love you that I say it, it's because I love them."

"Yes, all right," he said, his head down, going out with no other word.

She sank to the couch again and heard his car depart, and down through the emptiness that filled the house after he was gone, down through the emptiness in her, came the love for him. The rage and the love, she knew, would take their turns; she would swing like a pendulum from one to the other until time slowed the swing.

She found her way to her bedroom and crawled in under the blankets. Sleep was a likelihood now because the rage was abating for a while and the love was there with her. It had been retaliation, her impressing him with the end of her love, the retaliation of a wounded and abandoned woman.

But love, she realised now, was her element, the only element she could breathe in. She felt that the love that was with her now was what she had been deprived of ever since that day on the beach, and now it had returned, but more meaningful than it had ever been in all the twelve years, because in this moment after their final words it was as necessary to her as life.

She went out to the beach alone the next Sunday, early in the morning. The girls were with their father, hiking with him and the woman who was to be his wife.

Climbing up over the rise of sand, she saw that the tide was out, the colored pebbles exposed to the sun. On the huge rocks out in the water sat flocks of birds, cormorants and gulls.

Ahead of her, where the beach narrowed down, she saw at the foot of the cliffs a small child with his father—father and child sitting facing each other, talking—saw first the child's hair that was illuminated by the sun.

The sight of the child stirred in her an intensity of love for her own children, a delight in their existence, a sense of their fragility. This trip, she thought, to the spot where, as they watched the girls dancing in the water, he had told her he was leaving, was being made by a convalescent—a woman thinner now, her hair longer, straighter.

The end of the struggle had come, the rage had died and the love was dying, and the sight of the child at the foot of the cliffs was a harbinger of something else come to take the place of the struggle—a harbinger of reward, of release.

Sinking down on to her knees in the sand where they had sat that day, she wished fervently that the world would not come to an end as she had predicted that morning of her anguish, that in spite of the unravelling of lives, of the bombs waiting, the end would not come. For the sake of the children most of all, for the sake of the small child back there, now hidden from her view by a shoulder of rock.

She slept, wakening to the realisation that during her sleep the pounding of breakers had gone on. She did not move, but, lying still and surprised by sounds and sight again, found instantly in the huge rocks out in the water great human profiles sleeping, two rock profiles facing the sky, tragicomic in the way of Brueghel's peasant faces.

Would the rock faces be all that remained to testify to the one-time existence of man? For though they were rock they were made in the image of man by the waters and by the weathers; they were replicas, tributes.

She lay still in the hot sun that pressed her down, aware of her own recovery beginning, of the love inside that could be directed to all. The loss of the one whom she had thought was so necessary brought her the discovery that all were necessary to her, every person and every child in whose image the rock faces were carved.

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Furnishing a flat—from junk

• *The New York night is ghostly with junk-seekers, says the author of this article. Her friends have proved it's possible to furnish a flat with other people's discards.*

by EILEEN CRAMER

CORNER of the New York flat furnished with other people's discards. The chair at left is covered with white calico stitched in black.

LATE at night, when most people are asleep, mysterious figures may be seen prowling round the East Side of New York. Some carry sacks, some carry suitcases, and some have small push-carts. The really smart ones arrive in cars and station-waggons, and once in a while one of them creaks up on a messenger boy's bike.

They peer into doorways, down dark passageways, through the great iron grilles and gates, and they nose around garbage-tins.

They stand at the end of a block and look up and down, and if they spot a large lumpy pile half-way between their corner and the next they make toward it, like a dog after a hare. For they are well aware that they are not alone, and if someone else spots the pile before they do they may be too late.

Sometimes an interesting pile turns out on inspection to be simply a few cement steps leading up to a doorway.

Rich gentlemen, taking their dogs out for the nightly calls of nature (for these figures usually haunt rich neighborhoods), look discreetly in the other direction. Although if it is their own doorway which is the object of the shadowy stranger's attention they may watch with pride or curiosity, for the shadowy one may be the rich man's neighbor.

It could be anyone. It could even be YOU!

What, then, are these people searching for? What brings them out on freezing nights? Why do they choose special parts of town and special nights?

Loving pride

I will tell you. All ye who take pride in your beautifully furnished houses and apartments, in your dear little bachelor furnished rooms, or in your luxuriously appointed hotel suites, I will tell you what these Shadowy Seekers in the Night are doing.

They are furnishing their apartments!

Yes, like beetles of Egypt that drag balls of mud to their little cells and place them with loving pride in the corners and sit on them or hang their hats on them, the Nightly Ones are searching for antique chairs, picture-frames, day-beds, kitchen dressers, bathmats, and so on.

Some time ago I wrote about my friends and their apartments in Paris and I described a girl named Doreen. Together with some boys who lived in the same house she went forth and raided an old demolished house. They found a few old doors and a chair and a marble table-top which Doreen considered a great treasure.

They all considered themselves very lucky to have found these miserable old objects.

Even in Sydney, when I lived in Kings Cross among a group of painters, writers, and dancers, we sometimes came home with an old lampstand or a wooden stool and made a great to-do about it.

Once we were filled with delight because a landlady of a house in Phillip Street said we could have an old sofa that had been standing for some time in the courtyard of her residential.

Got giggles

Three of us dragged it out on to the street at eleven o'clock at night, but when we got as far as the tramline we started to giggle, and at last were so overcome by laughter that we sat on the sofa right in the middle of the tramline just as the tram came along full of people returning from the movies.

All the people leaned out to look at us—two girls and a boy sitting on a sofa in the middle of the street shrieking with laughter.

We got up at last and dragged the thing off the line, but we were overcome again, so we sat down beside the tram and continued laughing wildly.

The people at the end of the tram could see us as they went past. I distinctly remember their puzzled faces in the bright light of the carriage.

To make matters worse—or better—a lady suddenly opened her window, in the house from where we'd got the sofa, and shouted, "Hey, I used to have that sofa. I lost my diamond ring, and I'll bet you it's in there."

And she watched us resentfully as we moved off at last.

Now in New York people take their scavenging very seriously. No unseemly shrieks of laughter cut through the night. No gay groups swoop down on things with absurd comments. No tipsy couples, coming home from a party, settle into an old chair in lighthearted embraces, only to fall right through on to the pavement.

• *Continued overleaf*

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Continued from previous page

Furnishing a flat—from junk

No naughty students drag some heavy day-bed from Eightieth Street and leave it on the dignified steps of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Everything is done with seemly seriousness, for in New York the casting-off of Old Property and acquisition of New is an occupation that has deep significance.

For, you see, if you are in the position to cast off some perfectly good chair or cupboard, your neighbors will see it and know that you are Doing Well and are getting Something New.

Doing well means that you are going up on the social scale, and doing that means that you are very close to heaven.

(In this way people who live in cities are closer to heaven than people who live in the country, for many more things are cast out in the city than in the country.)

Some people, I am told, even cast off their three-year-old cars; it is possible to find even an abandoned motor-car in a street.

However, to get back to my friend Doreen, who was living in that great old falling-down mansion in Paris. Well, it fell down at last, and one of the American boys who lived there escaped from the rubble with Doreen, and they came across to New York on the France, newly married.

They have become nightly prowlers round Eighty-ninth and Ninety-first Streets.

It was easy for them to get an apartment. This is not a problem in Manhattan. More apartment houses have gone up here lately than anywhere else in the world. Larger and taller blocks are being built, and where there were once 100 apartments there are now 300. Besides this, many people have moved to Long Island. Very rich people no longer live in New York. Conditions are changing. Why, in some apartment houses, they even offer you a month's free occupation.

So it was not difficult for Doreen and Jerry to find somewhere to live. But it is an unfurnished apartment, and they needed chairs and a bed.

This is what they found in one month: One large day-bed, an easy-chair, two small chairs, and another small padded chair.

The two small chairs they considered rather ordinary, so they exchanged them for two lovely little early American ones they saw in a butcher's shop. They were a little loose, and the butcher said he'd be glad to have something else his customers could sit on. So Jerry fixed the chairs and now they look wonderful.

In Greenwich Village, when they came to visit me, they passed another house which was being demolished, and standing in the street they saw a nice kitchen cabinet with half a dozen freshly laundered tea-towels and a pillow-slip and sheet in the drawers.

In the basement of the building where they live were some plates and cups, a frying-pan, an old saucepan, a picture-frame, a tea-tray, and a kettle. The superintendent said they could have all these, and added a nicely framed mirror and a tiny table which some other tenants had left behind.

Going out on his nightly scavenging, Jerry found a carpet which was much too heavy for him to carry home, so he cut off the best pieces and left the rest neatly piled up against the wall.

He also found a blue bathmat, a globe of the world, a toy train, and a lampstand which Doreen turned into a handsome lamp, using papier-mache to cover the broken base.

In Ninety-first Street they found a thick roll of finest quality gold paper, so they papered one wall in their small living-room and Doreen made a mural on it.

On the landing outside their front door they found two very beautifully painted tea-caddies, an unused piece of hand-blocked patterned linen, and two coffee cups and saucers, as well as five large stiff sheets of poster boards which Doreen is going to use for her painting.

A hand-painted bottle of English bath-salts, unopened, and a doll complete the list.

A goldmine!

Wednesday night is the night, Jerry has discovered, when people fling their possessions out on to the streets. On Thursday mornings a great van comes round and gathers them, so you have to be out at midnight on Wednesday or up early on Thursday.

One Thursday morning Doreen was going up to the Art School on Fifth Avenue and passed a great pile of household goods. She flew to the nearest phone and rang her husband. "Darling, there's a goldmine on Eighty-seventh Street, between Madison and Park. Please hurry, because the disposal van is down at Eighty-fifth. I can see it from here!"

Jerry dropped everything and this was where he found the easy-chair. Unfortunately, he could carry only one thing at a time. When he returned for the other things — a roll of linoleum and another chair—the Japanese chauffeur of a smart Rolls-Royce was placing them into the back of his absent master's car.

"Welly solly, old chap, but me got here flirst."

"O.K., luck of the game," Jerry said, and helped himself to what was left—two long bamboo poles.

Of course, Doreen and Jerry had to spend a little money. They bought tins of paint, several yards of calico, and some nails. They made cream calico curtains and a loose cover for the easy-chair, which looks very attractive against the gold wall with its black mural.

The other padded chair is covered with a yard of gold velveteen, which cost about 7/-.

Several of their paintings are now beautifully framed. The tea-kettle sings merrily on the stove (there was also a gas stove in the street, but they had one already). The lamp burns and the day-bed is covered with an old treasure of Doreen's, which she always covers her beds with no matter where she goes.

Jerry is very enthusiastic about Nightly Scavenging. When he has found enough for his own apartment he intends to go into the antiques business!

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HOW DO YOU RATE AS A PARENT?

By DAVID GRAHAM

● Perhaps you feel you are doing pretty well as a parent, but have you ever taken an objective look at yourself at work as a mother or father?

THIS new quiz gives you a chance to do just that. The results of honest answers to these questions may surprise you!

A good parent must learn to strike the right balance between discipline and encouragement in dealing with children, and, above all, set a good example.

1. Are you a slave to your children?: (a), No, never; (b), yes, probably for most of the time; (c), sometimes.

2. What do you think of "spoiling" children?: (a), It is a grave fault in many parents; (b), something of minor importance with no lasting effect on adulthood; (c), something parents ought to do, at least while their children are young.

3. Which would you least like your children to consider you?: (a), Stuffy; (b), boring; (c), unreliable.

4. Do you feel your own children should see more of their father?: (a), Yes; (b), about as much as they do now; (c), no, less of him.

5. Which do you find it easiest to deal with in your children?: (a), Bad manners; (b), selfishness; (c), noisiness.

6. Are you strict over pocket-money?: (a), Yes, very; (b), quite generous; (c), just reasonable.

7. Do any of your children have some latent talent which you have done nothing to encourage?: (a), Don't know; (b), probably; (c), not as far as you know.

8. How do you answer your children's awkward questions?: (a), Tell only as much as you feel the child needs to know; (b), tell as much as you think he will understand; (c), fob off the question as quickly as possible.

9. Do you encourage your children to bring their problems to you?: (a), No; (b), yes, always; (c), not really regularly.

10. Are you always a good example to your children?: (a), Reasonably so; (b), not always; (c), only when they are watching.

11. Do your instil in your children at least some of your own personal ideals?: (a), Sometimes (b), not a great deal; (c), almost always.

12. How do you get along with other people's children?: (a), So-so; (b), very well; (c), about average.

13. How do you treat your own children?: (a), Consciously retain a certain adult dignity; (b), drop readily to their own level; (c), try successfully to combine (a) and (b).

14. Do you model your actions upon those of your own parents toward you as a child?: (a), Perhaps, but not consciously; (b), yes, very definitely; (c), not much, if at all.

15. Have you ever faced up to the thought that one day your children will be grown-up, independent, on their own?: (a), Yes, often; (b), not really; (c), maybe once or twice.

HOW TO SCORE

1. (a) 4	(b) 2	(c) 3
2. (a) 4	(b) 1	(c) 2
3. (a) 3	(b) 2	(c) 5
4. (a) 5	(b) 3	(c) 0
5. (a) 3	(b) 4	(c) 2
6. (a) 3	(b) 4	(c) 5
7. (a) 0	(b) 2	(c) 4
8. (a) 3	(b) 4	(c) 0
9. (a) 1	(b) 5	(c) 2
10. (a) 4	(b) 2	(c) 2
11. (a) 4	(b) 1	(c) 5
12. (a) 2	(b) 5	(c) 3
13. (a) 2	(b) 2	(c) 4
14. (a) 3	(b) 4	(c) 1
15. (a) 5	(b) 1	(c) 2

HERE'S YOUR RATING

Over 62: You are undoubtedly an excellent parent, but please check your answers for complete honesty!

57-61: This is as high a score as most of us could truthfully attain, and it means you are a very good parent for whom your children will be grateful all their lives.

38-56: An average score, you're not bad as a parent, but you could try to see things from the child's point of view.

25-37: There is lots of room for improvement. Perhaps you really need to start taking your parental responsibilities more seriously.

Under 25: Not everyone is cut out to be a good parent, of course! Let's hope your partner makes up for your deficiencies.

Something exciting has happened to Sunsilk!

Now it's Sunsilk Beauty Shampoo

WITH UNIQUE LANOLIN CONDITIONER

LOOK FOR YOUR SUNSILK IN THE NEW BEAUTY BOTTLE

Gives new softness-new shine-and better behaved hair

NEW SUNSILK BEAUTY FOR YOUR HAIR

Sunsilk Beauty Shampoo with its unique Lanolin Conditioner never overwashes your hair, never dries it. Just one gentle lather leaves your hair soft, shining, and so well-behaved.

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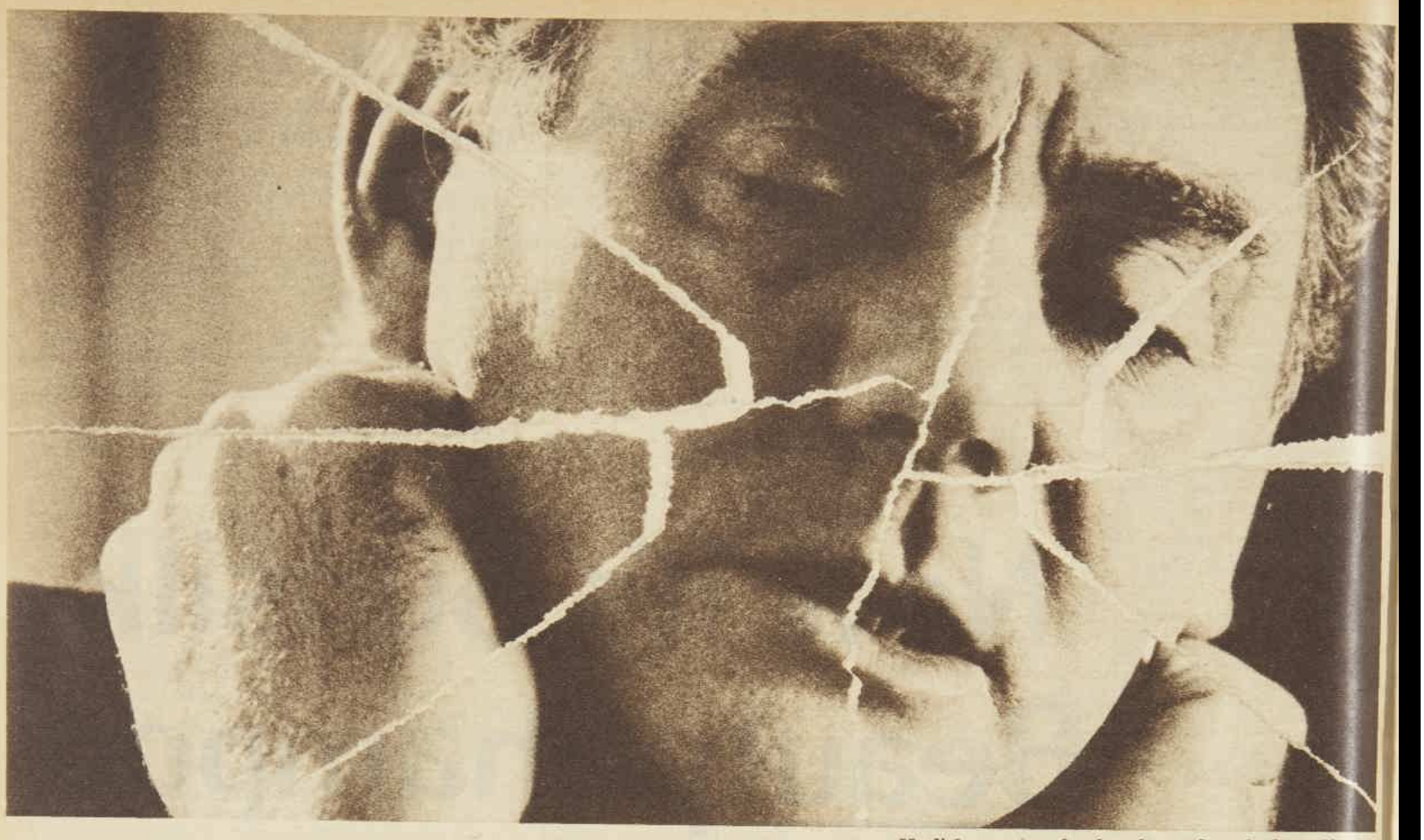


Horlicks restores the sleep he needs to be himself again

To the woman whose husband is tearing himself apart...

It's up to you to put him together again. Maybe the problem is lack of restful sleep. A cup of Horlicks at night will restore his lost energy...

He can sleep himself into a state of nervous exhaustion!

Doctors will tell you the vital organs of the body can re-build themselves only when the muscles are completely relaxed in deep, natural sleep.

If your husband's sleep is restless, it isn't deep sleep. It's sleep which drains away the energy used to build up the body. It leaves him tired and irritable in the morning.

You won't need a *doctor* to tell you that when he is tired and irritable, he can't handle the ordinary challenges of the day. This state of nervous exhaustion and irritation makes it difficult for him to cope with everyday problems. His nerves become "unstrung". Family and friends are affected.

No wife can afford to ignore these tell-tale signs of restless sleep . . . *the result of "Night Starvation"*.

What is "Night Starvation"?

When you fall asleep, you are like a city preparing for night. Most of your bodily activity slows down and stops. But, like a city at night, certain of your bodily activities continue. They are the ones concerned with your life and well being . . . such as your breathing and blood circulation.

These activities, however, need energy to work. It is estimated they burn a calorie a minute as you sleep. That's 480 calories during a night's sleep.

If you go to bed with an inadequate supply of energy, it is used too quickly by your body. You begin to suffer from low level hunger. This is "Night Starvation". It isn't strong enough to wake you. But it makes you restless. You twist and turn. The movement of your muscles makes it impossible for the vital organs of your body to rebuild themselves properly. To enjoy really refreshing sleep, you must guard against "Night Starvation".

Horlicks banishes "Night Starvation" and induces sound, refreshing sleep

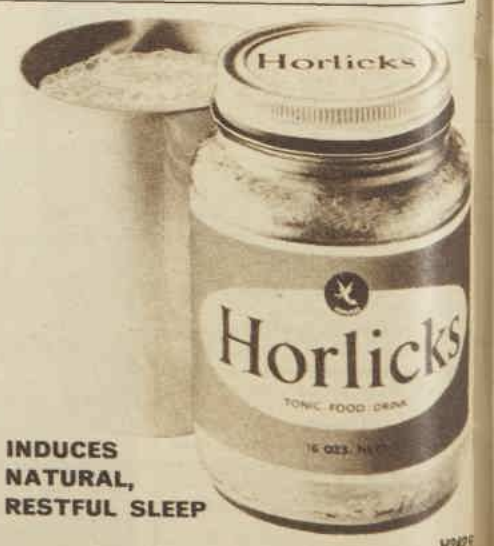
Horlicks is a balanced food that provides the tissue building and energy giving elements needed by your body. Because it's readily digested, Horlicks' energy is absorbed quickly into the blood stream.

Horlicks is at work before you fall asleep. Swiftly and easily, it provides the calories you need to fight "Night Starvation". All night long, Horlicks helps you recuperate from the demands of the day and build up your reserves for tomorrow.

A cup of Horlicks taken each evening before retiring brings back the childhood habit of sound, refreshing sleep. You awake refreshed in the morning, willing to meet daily challenges. Your worry and exhaustion have been slept away.

HORLICKS HELPED THIS MAN

Dear Sir:
Both my wife and myself were feeling listless. So, we tried Horlicks. And now we are very happy at being in the pink once again. I may add we are middle aged and work hard. We have found that Horlicks helps us to carry on with our work.
MR. T. H., QUEENSLAND



INDUCES NATURAL, RESTFUL SLEEP

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Home and Family

Ways to diet willpower

● In our issue of August 14 we published a plea for advice from a Queensland reader who wants to diet but lacks the necessary willpower. Her appeal has been answered by hundreds of letters from all parts of Australia. £1/1/- will be paid to each reader whose hint is published below.

Slimmers' club

"WHY not form a slimmers' club?

"Put an advertisement in the local paper asking other women who are interested in dieting to contact you. This will also prove helpful in making new friends.

"Have the club meet at your home first, and give the women a strictly low-calorie lunch.

"Members can then take it in turn to have the meetings at their places. They can exchange hints on diet, work out meals, together learn some form of handcraft, and give encouragement to each other.

"With club funds, a good set of scales could be bought. I'm sure it would be an incentive to lose a few pounds if regular weekly weighings were done in front of other members."

"HELPFUL," N.S.W.

Act as a guest

"YOUR reader must picture herself as a guest in someone else's home.

"Her good manners would prevent her eating at other than mealtimes, and she'd soon trim down."

"HELPER," Vic.

Pride is test

"PROBABLY the easiest way to lose weight is to meet new people, as then your pride will make you want to compare favorably with them.

"Meeting the new people isn't hard. Join a group or take up a sport such as croquet or bowls where newcomers are encouraged and taught to play.

"And remember this, too. If you had a very, very low flame on the stove, and you poured a quantity of fat on it, the flame would grow brighter as the fat disappeared. Could this be your fat and the flame your husband's interest?"

N. SCHREIBER, N.S.W.

Fellow sufferer

"WHAT 'Queensland Reader' needs is a fellow sufferer with the same temperament who is willing to help her day by day, week by week . . . advising, bullying, sympathising, watching encouraging.

"Well, here I am! I'm an old hand at dieting and I'm full of ideas.

"Six years ago I lost 4st. and have kept it off ever since by constant vigilance and doing something about the 3 or 4lb. which creeps on whenever I get lax.

"If your correspondent would write regularly once a week to me (confessing all!), I promise to answer each letter. I'm sure we could help each other."

"DIETER," N.S.W.

(This is one of many letters which have been forwarded to "Queensland Reader" at the request of other readers who want to help by being penfriends.)

Why not study?

"TRY taking a course in millinery, drossmaking, typing, first-aid, or home nursing, etc. There are hundreds of things a woman of 45 can tackle.

"I started studying simple, short courses lasting only a few weeks each when I was 44, and have become more and more ambitious as time has gone on. The result is a new interest in myself, what I wear, how I do my hair, and diet."

"TRY," W.A.

Toothpaste cure

"I ALSO lacked willpower when trying so hard to diet, but a friend advised me to reach for my toothbrush instead of for the biscuit or cake tin every time I felt like a snack.

"This may be a bit hard on the toothpaste, but it certainly worked wonders with my figure. The peppermint flavor is a certainty for stopping the sweet-tooth."

"SLIMMER NOW," Vic.

Just get busy

"GET so busy you haven't time to think of food.

"I've done this for several years now, and I never gain or lose an ounce.

"I'm a 70-year-old widowed pensioner, and my days aren't long enough.

"One day a week I play carpet bowls, another day I sew for charity, and yet another day I clean a pensioner's house (free).

"I make jam and cakes, mostly to give away. I keep my cottage spotless, and I love my garden.

"Every day is sweeter than the day before, and so I don't need extra sugar in my life."

"PENSIONER," N.S.W.

Take warning!

"IT wasn't easy for me to find the willpower to diet till I hit on the idea of pasting pictures of big, unattractive women inside the fridge and cupboard doors (in fact, everywhere I kept food).

"Under each picture I wrote: 'This could be you! Just neglect your diet and it WILL BE YOU.' I would take one look and quickly slam the doors."

V. A. TUITE, N.S.W.

Yoga will do it

"I THINK it is hopeless to tell your reader to join a club or go out and meet people, as she'd already have done this if she were that type of person.

"My advice is that she should take up yoga.

"There is no need for her to go to classes. She could learn through excellent books available on the subject. By the time she has read these she'll have a different, more disciplined approach to life, and won't find dieting any great problem."

"QUEENSLANDER."

"I can't hurry up and tidy my room. I can hurry up OR tidy my room."

Don't sit down

"YOUR reader suffers from my complaint: lack of strength to push her chair away from the table.

"I've solved this by refusing to approach the table.

"I prepare the hefty meals required by my husband and three children, and then leave them to it. As I cannot stop eating I find it better not to start.

"I have after-dinner coffee with my husband and eat my 'meal' then—a strictly diet meal."

"SYLPH," Qld.

Ask a doctor

"A VISIT to your doctor might provide you with all the incentive you need.

"I was heavy and found myself panting up hills, etc., so I went to see my doctor. He told me that I was like so many women in the middle-age bracket — overweight and really good subjects for heart attacks.

"He gave me a diet chart, and advised me to take up hobbies and walk a lot.

"But I didn't really need all these things. I'd been frightened enough to stop eating fattening foods."

N. GRANT, N.S.W.

Hide the cakes

"EVERY time you are tempted to go off your diet think of the glamorous lady of your age who walks past your house so often, and tell yourself you can be just like her. And you can!

"Incidentally, if you bake a cake for your husband, put it in a cupboard with all the other things you shouldn't eat, then lock the door and put the key up very high in an awkward place.

"For the first week or so you'll be tempted to climb to get that key and help empty the cupboard. But just think of that glamorous woman again, and soon the urge to nibble will lessen."

"SYMPATHISER," Vic.

Set up shop

"HAS your lonely, overweight reader thought of setting up a baby-shop in her district?

"Baby clothes are very easy to make, and the shop would serve as an introduction to every mother and grandmother for miles.

"Also, it would keep the reader so busy that she wouldn't have time to eat."

J. BEAL, S.A.

A dog's help

"I SUGGEST the reader get herself a little dog to take her mind off food.

"Training a puppy will be an absorbing interest for her, and exercising it will take her out for walks. She'll find then that it's surprising how many people a dog introduces you to . . . as well as keeping you away from the biscuit barrel."

M. HUDSON, N.S.W.

The garden way

"AS my husband has been transferred many times, I've left behind a trail of my 'dieting gardens.'

"I remember the supporting rock wall that cost me one stone, the attractive nature-strip that got rid of the previous winter's fat.

"Nothing returns affection and attention so much as a garden, so give it all your interest. You'll find that quite often you'll work right through a mealtime for the sake of finishing off a new bed of spring plants.

"If you have no garden, see if you can borrow a neglected one from a too-busy neighbor."

"GARDENER," Tas.

WHITCO Windows stay fixed open in any position to catch and direct the slightest breeze.

WHITCO Windows close firmly, fit snug, rattle-free in the highest winds.

WHITCO Eliminates ugly crosspieces and uprights—you enjoy maximum glass area.

WHITCO Whitco manufacture a complete range of quality Window Hardware—catches and fittings to suit every need.

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ADDRESS.....

"REGAL BRIDE," a lovely creation by Rene Henri for Vitapointe.

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See your hair come to life—the loveliest you've ever seen—radiant, sparkling and healthy—it's the Vitapointe look.

With Vitapointe's nourishing care, frizz and dryness disappear and dullness vanishes. Your hair shines with healthy beauty because Vitapointe counteracts the drying effects of sun, wind and weather.

For hair so lovely to look at, so alive and gay, get Vitapointe today and see the shining difference.

A 7/6 tube will last two months. From chemists, hairdressing salons and selected stores.

Vitapointe
CREAM BEAUTIFIER
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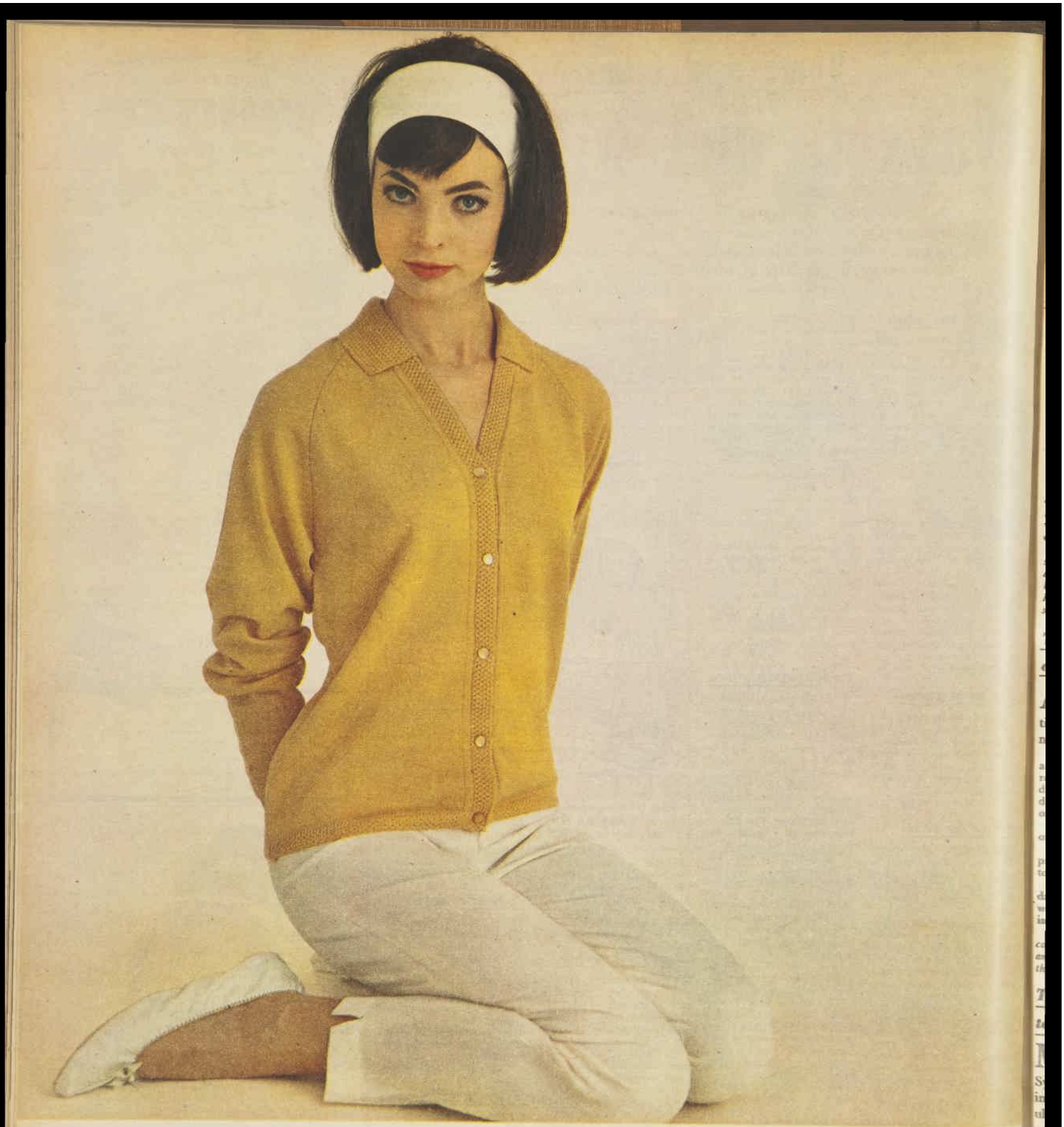

John Crundall, very in, very 'Orlon'*

The reason John Crundall makes his newest classic cardigan 100% 'Orlon' acrylic, is because he wants those knitted good looks to last. He **knows,** with 'Orlon', that the luxury of double waffle-knit bands becomes easy-care; they'll never stretch or lose their shape. See how perfectly a waffle-knit collar sits? Fully fashioned in White (the white that only 'Orlon' gives you), Beehive Honey and a really wonderful range of Spring-fresh pastels. Available at all good stores and specialty shops. SSW to OS, around 69/11.

There are many brands of acrylic fibre made by different companies, but 'ORLON' made only by Du Pont is the brand-name of the world's leading acrylic fibre.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
—THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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AT HOME *with Margaret Sydney*

● England's "Miss Suicide" has been in the news again. During the 12 months in which she tried to get a driving licence in England, the 66-year-old schoolteacher ran into a truck and a brick wall, wore out dozens of instructors from five different driving schools, got herself into court three times, and repeatedly failed driving tests.

NOT to be beaten, she established residency rights by taking a flat in Dublin, got an Eirann licence, for which no test is necessary, and is now legally able to drive in any country in the world.

From any mother's point of view, this is about the unfunniest story of the year.

Sixty-six is late in life to learn to negotiate a car through city streets. Some people of that age may be natural learners, with quick reaction times and the ability to learn traffic patterns and to judge speeds and distances; others, taking the wheel for the first time at 66, may be slower learners and yet turn out to be cautious and reasonably able drivers.

But somebody who has made a fool of herself over and over again at the wheel of a car and has been given up as a bad job by a number of driving instructors (people who don't give up easily!) runs the risk of being accused of wanting publicity even more than she wants a licence.

"I regard myself as a competent driver," she says. "I see no reason why I should not be on the roads." What a pity someone can't persuade her to let the police testers be the judge of that. It must be galling enough to be known as "Miss Suicide" without running the risk that by some accident you might earn the title "Miss Homicide."

The need for stricter driving controls

A RECENT poll among Australians showed how conscious most people are of the need for tightening up driving controls to cut down the number of road accidents.

Ninety per cent. of those questioned voted in favor of automatic disqualification for at least a year for any driver responsible for causing death either by dangerous or by drunken driving; 87 per cent. also favored a six-month disqualification for four convictions on serious driving offences within three years.

I'd be in favor of both those measures, plus the issuing of "probationary" licences to those under 21.

Most teenagers are magnificent drivers. If they've been properly taught they're quick and dexterous and well able to take care of themselves and other people.

But if they've had a few drinks, or been flattered or dared into taking risks by a car-load of friends, they may well cause trouble for themselves and for innocent people in other cars as well.

A "probationary" system of licensing would mean they could lose their licences for six months for a first offence, and for a second offence could have them cancelled until they were 21.

This is certainly no way to treat a dog . . .

MY mind seems to be running on licences today. I've been interested lately in the outcry in Sydney against stray dogs roaming the streets and in the suggestions for tightening the licensing regulations and imposing heavier penalties on people who allow their dogs to become a public nuisance.

Some States, I believe, issue a numbered disc in return for a licence fee. In N.S.W. you not only get nothing in return but you have the very devil of a job getting anyone to accept your licence money.

At some time or other (nobody seems to be too certain when it is) licence fees can be paid at newsagents; the rest of the year a trip to the police station is necessary.

I find on inquiry that our dog is licensed, which I have to admit was a surprise to me. It seems that Kay is a stickler for this, and has licensed him herself for the past three years without bothering to remind the rest of us.

She immediately demanded a refund from the housekeeping money when I brought the subject up!

I suppose it's mean of me to give them away, but when I asked 14 of my friends and neighbors about their dogs, only two of them had licences.

Three claimed they "didn't know" they had to have a licence, which I can well believe, as there seems to be very little publicity and no compulsion in the matter; two "on principle" refused to pay licence fees because lack of a numbered disc gave their dogs no protection from the gas-chamber if they strayed and were picked up by the R.S.P.C.A.; the other seven all said things like "Good heavens, when are they due? I've forgotten all about it for years."

I wish we could have a uniform dog-registering regulation throughout the country. That way people who lost beloved pets would have more chance of getting them back; owners could be found and compelled to take some steps over perpetual car-chasers, knockers-over-of-old-ladies, and school-playground-biters; and chicken and kitten killers (often angelic enough in their own backyards) could be dealt with more easily.

Animal-lovers will all applaud the Victorian Government's bill to prevent people convicted of cruelty to animals from being allowed to keep animals again.

People who are not quite so concerned think animal-lovers are a bore on this subject, and that they should concern themselves more with the suffering of human beings. To me it seems difficult to draw a line between these two forms of cruelty.

Animals are particularly helpless — we breed them for our own ends, make them utterly dependent on us, and see to it that they have no means of retaliation when they're badly treated.

A person capable of deliberate cruelty to a helpless and dependent animal will be equally capable of cruelty to a helpless and dependent person.

The modern Milton method keeps baby's bottle germ-free, without boiling

Baby's bottles must be kept germ-free 24 hours a day. For less than the cost of gas or electricity, Milton keeps bottles and teats continuously sterile, *completely safe* from germ-carriers like flies, dust, swabs and hands, which can cause dangerous tummy upsets such as gastro-enteritis and diarrhoea. Some mothers boil bottles and teats, sometimes damaging them and risking scalds and burns. Why bother with boiling, when the proven, modern Milton Method saves you time, effort and money.

Just one tablespoon of Milton in 2 pints of cold water makes a germ-killing solution of proven protective power. Simply leave previously-cleaned bottles and teats immersed between feeds. When required, do not rinse. Milton is *perfectly safe*, and does not 'taste'. Bottles keep sparkling clean, *completely germ-free*. Teats last much longer. *Why not talk to your family chemist today and ask him for a free Milton leaflet.*

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ASTOR 2-TEMP LEADS THE TREND TO MORE DEEP-FREEZE STORAGE & BETTER REFRIGERATION

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King-size self-contained deep-freeze unit gives you plenty of room for frozen poultry, vegetables, fish and ice-cream. In the separate "Frost-Free" refrigerator section of the Astor 2-TEMP, there's full family-size capacity that easily caters for all your day-to-day needs. And being "Frost-Free" this is the refrigerator you'll never have to defrost.

Other attractive features include — gleaming, gliding roll-out shelves; full width crisper drawer; and ample door storage space.

Add to all these fabulous features yet another! Astor's **exclusive butter conditioner** — thermostatically controlled so that you can serve butter firm or easy-to-spread, just as you wish. But above all, it's an Astor, the name backed by more than 40 years leadership in the field of electronics.

Another quality Astor refrigerator — the glamorous 11 cubic ft. model. So many exciting features, true Astor value — available as Standard or with Automatic Defrost.

See the brilliant, beautiful Astor 2-TEMP at your Astor retailer's now

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IT'S AN ASTOR... *that's the difference*

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● *Here are the most popular recipes published each year since The Australian Women's Weekly began in 1933. You proved their success by the thousands of inquiries you sent in about them. Now they are all together in this special eight-page feature, arranged so you can cut them out and paste them into your cookery book.*

1933 *Banana chantilly*

● Four or five bananas, slices of bread ½in. thick, pineapple jam or fresh shredded pineapple, butter, whipped cream, small pieces of preserved ginger, 1 dessertspoon rum.

Cut bread into strips the length of the bananas, fry golden brown in butter. Arrange in serving-dish, spread thickly with pineapple or jam. Top with bananas, also fried in butter. When quite cold top with whipped cream flavored with rum. Garnish with pieces of ginger.

1934 *Mushrooms a la princesse*

● Quarter-pound mushrooms, 1 tablespoon butter, salt and pepper, 3 dessertspoons flour, 1 cup milk, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 4 slices toast.

Peel and wash mushrooms, cut into pieces. Place in pan with butter, salt, and pepper. Cover, cook gently until mushrooms are tender. Blend flour with a little of the milk, add to mushrooms with balance of milk. Stir while mixture simmers 3 or 4 minutes. Add chopped hard-boiled eggs. Spoon on to hot buttered toast and serve hot.

1935 *Rabbit a la Francaise*

● One onion, butter, 1 rabbit, flour, salt, pepper, bunch herbs (parsley, thyme, marjoram), 2 tablespoons chopped prunes, stock or water, 1 wineglass sherry, Parisian essence if necessary.

Soak rabbit half-hour in salted water, dry, cut into joints. Coat well with seasoned flour. Peel and mince onion, fry golden brown in hot butter. Add prepared rabbit joints, brown well. Place rabbit and onion in ovenware dish, add prunes, herbs, salt, and pepper, cover with stock or water. Add sherry, cover and cook gently in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Remove herbs, thicken gravy with balance of flour, add a little Parisian essence if necessary. Correct seasoning, serve piping hot.

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Spring Morning Breakfast *the KRAFT Cheddar way*

You send them off with a real protein breakfast when you use KRAFT* Cheddar in this delicious new recipe

It's light, it's delicious, but it's no "light-weight". Breakfast becomes something *special* when you serve a satisfying Spring Morning Breakfast — the KRAFT Cheddar way. You'll enjoy preparing it, because you *know* they're getting the nourishment to do well at school or work! Crisp bacon and sliced tomato, crunchy buttered toast, topped with smooth cheese sauce. Mmm! So good with KRAFT Cheddar — the cheese that melts and blends perfectly. They'll set out with a spring in their step, when you serve a Spring Morning Breakfast!

THE GALLON OF GOODNESS . . .

KRAFT Cheddar is rich in protein, vitamins and minerals because it takes a whole gallon of creamy milk to make every pound of this fine cheese. KRAFT Cheddar is a bargain in nutrition — there's a size right for your family.

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There's more goodness to give them with KRAFT CHEDDAR

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1936 *Chaud-Froid Chicken*

• One steamed or boiled chicken, 4 cups white sauce, 4 tablespoons cream, 2 tablespoons gelatine (softened in a little hot water), salt, pepper, salad greens, hard-boiled eggs (optional), radish roses.

Allow chicken to become quite cold. Remove skin, cut into neat joints. Place chicken pieces on flat plate or cake-cooler. Combine sauce, cream, salt, and pepper, add softened gelatine. When cooled and beginning to thicken, coat chicken with sauce. Repeat this process twice. Allow to set. Trim to neat shape. Arrange on bed of shredded lettuce, garnish with radish roses and sliced eggs.

1937 *Apricot Gateau*

• Half cup milk, ¼ cup sugar, 2 eggs (separated), ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 dessertspoons gelatine (dissolved in ¼ cup boiling water), ½ cup apricot puree, ½ pint orange jelly, 6 to 8 canned or cooked apricot halves, whipped cream and mint leaves for decorating, 1 round 7in. sponge cake.

Heat milk and sugar, pour mixture slowly on to beaten egg-yolks and lemon rind, stir over boiling water until thickened. Cool, stir in dissolved gelatine, apricot puree, and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into wet 6in. sandwich-tin, chill until firm. Set thin layer of orange jelly in smaller-size round tin. When firm arrange a pattern of apricot halves on top. Add little more jelly and when firm add more jelly to cover apricots. Chill until firm.

To assemble sweet: Place sponge on serving-dish, unmould apricot cream, place on top. Unmould jellied apricots, place on top of apricot cream. Serve decorated with whipped cream and mint leaves.

1938 *Snapper with Mustard Sauce*

• One and a half pounds snapper fillets, lemon, salt, pepper, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons mixed mustard, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ cup fine white breadcrumbs, extra butter.

Wash fish well in salted water, dry, cut into serving-sized pieces. Rub with cut lemon. Place in ovenware dish, add ¾ cup of milk, salt, and pepper. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven until flesh is soft and flaky. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, cook 2 minutes without browning, stir in milk. Continue cooking and stirring until sauce thickens. Cool slightly, fold mustard and lemon juice through, season. Pour over fish, top with breadcrumbs, dot with butter, and brown under griller.

1939 *Meat Whirl*

• Two pounds minced steak, ¼lb. sausage mince, salt, pepper, oregano, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 4 tablespoons tomato chutney.

Rice Filling: Two cups boiled rice, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 large onion (chopped), 1 large tomato (skinned and chopped), seasonings.

Combine meat, oregano, sauces, and seasonings in large bowl, mix until well combined. Place 2 sheets greaseproof paper on table, sprinkle with water. Spread meat on this (¼in. thick), shape into rectangle. Mix rice, beaten egg, parsley, onion, tomato, salt, and pepper in a bowl thoroughly. Spread rice filling on top of meat. Roll up as a swiss roll. Place meat roll on to greased foil, seal foil, and put on flat baking-dish. Bake in moderately slow oven 1 to 1¼ hours. Spread tomato chutney over top of meat whirl, serve sliced with creamed potatoes and peas.

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1940 Chocolate Walnut Biscuits

• Quarter pound butter, 4oz. brown sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 egg, ¼lb. crushed plain biscuits, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup seeded raisins, 1 tablespoon sherry (optional), lemon icing.

Melt butter in saucepan, add sugar, allow to dissolve. Remove from heat, add beaten egg, cocoa, biscuit crumbs, walnuts, sherry, and raisins. Mix thoroughly, press into well-greased slab-tin. Allow to become quite cold and set. Top with lemon-flavored icing, cut into fingers. Store in air-tight tin. Icing may be omitted if desired.

1941 Chocolate Biscuit Fancy

• Three - quarters pound chocolate-flavored biscuits, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1½ cups orange juice, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, ½ cup sugar, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, ¼ cup hot water, 2 eggs, whipped cream.

Line sides and base of 8in. cake-tin with chocolate biscuits. Combine orange and lemon juice, add sugar, fruit rinds, and egg-yolks. Stir over boiling water until mixture thickens to custard consistency. Add gelatine softened in hot water. Cool until beginning to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Continue beating until mixture begins to hold its shape. Pour into prepared tin. Chill until set. Carefully remove from tin and decorate with whipped cream.

1942 Hawaiian Meat Rolls

• One pound minced steak, ¾ cup shredded pineapple, 1 onion chopped finely, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 1lb. potatoes, ¾ cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, chopped whites 2 hard-boiled eggs, 3 pineapple slices, salt, pepper, milk.

Combine the meat, pineapple, onion, tomato paste, salt, and pepper. Cook over a low heat until meat changes color. Cook potatoes in usual way, drain; mash and mix with butter, flour, parsley, and beaten egg. Turn on to floured board, roll to ½in. thickness, cut in 3in. squares. Place spoonful of meat mixture on each square, moisten edges, fold over. Press edges lightly with fork. Place on greased oven tray, brush with milk. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve piping hot garnished with chopped egg-whites and pineapple slices.

1943 Fruit Salad Pavlova

• Four egg-whites, ½lb. castor sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 2 cups fruit salad, 1 tray vanilla ice-cream (bought or home-made), cherries or grapes to decorate.

Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually whisk in sugar, beat until mixture is smooth and holds its shape. Fold in cornflour and vinegar. Pipe or spoon mixture on to oven tray (well greased and lightly dusted with cornflour) in the shape of a nest (about 7 or 8in. in diameter). Bake in very slow oven 1½ hours or until crisp and dry on outside. Cool away from draughts. When cold, carefully lift on to serving plate, fill with fruit salad and ice-cream, decorate with cherries or grapes.

More recipes overleaf

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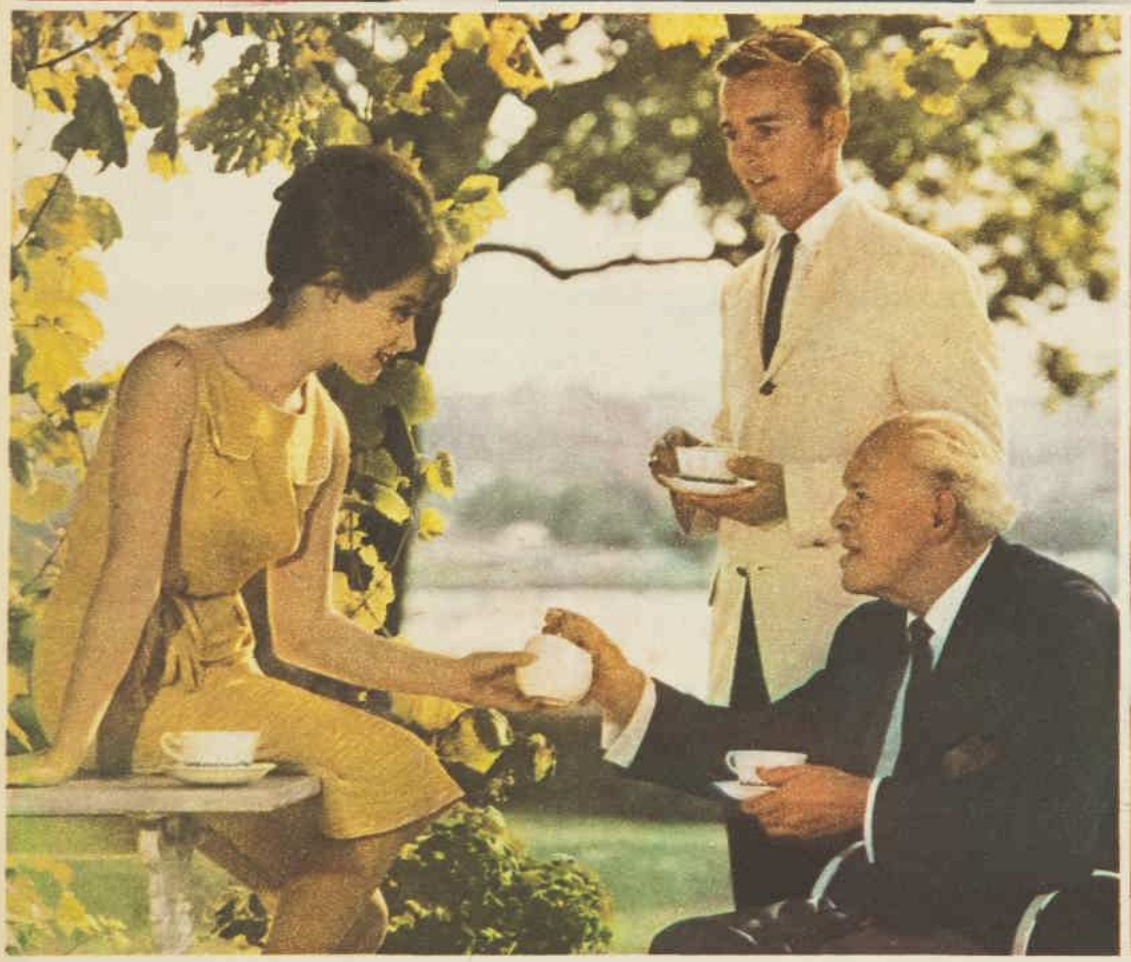

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1944 Casserole Rabbit, Corn, and Tomato

• One domestic rabbit, 1 pint water, small bunch herbs (parsley, thyme, sage), 2 slices lemon, 1 onion, salt, pepper, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups sweet corn, 2 large tomatoes.

Soak rabbit in salted water ½ hour. Cut into joints, place in saucepan with water, herbs, lemon, sliced onion, salt, and pepper. Simmer gently 1½ hours or until tender. Remove rabbit, place in ovenware dish. Strain 1 cup rabbit liquid, mix with milk and blended flour. Stir over heat until sauce boils and thickens. Fold in corn and chopped, peeled tomatoes. Pour over rabbit in casserole, cook in a moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes.

1945 Crusty French Bread

• Two cups lukewarm water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. compressed yeast (blended with extra ¼ cup lukewarm water), 6½ cups plain flour, extra flour, 1 egg-white beaten with 1 tablespoon water or milk for glazing.

Combine water and salt. Add yeast and water, which has been allowed to stand a few minutes. Stir in flour, knead well, adding up to another cup of flour until mixture is firm and elastic. Dough should be dry, not wet. Place in greased basin, cover with damp cloth, not allowing cloth to touch dough. Stand in warm place until doubled in bulk. Knock down, allow to rise again in same way. Divide dough into 3 or 4, making rolls about the size of frankfurts. Place on greased tray, gash every 2in. to a depth of ½in. Brush with beaten egg-white and milk or water. Stand in warm place until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven until light brown, about 40 to 45 minutes. Glaze again. Cool quickly in draught. It crackles as it cools.

1946 Cheese and Spinach Omelet

• Omelet: One tablespoon flour, ¾ cup milk, 4 eggs, ¼ teaspoon salt.

Filling: Half cup chopped, cooked spinach, 4 tablespoons white sauce, ¼ cup minced ham, ¼ cup grated cheese, squeeze lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste.

Blend flour and milk until smooth, simmer over low heat until slightly thickened, about 3 minutes. Fold in beaten egg-yolks, then stiffly beaten egg-whites and salt. Pour into well greased hot pan, allow to set over steady heat 3 to 4 minutes. Place under hot griller to brown top.

While omelet is setting, combine and heat all filling ingredients. Lift cooked omelet on to serving-dish, spread over filling, then fold omelet in halves and serve at once.

1947 Checkaboard Cake

• Two ounces butter, 2oz. brown sugar, 12 dried apricots, 12 dessert prunes, extra 4oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, grated rind 1 lemon, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, pinch spice, ½ cup milk.

Soak apricots overnight, or a few hours, in water; drain. Cream butter and brown sugar together, spread over base of greased square 8in. sandwich-tin. Arrange prunes (seeds removed) and apricot halves in checkerboard pattern in butter mixture. Leave aside while preparing cake batter. Cream extra butter and sugar together with lemon rind, add eggs one at a time and beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, mix to a soft dough. Spread over top of fruit. Bake in moderate oven approx. 40 minutes or until cake is cooked through. Serve at once by turning cake out on to platter and cutting into squares. Serve with cream, custard, or ice-cream.

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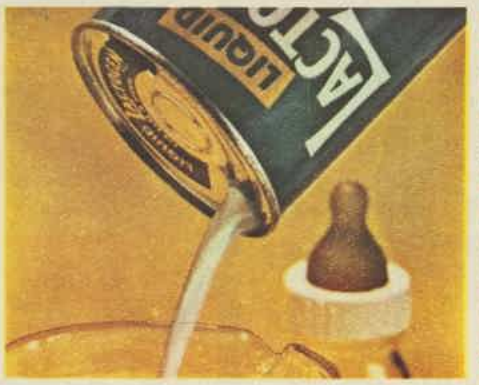

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1948 *Chocmallows*

● **Chocolate Portion: Three ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 6oz. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons milk.**

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add eggs. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Three-quarters fill greased gem-irons, bake in hot oven approx. 15 minutes. Level tops if necessary. Coat all but tops with chocolate icing.

Chocolate Icing: Three cups sifted icing-sugar, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, 3 teaspoons butter, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 5 tablespoons milk, apricot jam.

Sift icing-sugar with cocoa, add vanilla, melted butter; mix with milk. Warm until thin enough to coat cakes. When set, brush un-iced tops with warmed apricot jam, press lightly on to mallow portion.

Mallow Portion: One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, pinch cream of tartar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, coconut, pink coloring.

Place sugar, water, gelatine, and cream of tartar in saucepan. Boil steadily 10 minutes. Cool, add lemon juice. Beat until white and thick. Fill gem-irons. Unmould, toss in coconut.

1949 *Coffee Sparkle Cake*

● **Cake: Three large eggs, ¾ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 2 tablespoons milk.**

Beat egg-whites until very stiff; add sugar gradually. Beat in egg-yolks one at a time. Fold in sifted flour, hot coffee essence, and milk. Turn into two greased 7in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Fill and cover with frosting, decorate with toffee chips.

Frosting: One egg-white, ¾ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Place sugar, egg-white, water, and vanilla in heat-proof basin. Beat over boiling water 7 minutes. Use at once.

Toffee Sparkle: Boil 1 cup sugar with ¼ cup water until golden, pour into greased tin, break into small pieces when set.

1950 *Italian Savory Platter*

Sardine Sailors: Cut fresh bread slices into long strips, spread with mixture of cottage cheese flavored with salt, pepper, and enough milk to moisten to spreading consistency. Top each with small sardine, pipe thin strips of tomato paste over sardines.

Prune Boats: Carefully remove stones from prunes. Blend cottage cheese with little cream or milk, season with salt, pepper, herbs such as oregano or basil, lemon rind, garlic or celery salts. Spoon a little into hollows of prunes. If desired an almond may be placed in prune cavity before adding cheese.

Ocean Squares: Spread thin layer of ricotta cheese on small square savory biscuits, top with a prawn which has been shelled, leaving the tail in place. Season with salt and a little ground pepper, decorate with a gherkin round and little corn relish.

Potato Subs: Cut large thin slices of luncheon meat into halves, spoon a little potato salad on to each, roll up and secure with colorful cocktail sticks. Mashed potato, seasoned with chopped shallots or chives, mint, and peas, makes an appetising filling.

Oyster Pearls: Spread round, savory biscuits with little devilled ham spread, top with small round of ham or other luncheon meat. Add smoked oyster to each, sprinkle with a little finely chopped parsley.

Arrange all these savories on a large wooden platter with a centre garnish of radish roses and parsley sprigs.

1951 *Ginger Beer*

● **Ginger Beer Plant: Mix together 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon ground ginger, juice 2 lemons, 1 quart water. Keep covered, allow to stand 3 days. Pour off nearly all liquid, feed the plant daily for 7 days with 2 teaspoons sugar and 2 teaspoons ground ginger.**

To make Ginger Beer: Place 5 cups sugar and 5 cups boiling water into vessel large enough to hold all ingredients (china or eathenware is best). Stir with wooden spoon until sugar dissolves. Add 1¼ cups strained lemon juice, scant pint of ginger plant. After stirring thoroughly, add 1 dessertspoon ginger and 10 quarts cold water. Stir well, cover. Stir again in 2 hours, cover and stand 24 hours without moving. Strain all clear liquid through muslin. Bottle, cork, and use in three days. Put sediment back into jar and cover. Feed daily as directed. Makes 10 to 12 quart bottles, filled below neck of each bottle. Ginger beer can be made many times from original plant.

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1952 *Stroganoff*

• Two and a half pounds veal steak, 3oz. butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons brandy, 8 large shallots (cut into 1in. lengths, greens included), ¾ pint chicken or vegetable stock, 1½ cups sour cream, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, salt, pepper, paprika, chopped parsley, poppy seeds.

Slice veal into long thin strips, brown in heated butter. Add shallots, saute lightly. Sprinkle with brandy, flame. Remove from heat, stir in flour. Gradually add stock, return to heat, stir until smooth and thickened. Add cream, lemon juice, seasonings; cover, simmer ½ hour. Garnish with poppy seeds and parsley. Serve with creamy paprika potatoes.

1953 *New Style Festive Cake*

• One and a half cups shelled whole Brazil nuts, 1½ cups walnut halves, ¼lb. stoned dates, 2-3rds cup chopped candied peel, ½ cup red maraschino cherries and ½ cup green maraschino cherries (both drained free of syrup), ½ cup seeded raisins, ¾ cup flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Grease sides and base of large loaf-tin (8in. x 5in.), line with single layer of greased paper. Put unchopped Brazil nuts, walnuts, dates, peel, cherries, and raisins into large basin. Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt together 2 or 3 times, then mix with sugar. Add to nuts and fruits, mix thoroughly. Work into stiff mixture with beaten eggs and vanilla. Spoon into prepared tin, pressing and flattening with back of spoon. Bake in slow oven 2 to 2½ hours. Leave in tin 10 minutes, loosen round edges, turn on to cake-cooler, remove paper. When completely cold, wrap in food-wrapping plastic and store in refrigerator.

1954 *Apricot Surprises*

• Six ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. castor-sugar, 1 egg, 3oz. ground almond meal, few drops almond essence, 6oz. flour, 2oz. cornflour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 12 to 16 dried apricots (soaked in boiling water a few hours), 2 tablespoons icing-sugar, ½ cup sieved apricot jam.

Cream butter with sugar, add egg-yolk, mix well. Add almond meal and essence. Sift in flour, cornflour, baking-powder, and salt, knead well together.

Turn out on to floured board, roll out thinly. Cut into rounds with fluted cutter. On half the rounds place an apricot half, place remaining pastry rounds on top, press edges together. Beat egg-white until stiff, gradually add sifted icing-sugar, beating well.

With plain tube, pipe a rosette on top of each biscuit. Carefully place on greased oven-slide, bake in moderate oven until golden and cooked through. When cooled, pipe sieved apricot jam in a swirl round meringue.

1955 *Almond Crunch Mousse*

• Almond Toffee: Five ounces sugar, 3 tablespoons water, 3oz. blanched almonds, ½ teaspoon lemon juice.

Custard: Two tablespoons gelatine, 4 tablespoons water, ¾ pint milk, 2 eggs, 1oz. sugar, ¼ pint cream, cherries or strawberries to decorate.

Stir sugar, water, and lemon juice over low heat until sugar dissolves, bring to boiling point, cook gently until light amber color. Add chopped toasted almonds, pour into greased tin to set.

Prepare custard: Soak gelatine in water. Heat milk, add beaten egg-yolks and sugar, cook over boiling water until mixture coats silver spoon. Cool slightly, add gelatine, stir until it dissolves. When cool, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, half the cream (whipped), and finely crushed almond toffee. Fill into wetted mould, chill until set. Serve topped with balance of cream and decorated with cherries and strawberries.

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1956 Chocolate Festival Cake

• Four ounces butter or substitute, 1½ cups brown sugar, 2 eggs, extra ½ cup brown sugar, 4oz. melted chocolate, 1 cup chopped raisins, 2½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup hot water, ½ cup thick sour milk, 1 tablespoon rum, split blanched almonds, 1 tablespoon white sugar.

Cream butter or substitute, gradually add 1½ cups brown sugar, beat well. Add egg-yolks, then extra ½ cup sugar, raisins, and melted chocolate. Fold in sifted flour, salt, and cinnamon alternately with hot water, sour milk, and rum. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Sprinkle almonds and extra sugar over top of cake. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Leave in tin 15 minutes for cake to settle before turning out on to cake-cooler.

1957 Spaghetti Bolognaise

• Quarter cup melted shortening, 1 clove garlic, ½ cup chopped onion, 1½lb. minced steak, 1lb. ripe tomatoes (or one 16oz. can tomatoes), ½ cup water or stock, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper, pinch oregano or mixed herbs, 1lb. spaghetti, 1 cup grated cheese, butter.

Cook finely minced garlic and onion in melted shortening until lightly browned, drain off the surplus shortening, add steak, brown well. Wash and chop tomatoes, add to meat mixture with water or stock, sauce, salt, pepper, and herbs. Cover, simmer until meat is tender (approximately 30 minutes). Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water, drain, turn into greased ovenproof dish and top with meat mixture. Dot with butter, sprinkle generously with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven until top is brown and bubbly. Serve hot.

1958 Debbie's Chocolate Pudding

• Two ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, ½ cup milk, vanilla, extra ½ cup sugar and extra 2 dessertspoons cocoa, 1½ cups hot water.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and vanilla until light and fluffy, add unbeaten egg and mix well. Fold in sifted flour and cocoa alternately with milk. Place mixture into greased ovenproof dish, sprinkle with extra sugar and cocoa mixed together. Finally pour hot water over very gently, bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes.

1959 Fried Rice

• One pound rice, 6 to 7 cups stock (made from strained chicken noodle soup, concentrated vegetable or meat extract), 3 tablespoons oil or shortening, 1lb. shelled prawns, ¼lb. chopped bacon, 1 cup diced shallots, 3 eggs.

Heat oil in heavy pan, add dry rice. Cook over high heat until all rice grains are coated with oil and golden brown. Turn rice into shallow baking-dish or casserole, pour stock over, place in moderate oven, cook, stirring occasionally, until all liquid is absorbed. It should take about 30 minutes. While rice is cooking prepare flavoring ingredients: Saute bacon lightly in its own fat until fat becomes transparent. Remove from pan and drain. Add shallots, saute 3 minutes, remove. Beat eggs, fry until set, turn out and chop roughly. Combine all ingredients with rice. Stir until well combined, reheat in moderate oven.

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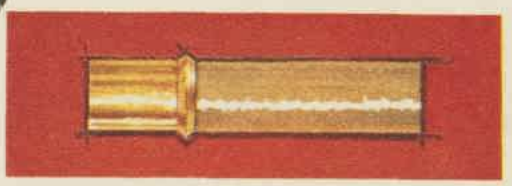

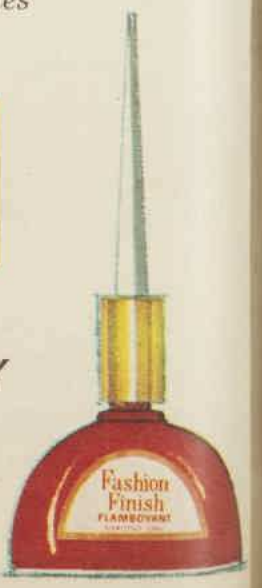

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1960 *Pineapple Crunch*

• Crunch Mixture: One cup crushed breakfast cereal, ¼ cup brown sugar, 1-3rd cup melted butter, ½ teaspoon allspice.

Pineapple Filling: One tablespoon gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 3 eggs (separated), 1 cup crushed pineapple, ½ cup passionfruit pulp, 1 cup cottage cheese, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¾ cup sugar, whipped cream, and cherries.

Combine crushed cereal, sugar, spice, and melted butter. Reserve 3 tablespoons of crunch mixture for topping. Press remainder firmly into greased oblong dish, chill.

Prepare pineapple filling: Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine egg-yolks, pineapple, lemon juice, rind, ¼ cup sugar, and passionfruit pulp. Cook over hot water until thick, stir constantly. Add gelatine, stir until dissolved. Remove from heat, add sieved cottage cheese, beat until smooth. Chill until partially set. Whip egg-whites until stiff, gradually add remaining sugar. Fold into gelatine mixture, pour on to crunch crust. Sprinkle with reserved crumbs, place in refrigerator. When firm, cut into squares, serve with cream, decorate with cherries.

1961 *Cassata*

• One tray chocolate ice-cream, ½ tray vanilla ice-cream, ½ tray strawberry ice-cream, ½ tray lime ice-cream, ¼ cup chopped red glace cherries, ¼ cup chopped angelica, ¼ cup chopped orange and lemon peel, ¼ cup chopped almonds or walnuts or peanuts, 1 cup cake crumbs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 tablespoons marsala or sweet sherry or fruit juice, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon mixed spice.

Bought or home-made ice-cream can be used. Combine cake crumbs, melted butter, spices, and wine or fruit juice. Beat partially frozen ice-cream. Stir angelica and almonds into strawberry ice-cream, cherries and peel into lime. Return to freezer and freeze until solid.

To assemble dessert, spread chocolate ice-cream over base and sides of mould, then a layer of vanilla ice-cream, a layer of strawberry, then lime, and finally the cake-crumb mixture. Mould is then placed in freezer and left at least 1 hour.

1962 *Yoghurt Jewel*

• Two cups sugar, 5 tablespoons cornflour, 1½ cups yoghurt, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 eggs, ¼ teaspoon salt, extra 4 tablespoons sugar for meringue, 1 9in. crumb crust.

Crumb Crust: Two and a half cups crushed wholemeal biscuits, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ cup melted butter or substitute, ¼ cup sugar.

Combine crumbs, spice, and sugar. Gradually incorporate melted butter. Press firmly into pie-plate, set in refrigerator to firm.

Meanwhile prepare filling: Mix sugar, cornflour, yoghurt, lemon juice, and rind in a heavy saucepan. Stir continuously over a moderate heat until mixture thickens. Continue stirring, cook a further 2 to 3 minutes. Carefully stir in well-beaten egg-yolks, remove from heat and allow to cool, stir occasionally. Pour into pie crust, place in refrigerator until firm. Beat egg-whites and salt until stiff, adding sugar gradually. Spread or pipe on to pie. Decorate with lemon slices and chopped glace orange peel.

1963 *One-egg Pavlovas*

• One egg-white, 1 cup castor sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 2 teaspoons baking-powder.

Combine egg-white and sugar, allow to stand overnight. Next day place mixture in small mixer bowl, beat 2 minutes on speed 4. Add boiling water, vanilla and vinegar. Beat 15 minutes on speed 7 or 8. Fold baking-powder through. Pipe on to greased and flour-dusted trays in little nest shapes. Bake 1 hour in slow oven.

Loganberry Crystal: One can or package frozen loganberries, 1½ cups sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1½ cups water, 1½ tablespoons gelatine dissolved in ½ cup hot water.

Place loganberries in bowl to thaw partially. Bring water to boiling, add sugar, lemon rind, and gelatine, stir until gelatine and sugar are dissolved. Allow to cool, add loganberries. Place in bowl in cool position to set.

To serve, spoon crystal into cooled pavlovas.

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Prize for Italian recipe

● An unusual wintertime meat dish to delight the whole family wins the main prize of £5 this week in our popular recipe contest.

A CONSOLATION prize of £1 has been awarded for an economical yoghurt recipe specially for "slimmers."

All spoon measurements are level.

ITALIAN STUFFED BRAISED STEAK

Quarter cup chopped celery, ¼ cup diced carrot, ½ cup chopped onion, salt, pepper, one large piece round or chuck steak (about 2lb. to 2½lb.), or use smaller, even-sized pieces, ¼ cup seasoned flour, 3 tablespoons oil or fat, 1 teaspoon oregano, 2 cups tomato juice, ¼ cup grated parmesan cheese, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Combine celery, carrot, onion, salt and pepper; mix well. Place mixture on half steak, fold other half over filling, skewer, and secure together with fine string or coarse cotton. (If using smaller pieces of meat, fill each separately and secure with coarse cotton). Rub or pound surfaces with seasoned flour. Heat oil or fat in large saucepan, brown meat all over. Add tomato juice, oregano, a little salt and pepper. Cover, simmer 2 to 2½ hours, or until meat is tender, adding a little more tomato juice or stock if necessary. Place meat on serving-dish, remove skewers, string or cotton; keep warm. Skim fat from gravy, add cheese and parsley; reheat and pour over steak.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Edwards, 9 Margaret Street, Highfields, Adamstown Heights, Newcastle, N.S.W.

FRESHLY grated parmesan cheese and chopped parsley add flavor to this Italian dish. See the recipe above.

HOME-MADE YOGHURT

Two pints warm water, 12 tablespoons dried skim milk powder, 1 carton yoghurt (this is starter).

Turn on oven to lowest point. Measure 2 pints water (a little warmer than blood heat) into bowl. Mix in dried skim milk powder, whisk until smooth. Add 5 tablespoons yoghurt, mix well. Warm 6 wide-necked glass jars by rinsing in hot water; dry, fill with milk mixture. Place jars on scone-tray, put in the very slow oven. Leave about 5 or 6 hours, or until yoghurt is set firmly. Press or screw on lids, store in refrigerator.

A week's supply can be made at one time and stored in the refrigerator. Remember to save sufficient yoghurt for a starter for your next supply.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Cliffe, 64 Harrington Street, Cabramatta, N.S.W.

OUR IRON-ON TRANSFER

PUSSY - CATS in cute checked aprons equipped with fork, spoon, and carving knife are the novelty designs on this week's Iron-on Transfer No. 1002. Use them to decorate tea-towels and other kitchen accessories. They are guaranteed to remain fast through repeated launderings. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. The price is 2/-.

Now! Real Buttercake-richness because Puffin's the only mix you add fresh milk to!

Bake them round . . . bake them square . . . bake 'em delicious. You can't **help** baking perfect cakes with Puffin. Just look. Have you ever seen such a luscious line-up of tempting flavours? Only Puffin cakes can make you so proud. That's because Puffin is the **only** mix you add fresh milk to, instead of just plain water. With Puffin's pure ingredients (guaranteed by the Gold Seal), this adds up to extra richness—real **buttercake richness.** Try Puffin and taste the difference!

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' questions about their antiques.

● ***Attractive carved wood picture.***

I have a picture made of wood which measures 9in. by 12½in. There is a rather illegible signature in the right-hand corner. Could you give me some information about it, please?—Mrs. K. A. Irby, Mengha, Tas.

Your carved wood picture (left) is typical of those made about the 1900s. Usually they were made of a plaster composition which simulates ivory, or sometimes in wood. The artist's name is not recorded.

My bread plate measures 11in. in diameter and is a dark green with brown. A leaf design decorates the edge and centre and there are two handles. Inscribed on it are the words "Give us this day our daily bread." When was the plate made?—Mrs. P. E. Oribin, Cairns, Nth. Qld.

Your plate (right) is English majolica ware, probably Staffordshire, and was made about 1875-1880.

● ***English bread plate.***

My two vases are 15in. tall and patterned with pink and white roses.—Mrs. M. Nuttall, Narrogin, W.A.

They are Italian majolica, made about 1890.

★ ★ ★

What is the origin and age of my vase, please? It stands 16in. high, is oriental in appearance, and is ornately decorated. There are no markings that I can find.—Miss L. M. Bryant, Ivanhoe, Vic.

Your interesting ewer-shaped porcelain vase (below) was made in Japan about 1885.

● ***Ewer-shaped vase.***

I own an oval walnut wood table which has a 1in. black band on the edge and is inlaid with metal in the centre. It unscrews to let the top drop down and has the mark 111V carved into the leg top. — Mrs. N. Robinson, Randwick, N.S.W.

Your English table is Victorian, made about 1860-1870.

HOME HINTS

● *Readers' hints each win a £1/1/- prize.*

MODERN gaily colored tea-towels make attractive decorations for kitchen walls. Sew casings top and bottom to take length of dowelling, slightly wider than towel. Attach length of cord to top dowel and hang up. When you want a change, the towel can be taken into ordinary use and a new one substituted, so the decoration costs virtually nothing.—Mrs. M. C. Russell, 7 Dixon Grove, Blackburn, Vic.

★ ★ ★

To keep hydrangeas fresh for indoor use, split the stems half an inch at base and stand in boiling water. This will keep them fresh for at least a week. —Miss R. M. Machen, 45 Scott Street, Muswellbrook, N.S.W.

Buttercake-rich!

NEW Puffin GOLD SEAL

Cake Mixes

And for the perfect sponge, try Puffin's One-Step Sponge Mix, too

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93 pinks, 79 blues, 95 greens, 16 greys, 17 tans,

Not pink enough.

Too pale.

Too dark.

You know how it goes. When you want a wall or ceiling paint to echo an accent colour, you never seem to get *exactly* the colour you want.

But now 'Spring' is here. It's the new flat plastic paint by DULUX.

Getting the right colour is half the solution. Getting your husband to apply 'Spring', and himself, to the job is the other half.

Here's how you do it:

'Spring' is a coat-and-a-half in one. That is, one coat looks like a coat-and-a-half of any other paint you've ever tried. If you're painting light colour over light, or dark over dark, chances are your first coat of 'Spring' will do.

What makes 'Spring' look half a coat better? Two reasons: extra amounts of costly 'hiding' chemicals such as titanium dioxide, and a highly secret compound containing (of all things) aluminium. This allows you to lay 'Spring' on thicker to cover up a bad stain.

Painting on any new wall you don't need a

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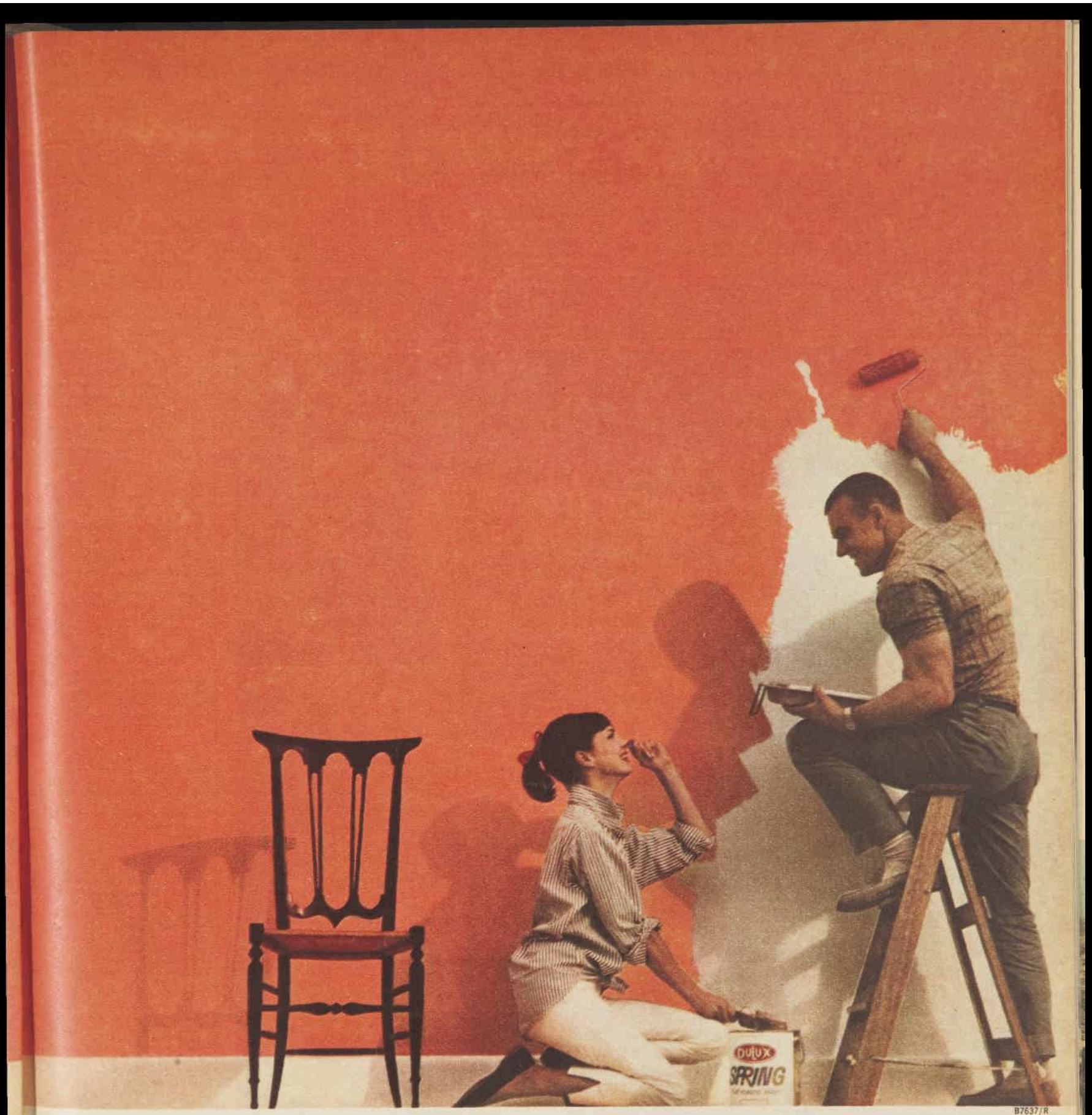

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32 lilacs, 17 yellows, 1 white and 31 in-betweens.

special sealer or undercoat. Just 'Spring'.

'Spring' is easy to brush on. It dries in 20 minutes to a tough, washable finish. It leaves no painty smell. You wash brushes or rollers in water. It looks beautiful for years.

Tell your husband all this and he won't have a leg left to stand on.

Just a step-ladder.

DULUX 'SPRING' IS HERE

Made by BALM Paints Pty. Ltd., backed by the largest paint research facilities in the southern hemisphere.

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Continued from page 25

Her malleability made Mike shudder every time the telephone rang for her; but she turned enormous eyes, with a completely baffled look in them, upon him whenever he attempted to speak to her, and invariably he sloughed off and changed the subject. The miracle of her existence plus the fact of her beauty had sheltered her since she was born, and it sheltered her still.

She was installed in the one bedroom in our house with a walk-in cupboard; we kept our four-year-old and our six-year-old out of her cosmetics whenever possible; and we settled down to cope with callow youths and puppy loves and senior proms and all-night parties.

We did better than might have been expected. She was graduated from high school, and a junior college accepted her. We patted ourselves on the back. She gave up the young man who was saving for a motor-cycle. We felt that maturity was setting in. Like the cold war, while the situation was quiescent, we were lulled by it.

The first hint of something stirring came on the evening Mike drove her to the Idlewild airport, where he was meeting a client. The flight was delayed, he explained later, in the bemused tones of a man who had stumbled into a world he had never made. To kill time, he suggested they go out on the ramp that circles the terminal to have a look around.

I suppose that in another age people stood on wharves and watched ships depart and felt the terrible ache, the painful wanderlust of it all. A silver jet can do it, too, and from the ramp at Idlewild you see them come and go as easily as birds on a summer lawn. You hear their roaring music; the wind they stir whips at you; the broad stone wings of the TWA building are not quite real. You view a marvellous world they would open up to you — a world that hoots at distances and time.

After that night, Angela was not quite the same. She was wind-blown and starry eyed and under its spell; no room was quite large enough to contain her.

Mike looked shaken. "Listen," he said, when she had repaired to her bed and her dreams, "I think we had better marry her off young."

"Marry her off?" I said. "What does that have to do with it?"

"You should have seen her," he said. "The way she stood there taking it all in. She wanted to go along so bad you hurt just watching her want it. But, honey, if she gets any roving ideas, we're in trouble. We can't rove with her."

"Oh, she's only a baby. Why, I remember the day she was born."

"Baby or not," he said, "babies with wanderlust do not settle down and have babies. We want to see her established — and we have only until she's twenty-one. After that, I am just her brother-in-law."

I sat on the arm of his chair and ran my fingers across the lines in his forehead. "You are logical, like every lawyer," I said. "None of my family was ever so stuffy."

"I wish your sister were stuffy," he said. "Or logical, or married — or something . . ."

Junior college never played anything but second fiddle after that. Angela attended regularly, and she pushed papers about her desk, but her heart quite obviously was in the highlands.

"Do you realise that you could be in Mexico City in six hours?" she would say.

"But, dear, what would you do when you got there?" I said.

She withered me with her eyes. "I'd find something to do," she said.

"That's what I'm afraid of," Mike said.

"Why, do you know that in the time it takes you to leave the office and catch a train and come home, you could go from Paris to Rome?"

"Your sister wouldn't speak to me if I did," he said.

She ignored him. "I'd like to go everywhere there is," she said. "And see everyone there is to see — and everything there is to see. Why, somebody is going to the moon soon, and look at us — we haven't even been around the earth!"

"As a graduation present," he said, "you can go to the moon."

"When I graduate," she said, "I will be able to type one hundred words per minute. Isn't that some accomplishment?"

"Not if you can't spell," he said. "You had better give up the time-tables and take up the dictionary." Later, he said to me, "I tell you, she had better marry young."

Angela completed her first year, but before the end of term she announced one evening, "You know, I think I'd like to go to California. I could stay with Aunt Marie. She's always said that any time—"

Aunt Marie was Mother's youngest sister. None of us had seen her in years. The wandering heart has its own means of achieving its ends, however; how many nights Angela had spent dreaming out this plan we would never know.

MIKE frowned. I looked over her head at him and gestured silence. He caught the signal. "Give us a chance to think about it, will you?" he said. "And don't forget—it's hot in California in the summertime."

"Hot?" she said. "Why, that wouldn't make any difference to me!"

We forget the marvellous insulation of youth. We grow crotchety and talk of weather and forget that each climate held its own delight when we were young. All that was vulnerable and unprotected in those days was the heart.

"I think she ought to go," I said to Mike afterward. "She's been surrounded too much, protected too much. I was luckier than Angela, and so were you. I had young parents. They didn't have time to fuss too much, and they were never so worrisome. And I could assert myself just fighting with my brothers for a place in the household. I didn't have to look for new horizons."

"Do you really believe Aunt Marie represents a new horizon?"

"What makes you think she will spend all her time with Aunt Marie?" I said.

"So long as you are prepared for that," he said. "Anyway, I'm glad you were a homebody. You never would have married me if you weren't."

"I probably would. Horizons are like—like learning to drive a car. You learn, and then you forget. You know they're there, but they don't matter so much—at least they never matter the way one person does."

And so it was decided, and Aunt Marie was informed, and one night it was Mike and I who stood on the ramp, whipped by the summer wind, and watched the flashing lights playing on the ground and searched for a glimpse of Angela going through the gate. She was tiny as a figure on a far landscape; it was impossible to see from the distance the brightness in her face. But we had seen it. We knew she was there.

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FARAWAY PLACES

We shared the knowledge that Angela had not departed for a brief visit. We were letting her try her wings, and how long her flight might be was up to chance. We were not really surprised, therefore, when she wrote us that she had met a girl who knew of a marvellous job opening (a rare job —nothing like existed in any city in the land) in downtown Los Angeles.

It was hers if she wanted it (and of course she wanted it), and there happened to be a small apartment available nearby. Of course, Aunt Marie's house was too far out in the suburbs for commuting. Of course it was.

There followed a rambling series of hasty, exuberant notes about her adventures, which caused us to live in an uneasy truce with our decision. The girl who knew of the job did part-time modelling and was prepared to launch Angela on the same career.

Mike shuddered. With the money from that added to her salary, she could afford a car. A car was a must in Los Angeles. It was quite common to drive home alone after a date, because of the distances involved, or to drop your date off at his place, for the same reason.

"You see?" Mike said. "I knew this kind of thing would be going on. Why, she's a babe in the wood."

"She's basically sensible," I said. "Just a little young." Angela had already pointed out that the majority of the young people she had met freelanced (she was vague about what they freelanced at), but that she felt there was more security in a job. "You see?" I said. "Security."

"Don't believe it for a minute," he said.

SEVERAL months had passed since her departure when we received the letter. It came on a Saturday morning, so Mike was home, and we read it together.

"Well, at last I have met a Man," Angela wrote. Since by now she had the car and was apparently roaming the countryside, this statement alone was significant. "What's more," she continued, "you know him, you've probably seen him — he's famous, and he's going to be more famous."

"Wait," I said. "She's writing so fast that it's hard to read."

"His name is Brick Dooley — recognise? Of course, the picture that's going to make him really big, 'The Young Fox,' won't be released for a few months, but he's the sensation in 'Teenager on Safari.' "

"Just a minute," Mike said. "Picture? You mean he's an actor?" He ran his hand through his hair. He looked stricken.

I skimmed through the rest of the letter and reported to Mike as I went along. "She met him at a pool party. . . . He asked her out to dinner . . .

"They've had dinner twice . . . He's a skindiver."

"He'd better not do any diving at her skin," Mike said.

"He's an intellectual, a soul searcher, and he wants to find God."

"Where?" Mike said. "At the side of the pool? Good heavens. I'd rather defend a kidnapper than have the responsibility of your sister."

"Let me see the newspaper," I said.

"Don't tell me she's in the newspaper?"

"Of course not. I just want to see where that movie is playing."

I found "Teenager on Safari" listed, and that evening we went. They are a good deal franker about movies than they used to be, and the screen is a great deal larger. By the time this one was over, we knew all the pores in Brick Dooley's skin.

There was little else to look at, anyway, since the picture, which Angela had reported ecstatically was filmed in Kenya, consisted mainly of enormous close-ups of Brick rather tortuously embracing a girl, something he could have done anywhere. He was a petulant young man with a cowlick and a dreamy eye. Every time he hugged the heroine, Mike winced.

"It isn't the kind of picture you like," I said lamely when it was over.

"He'd better find God, I'll say that," Mike said. "Only God can help him. Now, listen to me. Write and tell her it's no soap. Tell her to unload that guy fast. Why, he looks as if he needs a bath. We are looking out for her best interests, and—"

"I'll do absolutely no such thing," I said. "That would make him disapproved of and more glamorous than ever."

"Glamorous?" he said. "I wonder what he'd look like in a tie. I'll bet he doesn't own one."

A week later Mike brought Tom Lawson home to dinner. Tom was a young lawyer who had done some work for Mike. He was a clean-cut, amiable young man with a look of breeding. His father was a lawyer, and his grandfather had been one; his own career was on the move.

"What do you think of him?" Mike asked when Tom had left.

"He's nice," I said. "I didn't give him much thought, but he looks—strong is the word, I guess."

"Well, you have to admit he's better for her than that Marlon Brando, don't you?"

"Angela?" I said. "Oh, Mike, when I was Angela's age, I was in love with Tyrone Power."

"My dear," he said, "you were in love with Tyrone Power when he was in Hollywood, California, and you were in Edgewater, New Jersey. She is in love with Brick Wall, and he is in Hollywood, California, and she is in Hollywood, California."

"What help is Tom, then?" I said.

"He is warming up in the arena until this innings is over. Then we will see."

We received sporadic messages from Angela after that, with sometimes a mention of Brick Dooley and sometimes none. Then, with some abruptness, she informed us that she was coming home. She offered no explanation, simply mentioned the date and the flight and wondered if we could meet her.

She was tanned and a little thinner, and her hair was burnished by the sun, but she was the same; the eyes were the old eyes — the very young eyes. When I asked her why she had come home, she merely shrugged and said, "Well, you know, people on the Coast whip back and forth every day. They do it for lunch. Why, for instance, Brick Dooley is going to hop here when 'The Young Fox' opens in New York next month. Then he's hopping to Miami, from there to Chicago, then back here for a visit."

"He sounds like a kangaroo," Mike said.

"Oh," I said. The advantage possessed by the female on her home ground is a very old rule indeed.

"You know," Angela said later, while we were watching her unpack, "there's nothing permanent about romance out there. There's nothing permanent about anything, really. I mean, it's hard to think

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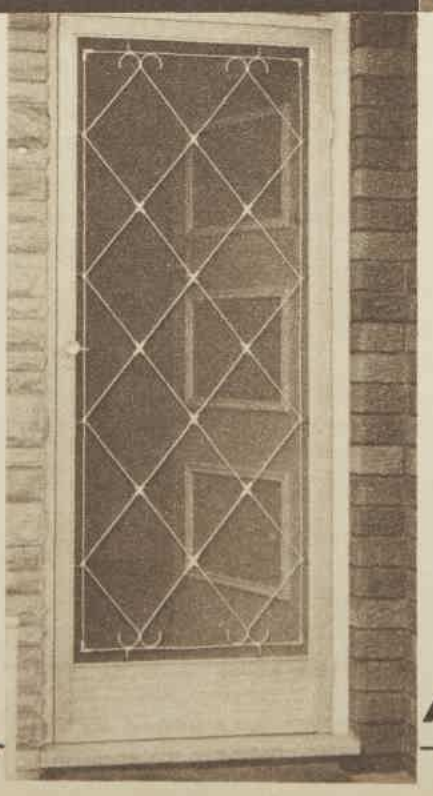

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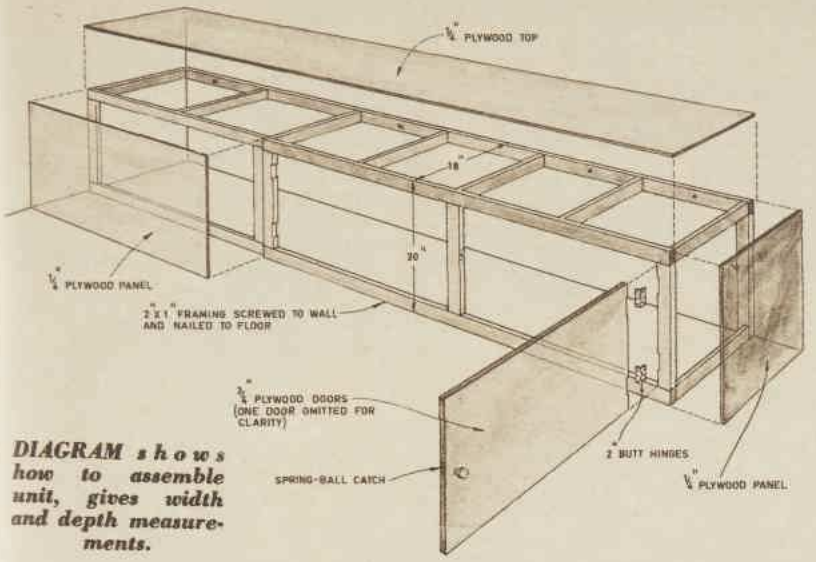

***DIAGRAM** shows how to assemble unit, gives width and depth measurements.*

***PRETTY** room has practical built-in storage unit.*

● This week we give instructions for making a simple storage unit which can be built-in under a window in a child's or teenager's room or a sunroom.

IT will prove invaluable for storing toys, games, and hobby equipment.

Because sizes of units will vary according to room dimensions, no exact measurements or list of materials can be given.

But you'll need 2in. x 1in. dressed Pacific maple for the frame, ¾in. plywood for doors, ¼in. plywood for top and sides, some 2in. butt hinges and spring-ball catches, nails and screws.

All joints should be cut square, nailed, and glued, with nailheads punched and filled.

The framework is made from 2in. x 1in. dressed Pacific maple. It is assembled first, then fixed to wall and floor.

Nail back rail of framework directly on to studs if attaching to a timber wall. Drill and fill holes with rawl plugs before screwing unit on to a brick wall.

The plywood top and panels should be cut approximately 1-16th in. larger on their protruding edges, nailed to the framework with ¾in. panel pins, then the edges planed flush.

Door openings are measured and ¾in. plywood doors cut to fit. Doors are hung with 2in. steel butt hinges and closed with spring-ball-type catches.

NEXT WEEK: Low-budget house plan.

The best weigh is with a SALTER scale

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Hobart: FitzGeralds (27221).

Adelaide: 47 South Terrace (51-1798).

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St. (Box 409F, G.P.O.). (22-691.)

Toowoomba: Pigotts (2-1733).

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OUR CANNED FRUITS CONTEST

ENTRIES are already pouring in for our new cooking contest for family dessert recipes.

If you haven't already sent in your recipe, there's still time — the contest doesn't close for another three weeks.

It's divided into three sections:

Section 1: Peaches
Section 2: Apricots
Section 3: Pears

Each recipe should include one of these three, and the fruit used must be canned, not fresh. In addition, each recipe must include one or more of these six basic ingredients: **Cake-mix, ready-to-eat breakfast cereal, evaporated milk, gelatine, pastry-mix, custard powder.**

You can send in as many entries as you like. But remember to use a separate page for each recipe with the section name, your name and address (including State), and the name of the recipe at the top. Where recipes run to two or more pages repeat your name and address at the top of each page used.

Set out the ingredients first, one beneath the other. Then in a separate paragraph give directions for making.

All entries will be opened and judged by a panel of experts from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen. The judges' decision will be final.

Use level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure in all recipes.

Prizes in the contest range from a £500 Grand Champion Prize and £100 First Prizes in each section to a £5 Weekly Progress Prize for each of six weeks. Watch for the first Weekly Progress Prize in our October 2 issue.

Address entries to: **Canned Fruits Contest, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.**

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and their families are not eligible.

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RECIPES FOR THE ORANGE RIPPLE BUTTERCAKE, THE ROSETTES AND STRAWBERRY VALENTINES ARE SET OUT IN THE ADJOINING COLUMN

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ORANGE RIPPLE BUTTERCAKE

High, moist and tender, with a tantilising combination of fresh orange and pure dark chocolate.

Ingredients:
2 ozs. dark cooking chocolate, 4 ozs. soft butter, 8 ozs. (1 cup plus 1 tablespoon) sugar, 3 eggs, grated rind of 1 orange, ½ cup orange juice, ½ cup milk, 10 ozs. (2½ cups) self raising flour.

Grate chocolate. Cream butter and sugar till light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each. Mix in orange rind and juice. Fold in milk and sifted flour. Butter a deep 8" cake tin. Spread a thin layer of cake batter on the bottom. Sprinkle with some of the grated chocolate. Spoon in remaining batter, sprinkling each addition with chocolate. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for about 1 hour. When cold, cover with Orange Butter Frosting.

Orange Butter Frosting: 1 tablespoon soft butter, 8 ozs. (1½ cups) sifted icing sugar, 2-3 tablespoons orange juice. Cream the butter, add the icing sugar, then beat to a spreading consistency with the orange juice.

ROSETTES

The lightest, most melting little shortbreads you ever tasted. Look how simple they are to make!

Ingredients: 4 ozs. (4 tablespoons) soft butter, 1 oz. (2 level tablespoons) sifted icing sugar, few drops vanilla, 4 ozs. (1 cup) plain flour, jam or lemon butter.

Cream butter and icing sugar until light and fluffy. Add vanilla and beat in half the flour. Add remaining flour and continue beating until smooth. Place spoonfuls in paper patty cases. (OR use a star cream pipe and bag to pipe mixture into cases). Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for about 30 minutes. While still hot, place a little jam or lemon butter in the centre of each, and dredge lightly with icing sugar.

STRAWBERRY VALENTINES

Pretty-as-a-picture little butter cakes with a built-in surprise!

Ingredients: 4 ozs. (4 tablespoons) soft butter, 4 ozs. (a scant 4 tablespoons) sugar, 2 eggs, 8 ozs. (2 cups) self raising flour, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup milk, strawberry jam.

Cream butter and sugar well. Add eggs with a tablespoon of the flour and beat well. Add vanilla, then half the remaining flour and half the milk. Mix lightly, then stir in the rest of the flour and milk. Spread a small teaspoonful of batter in the bottom of paper patty cases. Add ½ teaspoon of jam and cover with another teaspoonful of batter. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) 12-15 minutes. When cold, frost each cake with lemon-flavoured pale-pink icing. Before the icing sets, place a small heart-shaped biscuit cutter in the centre of each cake and sprinkle dark-pink jelly crystals (or hundreds-and-thousands) evenly inside it to make a perfect heart.

Recipes with compliments of Australian Dairy Produce Board.

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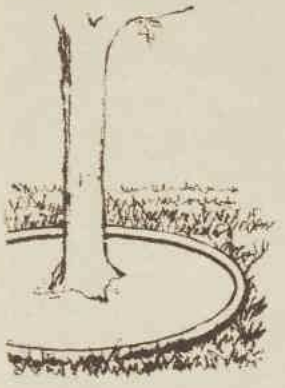
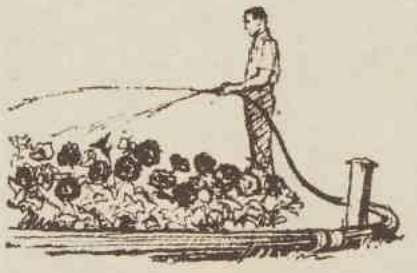
• Rake-handle yardstick helps you space plants accurately. Paint narrow rings around handle 6in. apart and mark the 1in. and 2in. spaces.



• Keep grass from creeping up to a tree-trunk or a shrub by embedding a hoop.

GOOD IDEAS IN THE GARDEN

Gardening Book — page 197



• Set a strong stake at the corner of a garden bed to keep the plants from being crushed by a pulled garden hose.

• Plastic bag over four stakes makes a "hothouse" to protect delicate young plants from cold.

• Old garden hose makes excellent padding for the top of spade to save shoes. Cut hose to size, slit, and fit. Use also on bucket handle.

• To protect seedlings from hot sun, embed short lengths of timber on north side, slanted toward the plants.

Gardening Book — page 198

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FARAWAY PLACES

when people are always admiring your legs and telling you about new cults and all that, and when you really are a soul searcher—"

"I can imagine," Mike said. "By the way, Tom is coming to dinner tomorrow."

"He is?" I said.

"He is," he said. "In fact, he's coming in the afternoon. You can drive him to the courthouse to get some papers for me, kitten," he said to Angela.

She was pulling strands of crystal beads from her zippered case, letting them slide through her fingers thoughtfully, as if they were real—and perhaps for her they were. "Drive who?" she asked.

. . . . . .

It is perfectly true that far places cling to one; they leave an iridescence others can see, even if the wearer does not realise it. Angela shone for Tom Lawson. Her wanderings had been limited to a single trip across the country; but she managed somehow to suggest, by a gesture, a word, that she had brushed against Arabian silks and stood beneath Indian moons and come upon a few lost horizons.

Tom Lawson observed it and smiled, and his smile warmed the room. He began coming to the house regularly and driving her to the obscure little places she liked, and listening to her, and he watched every movement she made.

I remember one of our conversations after the four of us had had dinner. Mike was showing Tom his new study. It was panelled and leathery and male, and he was inordinately proud of it.

"Now, that would be for me," Tom said, admiring it. "Easy chair, good light, little music. That would be for me."

"Oh, Tom," Angela said, "how can you look forward to just sitting vegetating, when you've never been anyplace? You've never taken a tramp steamer, you've never flown in a jet, you've never seen anything."

"It's a very comfortable spot, I assure you," Mike said.

"It's different for you," Angela said. "You're married."

"Well, I'm very unconventional," Mike said. "You know that. I got married, and I had children. And it's a darned uncomfortable thing to do in a tramp steamer, believe me."

"And I might be sitting," Tom said, "but what makes you think I would be vegetating?"

"But he doesn't seem to have any — problems," Angela said later.

"I disagree with you," Mike said. "I think you are a problem, and I'm only your brother-in-law. That poor fellow—"

"Do you know what that poor fellow likes to do best on his days off?" she said. "Fish. Fish for trout."

"A sport of kings," Mike said.

"He's very good to you," I said.

It was old-fashioned of me, I know; but the young, with that wonderful insulation against discomfort, never know how satisfying goodness is to live with.

She paused, and her face softened. She smiled. "Yes," she said slowly, "he is, at that. You're good to me, and Mike is, but Tom's good to me in a different way." She hesitated, then shivered slightly. "And he's — strong. He's very strong. But he just isn't Brick Dooley."

We all knew Brick Dooley was arriving in Manhattan for his premiere the following week. Angela had purchased a glimmering silver-and-white gown, which was hung carefully, in waiting splendor, in her cupboard. There had been publicity items about him, and every one was painstakingly clipped by Angela. There was always a pile of scissored newspapers in her room.

A few days before Brick's scheduled arrival, Mike came home with a picture of a cottage in Vermont. "We can have this for two weeks in August," he said, "for a song. It belongs to a client who's going to the shore. There's a wonderful lake, swarming with fish, practically in the backyard. I've already spoken to Tom, and he's sold."

"What does Tom have to do with this?" I said.

"Well, you wouldn't believe it," Mike said, "but it has four bedrooms. One for us, two for them, and one for the kids. The peace of the countryside, the charm of the bucolic—"

"I don't like the whole idea."

HE stood over me, holding the picture as if it were a trophy. "Why not?" And, remember, there have been ideas of yours that I haven't liked. Downtown Los Angeles never was my idea."

"My mother always said, 'Familiarity breeds contempt.'" I said.

"Your mother got me into this," he said, "and, unfortunately, she is not round to get me out. Angela will be as chaperoned as a Moslem, and she's always saying she wants to see places."

"I don't think she has the backwoods of Vermont in mind," I said.

And indeed she did not. "But I don't know what my—schedule will be," she said slowly. "And all the way up there?"

"I thought distance meant nothing," Mike said.

"In Vermont," she said, "I'll bet it does. I mean, supposing—if somebody wanted to—to see you—"

There had been thus far no communication from Brick Dooley.

"I don't think that is necessarily significant," I had said to Mike. "It strikes me that he's the type who wouldn't write."

"It strikes me that he's the type who can't," he had said.

Angela had said nothing about the matter. Soon after we talked of the cottage, however, and before the matter was settled the telegram arrived. "Savoy Hilton sixish Thursday Dooley," it said, in a nice economy of words. Angela was cast into a paroxysm of delight.

"What does he want you to go to his hotel for?" I said.

"He has to," she said. "He'd be mobbed on the streets."

"Not on this street, he wouldn't," Mike said. "I'll bet Joe Ryan next door wouldn't look up from his lawn-mower."

"Well, he's always surrounded by people. He has to be."

"Just you be sure you're surrounded," Mike said.

"I don't think you ought to go," I said. I felt every hour of my age as I looked at her, but I pressed on. "It's a very abrupt invitation. One would think you were just sitting around waiting for him — which, in fact, you were not."

She clasped her hands and leaned forward and looked at me beseechingly and time moved backward. I was standing again with our three brothers and our mother and father, and we were watching her beginning to walk. We were viewing her with the awe one reserves for the sight of Mount Rushmore and with the absolute conviction that no one had ever walked in quite the same way before.

"Just this once," she said now. "You see, here it will be different. Out there, everything is strange, and he's famous, and—"

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You cannot do a thing about it. "All right," I said quietly. "Just this once."

We remember our youthful follies far longer and more readily than we may admit. The fact that they never could happen to us again is part of their reason for being—and part of their tragedy. I did not discover the details of the evening at the Savoy Hilton until much, much later, and some I never learned, if you mean learn as a reporter does. Some I simply pieced together from fragments of young heartbreaks of my own and the look on her face.

He had an entourage indeed, this young king, I gathered; they clustered about him and fawned upon him. And as many as possible were pretty young girls, all eager to hear the latest tale of self-love. No wonder the telegram had been brief; he'd obviously sent it in fistfuls.

They went to the hotel, and they went to the restaurant, and they telephoned him everywhere. Nothing can save you from the moment you discover you are only one of many to the one who was one of one to you.

Angela was very quiet about it. The next morning, without a word, she gathered the lovely silver gown in her arms and stored it in my cedar cupboard.

"They take starlets to premieres, it seems," was all she said. "Or columnists or heiresses. It doesn't mean anything. Nothing is supposed to mean anything." She looked young and bewildered. Nothing in life had prepared her for this, and, just then, it didn't seem fair.

STILL, I had to be sure. "Isn't he a challenge?" I said.

"No, he is not," she said. "Oh, I thought it was just the place we were, but it isn't that. It's that—he only cares about—him. I wouldn't mind other girls, and I wouldn't mind if he were a challenge. You don't want things to be too easy."

Some of the clinging silks of Arabia were gone that morning. She didn't look beyond me any more as if she were finding the lost horizon.

I avoided her eyes. "Well, cheer up," I said. "We'll go to the mountains next week, and you can relax."

She smiled a bit wanly and wandered aimlessly downstairs.

Later, I sent her to the beach with the children, and when Tom came early I sat with him on the patio and talked until she returned and Mike arrived home.

He was waving a set of road maps. "Say, Tom," he said, "do you want to take two cars? The station-wagon would do it, but if you'll want your car—"

"Should I buy any equipment for—fishing?" Angela asked.

Tom hesitated. "Well, I'll tell you," he said at last. "I think you had all better push on without me."

"What?" Mike said.

"What?" Angela said.

"I've — I've made a few plans of my own. I've about decided to take a cruise, for a start. Down to the Azores, probably. Then I may grab a steamer from there."

Angela stared at him, wide-eyed. He turned to her. "You were right, you know," he said. "It's time I moved around, saw a few things, a few places. This is no way to enjoy your bachelorhood. You have the right idea."

"Yes, but—" she said.

"Yes, but—" Mike said.

Tom waved him off. "My mind is made up," he said. "You take advantage of that sedentary life and forget about me."

"The Azores," Angela said faintly.

"Oh, for a start," Tom said. "Dad says to take all the time I want." He smiled at Angela. "Tramp steamers are slow, I hear. I suppose after one of those, I'll be ready for a jet."

She gave him a baffled look. We proceeded through dinner in strained silence and ended the evening the same way. Tom departed with ebullient promises of postcards, and Angela retired to her room in silence, and Mike followed me morosely up to bed.

"I thought it was girls I didn't understand," he said. "I guess it must be people."

"Well, it's only natural," I said. "Angela's been dinning it into him long enough. The worm turns, you know."

"Please," he said, "don't call him a worm. Call him unpredictable, but don't call him a worm. I can't be that far off."

. . . . .

The weather never had been lovelier in Vermont. There never had been more shining days, more fish in any lake, larger August moons. Angela met it all with a kind of unfailing good cheer. She took the children to the lake and led them on hikes through the woods; she sat demurely with the ladies from the neighboring cottages in the afternoons.

"I think I liked her better the way she was before," Mike said. "Now she's behaving like a nun. It's too much for me."

Together, we looked out the window at Angela, sitting in the late-afternoon sunlight, reading a story to the children.

She finished it and walked to the cottage. "Why don't you two go out tonight?" she said. "I'll baby-sit. Go to the movies or something."

"You see what I mean?" Mike said.

"What?" she said.

"Nothing," I said. Mike walked off to the lake, and I took her hand and drew her down on the window seat. "Are you awfully bored?" I said. "I wouldn't blame you a bit."

"Bored?" she said. She gazed out at the still and massive mountains. "No," she said at last. "I don't think I am. I don't know exactly how to explain what I am. Let me see. Do you remember Brick Dooley?"

Ah, the resilience of youth. "Yes," I said slowly, "I do."

"Well, I've been thinking about myself and about him when I saw him the last time — when I was sitting with him and those people and listening to him — and it strikes me now that I was that way, too."

"You were what way?" I said.

"He was talking about himself — he always talked about himself, and everybody listened to what he said and waited to find out what he wanted — and he never thought about them. I was that way, too. I must have been so boring that you couldn't blame anybody; but, you see, I didn't know any better."

She traced a pattern on the windowpane with one finger, like a small girl on a rainy day. "When—people thought I was giving advice, I didn't mean to — I never really thought about anybody else." She smiled, a very small smile. "So it serves me right," she said. "But at least I do know this: When you begin thinking about somebody else, you—you don't stop."

You never, never do; but I didn't have to tell her. She knew.

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BAKING TIMES
(use moderate oven)

Fish	20 mins.
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Cutlets	45 mins.
Chops	45 mins.
Parboiled Potatoes	1 hour
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THE IDEAL GIFT!

Continued from page 27

CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

you are, dear, but other people may think—"

"May think what, please?"

"Might think it was a bit peculiar."

"What's peculiar about it?"

"Well—"

"I'm peculiar. Is that what you mean, Lila? I'm a crank?"

"I didn't say that, Agnes."

"That's what you think, all of you except Sinden, who knows better and who loved me more than any of you and sat and listened to me. She didn't agree then, but she listened. When have you ever paid me the courtesy to listen? So what do you know about me and about my work? You're worse than a sceptic, Lila; you're a hypocrite. You call me 'dear' to my face and laugh at me behind my back——"

"Agnes, dear, I've never—"

"I've heard your little remarks to the others; I've seen you smirking to George when you thought I wasn't looking——"

"Gracious, I never——"

"Don't deny it, Lila; that's more insulting. But let me tell you something. I don't care about being laughed at. That's where you and I differ.

"I've never minded being a figure of fun for what I believed; far greater people than I have been scorned and laughed at. I wouldn't care if that whole courtroom rocked with laughter at me——"

"Oooo, watch out, your hat's in the butter. Here, let me put it on——"

"Listen to me, Lila. I wouldn't care because a long time ago, years and years ago, Mater laughed at me very cruelly and it made me cry. For the last time—for the very last time, Lila. Because then that was the very worst thing, and when the very worst thing has happened to you you learn not to fear and I fear not. Oh, I fear nothing. I fear not what man can do unto me. Whereas you fear everything."

"Tommyrot!"

"You always have, even as a little girl, and I'm sorry for you."

"Well, my goodness, everybody's afraid of something, Agnes."

"Yes, but they don't all instil their fears into others."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"You do. You've instilled your fears into George until——"

"I never——"

"Oh, yes you have. Worry, worry, worry about everything. Maybe he wouldn't win that election; well, he didn't!"

"That had nothing to do with——"

"Maybe he wouldn't get a job; then, what if he lost it?"

"Ha, ha. I s'pose it's my fault we're having a depression."

"Don't go blaming outside circumstances, Lila; you were just as nervous in the boom, saving string and brown paper——"

"Heavens, if I can't——"

"Always worry worry, negative negative. Doubt is very catching and finally George started doubting himself. Oh, I saw it happen. I saw the change beginning in him. Why, he was a positive, self-confident man until you got at him with all your cries and omens; 'Oh, you walked under the ladder, George,' and 'Oh, listen to the rainbirds.' No wonder he goes to sleep all the time. And now you're doing the same thing to P.S."

"That's the most unfair thing I ever heard in my entire——"

"Exactly the same thing."

"Would you mind telling me how?"

"You brought about this whole fight with Vanessa."

"Oh, yes. Yes, of course. I wanted all this trouble."

"You're afraid of Vanessa, Lila, and long before she came back you planted your little seed of fear in P.S. Well, it's borne fruit."

"I've never ever said one word against Vanessa to P.S."

"You didn't have to."

"Do you know what's been going on in that house? Do you know what the housemaid told us? He had to lock himself in a bathroom to get away from her! I suppose a child does that because of my fear!"

"Your original fear started the whole train of events."

"Look, just whose side are you on?"

"The Lord's."

"Really? You make it sound as if you're on Vanessa's."

"No, but don't be so sure that you're absolutely right and she's absolutely wrong."

"I can be sure of one thing, Agnes. We won't need your affidavit."

"I take my orders from Sinden, not you. I shall go to the lawyer tomorrow and tell him that."

"Yes, you do. You do. And Mr. Gentle will tell you you're crazy. He will tell you you're a crazy woman!"

Lila, hearing her own ugly screech, instantly ashamed, turned from Agnes' crucified look, past P.S.'s inquiring face around the door, and ran from the kitchen into the backyard.

Crazy! What a cruel thing to say to the poor wretch, with her pathetic clothes, worn shoes, cold hands, and dignified believing heart. Believing nonsense, but dignified because of its unswerving faith; craziness of the heart which can win an argument over logic in its very madness.

"Mad," Lila said to the pepper tree. "Mad as a hatter," she said to the first cold winking star. It was ridiculous to get upset by anything Agnes said; absurd to be drawn into a debate with her.

And yet. And yet . . .

Suppose in a cracked way Agnes had hit upon some dreadful truth? But how? How could there be a pattern to all the years of failure and disgrace? Admittedly, even in childhood, her life had been a sea of qualms; a long-standing family joke regarding her distress over spilled salt, broken mirrors, falling pictures, hats on beds, and seeing three nuns. But what did all this have to do with George's disappointments? How could her prescience of doom have had anything to do with Sinden's dying? Sinden would have died anyway and George had been bound to lose the election because he had campaigned for prohibition and everyone knew that it had failed in America.

All the worrying in the world had never changed Vanessa's personality, so how could Agnes possibly say that those worries had brought about this battle over P.S.?

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ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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FARAWAY PLACES

Sometimes poetry comes more easily on paper. "There would be nothing wrong with the faraway places," Tom's cable said, "if they only were a little nearer." He gave the flight number on which he would arrive the following day. He had been gone for a week.

Angela and I drove to New York together, leaving Mike, a happy man, with the children at the cottage. In the blazing sun we entered Idlewild—Camelot with its castles, all low, sweeping wings of stone, its facades of rainbow glass, its moats formed by soft fountains.

"Do you know something?" Angela said as we ascended to the ramp. "Whenever I was here before, all I thought about was the planes going out. I never stopped to think about the ones coming in."

She said it as though it were a vast discovery, and I suppose for her it was. They were all about us in the sunlight—the giant jets, coming in on the runways as regularly as subway cars. Only one of them mattered, and it mattered only that it was coming in, as it did, precisely on schedule and that he was among the passengers, as he was.

She ran the length of the ramp, leaned over, and peered down at the crowd. It was improbable that he could see her, but it really did not matter. He knew she was there. I strolled behind her, letting her beat me to the elevator, and, without a glance at the field of planes below, descend alone to meet him. He would shine for her now in a special way; he would wear the cloak; he had had everything else before, and now he had that.

The discovery of it deserved its own privacy. And he would stand for something else, too. There is more to faraway places than we think; there is the magic of returning from them to somebody you love.

Perhaps he had learned something, too, and any man who expects to be a husband is better prepared if he finds it out. There is an enduring quality to certain feminine instincts when it comes to the solution of a problem of love; pure logic will never defeat them.

Maybe the way to get the one thing you want is, for the moment, to walk away from it — maybe only a woman understands that. In the proper set of circumstances, even the feminine instincts of an older sister may turn out to be the wisest ones to follow.

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CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

No, there was only one unpleasant truth to face — that failure begets failure and after a while it is printed on the face, evident in the step, heard in the voice. Even the new dress will not cover it up or hide the shame of it from anyone, let alone a judge. But why was this her own fault? It wasn't fair. Nothing had ever been fair as far back as Lila could remember.

"Not fair," she said aloud. "Not fair." And cupping her hands over her mouth, she cried like a child.

. . . . .

Vanessa came out of her room, dressed to go to town for her fifth visit with the lawyer. She crossed quickly to the stairs, deliberately not glancing at the closed and locked door of P.S.'s bedroom.

Since he had left, she had not entered the room. She had not even allowed the new maid, Elsie, to dust in there. Surprised by her own curious intuition that to prepare the room for his return might tempt unknown gods to overthrow the case against her, and annoyed at this singularly uncharacteristic behaviour, she had nevertheless succumbed to the supersition, locked the bedroom door, and then dropped the thought of it neatly into the wastebin of her mind.

From then on, whenever a doubt scuttled across her thoughts, she stepped firmly on it as she might on a cockroach. There was no cause for doubt; she had Mr. Hood. She had been instantly impressed by Mr. Hood's quiet luxurious offices and his funereal clothes — custom-tailored black flannel suits and black silk socks with clocks — his deep oratorical voice without a trace of that horrid Australian accent.

SHE began to look forward to the visits to his office and subtly to prolong them. Once, drawing on her gloves, her look fell upon a large silver-framed picture standing on his mahogany desk—a fish-faced woman in a dated dress—and she asked casually, "Your wife?" Mr. Hood answered curtly, "Yes," and then cast her a ook of such gimlet-like intensity that her heart turned over, and, speechless, she received with thrilling joy Mr. Hood's message of silent anguish.

Blue today, she thought, taking out the soft, subtle Patou that she had not worn for a long time and putting on the lapis lazuli beads. She studied her face for a long time in the mirror, put on and took off earrings, fussed with perfume, and avoided mascara; strayed dangerously into a brown study where vague figures moved and touched and from which Mr. Hood emerged through smoke, annoyingly wearing Logan's face, so that she stood up suddenly, fracturing the absurd vision, and shook herself like a cat.

But a moment later the pleasant anticipation again flooded her being and an old vanity that she had not felt for years rushed over her.

Mater, momentarily disinterred, said grudgingly, "I'll say this much for Ness—she's the beauty of the family."

Yes, and still pretty good, Mater dear, not too many lines and no grey hair and nice clothes help, so thank you for giving me away to Ettie, knowing that she really wanted Vere then. Your not wanting me has turned out pretty well on the whole, Mater dear, and while we're on the subject, I'd like you to know that I've done better than all the others put together, so put that in your pipe and smoke it!

How I wish you weren't dead, my dear; oh, how I'd love to sit you down and wipe that sanctimonious smile off your face, you and your malignant sweetness; you and your marvellous Lila — how you loved to rub her into me. "Lila was so thoughtful today, Ness; look at the lovely scent she bought me." "Lila massaged my back, Ness." "Lila's got engaged to a lovely man, Ness; I hope you will one day." And all because Pater turned away from you to me. Wasn't that it? Was that why, Mater? Kindly answer the question put to you by my lawyer, Mr. Hood.

What?

Elsie at the door, a midget maid, apologetic for breaking into the sanctuary, but the limousine was at the gate.

Vanessa put poor well-meaning Mater back in the grave, picked up the crocodile bag, and passed through the hall, not glancing at the closed and locked door of P.S.'s bedroom.

"Mrs. Bult will lunch alone," she said to Ellen's closed-up face, wondering at the same time if Mr. Hood was altogether wise in calling Ellen as a witness; instantly forgetting this, forgetting everything, at the shock of Ettie flat on the carpet in the drawing-room.

She cried out, dropping her purse and running to kneel, feel the heart, but Ettie immediately stirred and laughed.

"Tripped."

"Ettie, did you hurt yourself—careful now, put your arm around me—here, lie down on the sofa. Oh, Ettie, really. I could slap you. After all your promises and you've been so good, too, for weeks. It's not even one o'clock yet."

Vanessa quietly closed the door upon a curiously busy Elsie, dusting a table to death in the hall.

"Upset, Ness."

"I should jolly well say you are. Suppose this had been the day you had to be in court? What would we have done then? Have you thought about that? Have you thought what you're doing to yourself anyway?"

"Oh, Ness—"

"All right now, Ettie, let's have it out. What's happened?"

"Nothing's happened—just I think we're wrong."

"I'm wrong and Lila's right, is that it?"

"How do you know he wants to come back?"

"Because he does."

"He said—"

"Naturally she's using every influence over him to —"

"Let's escape."

"All right, Ettie; I wish we could, too, but—"

"No, that's what he said to me, Ness."

"When?"

"The last time he was here. I was upset, homesick, and you'd been very cool, very cool to me and I was hurt—"

"What did P.S. say?"

"He came into my room and he said, 'Oh, Ettie, let's escape.' "

Escape! Ettie's little stone word hit Vanessa between the eyes; momentarily she saw the judge hand down a decision in favor of Lila. It

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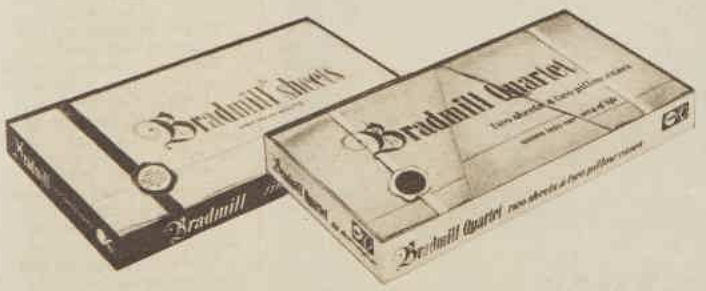

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CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

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took several seconds before Mr. Hood, with a gigantic effort, was able to restore her to her unalterable conviction.

"Children will say anything when they're upset."

"He wasn't upset; I was."

"Well, you could have misinterpreted it. He certainly didn't mean he wanted to escape from us."

Just the same, suppose in some roundabout way Lila got hold of this muddled tale? Suppose her lawyer— "Ettie, put this out of your mind and don't refer to it again. To anybody. Don't tell Mr. Hood."

"P'raps I will."

"All right."

Vanessa, suddenly tall with annoyance, got up and went to the door. A sudden outbreak of mumbling followed her.

"What, Ettie?"

"Said how dare you treat me like this."

Ettie looked like an old rag doll, its wig in wisps, its kapok stuffing gone into lumps, but the blue glass eyes blazed as brightly as the little swinging diamond heart.

The doll stood up, swaying just a little, took uncertain steps toward Vanessa, who caught hold of the absurd rubber hands, and they stood, holding hands, until Vanessa in her astonishment said, "How am I treating you?"

"I have had enough of second place."

"Ettie!"

"P.S., P.S., P.S., P.S., P.S., —" Ettie curtsied to an invisible P.S., slipping sideways until Vanessa grabbed at an arm and manoeuvred the swaying figure safely into a chair.

"Ettie, darling, that's not fair. You have never taken second place to P.S."

Thinking, clumsy of me. How clumsy of me not to take all the little hints. Jealous children. The very young and the very old. And so she's made up this story about him wanting to escape. Even the word is artificial and just like her. Just like she was in Paris that time, when I met that rather nice Englishman. The hysterical scenes. All right then; nothing lost but a mild flirtation and dinner engagement, but now . . . what would happen if she turned against me now?

"Ettie, P.S. is my ward. That doesn't alter our relationship. You've always come first."

"Not lately."

"Ettie, darling, I want you to have your lunch and then lie down for a while—"

"I don't want lunch. I won't lie down. Lie down! I'm not ill. Think I'm ill or something? I'm not a child!"

"If you'll let me finish . . . I was going to say I'd put off going to the lawyer today and we'd spend the afternoon together — perhaps go for a nice drive and have tea at Watson's Bay —"

"I don't want to, thank you very much."

"What do you want then?"

Sulky silence and Ettie's mouth as forbidding as a rat trap.

VANESSA reached out to take one of the doll hands, but instantly Ettie snatched her hand away and gave Vanessa a blue, glassy stare.

"Just tell me what you want, Ettie."

(Exactly like P.S. That awful weapon of silence.)

"Shall we take a little trip up to the Blue Mountains for a few days? I'd rather like the change myself, darling. Do you remember the Ritz in Leura? The walks we took, years ago, and the motoring trips down into Megalong Valley to have scones and Devonshire cream? Lovely big log fires and that heavenly sharp air? Frankly, it sounds like paradise."

"You go."

"I don't want to go alone, dearest."

"Then take Mr. Hood."

(So, it's Mr. Hood, too! Well, well! So Mr. Hood's your latest rival, is he? I could wish that were true, my dear, because, if I have to put up with many more years of this childish nonsense, I could be very easily persuaded to go off and leave you to flounder alone.)

"I'm afraid you are being childish, Ettie."

"All you ever talk about day and night."

"I'm sorry; I apologise."

"Sick of hearing about Mr. damn Hood day and night, night and day. P.S. and Mr. Hood. I say to hell with them."

With frightening suddenness, Ettie picked up and flung the Doulton figurine at the fireplace; the head lopped off, rolled across the tiles.

For a second Vanessa could not believe that it had happened. Then, hearing her heart beat loudly, confirming it, she stooped to pick up the fragments, heard behind her Ettie's thickened voice say:

"My housemaid will attend to that."

Vanessa said quietly, "Very well." She picked up her bag and gloves and, opening the door, went out and stood in the silent hall. She waited, counting the moments, assessing the time that it usually took for contrition to begin; smiled when she heard on schedule the sounds of smothered weeping. Then, after counting slowly to ten, she re-entered the room as the figure in the chair arose, teetered toward her, flung itself on to her, embracing her tightly; a woolly white mop of hair that smelled faintly of old bureau drawers was in her face, muttered gaspings at her breast. The diamond heart scratched her.

"What is it?"

The contorted face peered up at her.

"Oh, Ness, forgive me."

Vanessa, reaching at last for the urgently needed cigarette, said, "Yes, and it has to stop. No more drinking, Ettie."

"Never, never. On my solemn word of honor."

"I mean it, Ettie. I could lose the case over it. I could lose P.S."

"I know."

Ettie's remorseful face promised anything. Large cheques, jewellery, life insurance, lavish bequeathments. So Vanessa said, "P.S. never wanted to leave me."

"No, Ness."

"Remember that, if it should come up in court."

"Yes, Ness."

Vanessa picked up the headless figurine and said as punishment, "After I leave Mr. Hood I'll take this and have them rivet it."

"Thank you, Ness."

Vanessa put the figurine into her handbag and with a loud snap closed both the bag and the conversation.

Later, watching Vanessa go down the driveway, holding her hat against the blustering August day, Ettie pressed her face to the cold window, breathing mist on to it, and said dutifully: "He

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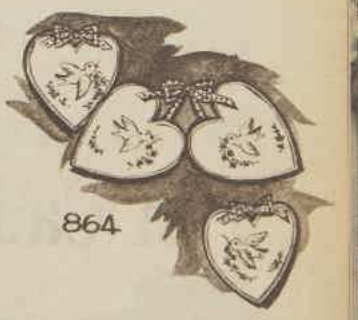
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CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

didn't want to leave you, dear."

. . . . . .

"The court will rise."

They stood up, shuffling and coughing, in the vaulted, dingy yellow-walled courtroom that smelled of carbolic and old dismay as the tipstaff opened the door and stood aside, and in a quick black swirl of gown the Honorable Mr. Justice Hay-Piggott entered.

The Hanging Judge, Lila thought, squinting at the six-foot-four figure gazing crossly down at them with the face of an aristocratic fish, thin steel spectacles jutting out between the absurd grey curls of his wig, long thin blades of hands shooting cuffs, moving papers impatiently, anxious to dispose of this trivial fight between two guardians and get back to the Spanish Inquisition. The granite cliff of face bobbed up and down as though irritated already at the clerk mumbling through the preliminaries of "Supreme Court of New South Wales in Equity, mutter mutter in the matter of mumble mumble Marriott, an infant under the age of twenty-one years and in the matter of the Testator's Family Maintenance and Guardianship of Infants Act of nineteen sixteen."

Next thing Mr. Hood was on his feet.

"Your honor, if it please the court . . ."

The voice was deep and rich as greengage plums. It presented the affidavit of the Deponent, Vanessa Scott, spinster, now residing in Point Piper, appointed guardian of said infant by deed of disposal of guardianship . . . All about Ernest Huxley, all about Sinden and Logan and Lila herself, hereinafter referred to as the Respondent. Every time Mr. Hood pronounced the word "Respondent" he hung on to it a moment in a pitying, deprecatory tone and the information, though correct legally, was subtly weighed in Vanessa's favor.

The Respondent, it seemed, had resented the Deponent's legal rights as Guardian under Deed of Disposal (respectfully offered as Exhibit A), and had placed every obstacle in the way of a harmonious working arrangement, even going so far as to encourage the said infant in evasions and deceptions and also to influence said infant's loyalties and affections.

And so on.

Vanessa, in Mr. Hood's rococo voice, now described her house in the terms of Valhalla and her income from Mrs. Bult in round golden figures. Lila's house was maintained to be clean and modest but inadequate, especially since the recent addition of a lodger in the person of another sister and "member of a religious sect that predicts the end of the world." Mr. Hood paused here and carefully allowed a spectral Agnes to caper insanely through Lila's house and a slight riffle of amusement to run through the court.

Mr. Hood gravitated to Miss Pile's elite academy and the joys of piano and riding lessons, of which said infant had now been deprived due to the unpardonable action of the Respondent, and came to the fatal Sunday when, contrary to the terms of the arrangement, the infant had not been returned home to Point Piper and, prompted by the Respondent, had been obliged to break this news to the heartbroken Deponent; presented then as Exhibit B a letter to the Respondent drawn up by Mr. Hood at request of the Deponent, requiring the immediate return of said infant; described the Respondent's hysterical refusal to do so, and in closing respectfully asked his honor to award full custody of the said infant to the much-wronged Deponent.

Mr. Hood was now requesting the court's permission to elucidate the affidavit further by questioning his client, who was in court, and Vanessa, rising, slim and svelte, about to receive a citation, crossed to the witness box and agreed to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help her God.

Mr. Hood smiled at her encouragingly, and began to read in apocalyptic tones a letter from Sinden, garlanding her impulsive phrases until they became cries for help. "I yearn sometimes for your profound sense of organisation . . . I've always said, 'I'll have the children and Ness will manage them.' "

Lila pursed her lips, thinking of Sinden's way of putting things in the superlative; of how she would have ridiculed this mealy mouthed lawyer and Vanessa, too, sitting there with that pious attitude and playing the role of a bereft mother, her head a little to one side and her face tinged with just the right amount of wounded dignity. It was dreadful, simply dreadful, what they were doing to Sinden's memory with this vast hypocrisy.

DRIFTING off, over a grave banked with blue irises, Lila came back reluctantly to hear Mr. Hood reading a letter from Ernest Huxley assuring Vanessa that she was the only right and proper person to take over his share of the guardianship.

Having established Vanessa as Mother Machree, Mr. Hood abruptly changed his tactics.

"Now, Miss Scott, were you on close terms with your late sister?"

"Yes."

"Why, then, didn't Mrs. Marriott express a wish for you to be a guardian in her will?"

Shaken by surprise, Lila thought, but that is our point.

Vanessa answered calmly, "Because I was then living in England."

"I see. And you were content with the arrangement of the child being left entirely with Mrs. Baines?"

"At the time, yes."

"Then you had no personal wish to become a guardian?"

"None. I felt that my first duty was to my employer, Mrs. Bult."

"Naturally. During this time did you correspond with Mrs. Baines?"

"Yes, occasionally. Her letters to me were usually just short notes of thanks for gifts I sent to the child."

"What did these gifts usually consist of?"

"Oh, clothing and books."

"Nothing financial?"

"Oh, no. Never."

"You never sent money to Mrs. Baines?"

"Never. That would have been insulting."

"Why?"

"Well, because they were in financial difficulties."

"You were aware of their circumstances?"

"Well, yes." A slight laugh. "Yes."

"Did this disturb you? I mean, did it disturb you in regard to your nephew?"

"Well, of course."

"Why did you do nothing about it?"

"There wasn't anything I could do. Mr. Huxley had been named guardian, not I."

"Where was Mr. Huxley?"

"In the United States."

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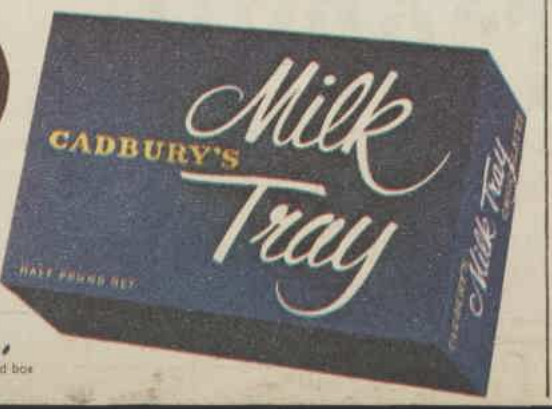

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CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

"Wasn't this a very impractical arrangement?"

"Very. But my late sister was somewhat impractical."

"She was a writer?"

"Yes."

"Why do you suppose that your late sister would have appointed Mr. Huxley as guardian if he was in the United States?"

"I haven't the earthliest idea."

"Did Mr. Ernest Huxley approach you in regard to changing this very impractical arrangement?"

"Yes. He was in London on business and asked to see me."

"What took place at this meeting?"

"Ernest—Mr. Huxley said he was very unhappy about everything and that he was especially worried about P.S."

The judge leaned forward and spoke for the first time in a morocco-leather-bound voice.

"About whom?"

Mr. Hood whirled, gown flying, toward the bench and bowed.

"P.S., your honor. It's the child's nickname, I believe."

Mr. Justice Hay-Piggott picked up a steel pen.

"P.S.?"

"P.S., your honor. It stands, I believe, for 'postscript'."

Vanessa said to the bench, "It was my late sister's name for him."

"The mother's nickname for him?" The judge raised Santa Claus eyebrows and wrote P.S. as one might sign away Austria.

MR. HOOD turned back to Vanessa. "Did Mr. Huxley then propose that you take over his half of the guardianship, Miss Scott?"

"Yes. He had no desire to return to Australia and he felt that Mrs. Baines should now be relieved of part of the financial burden and I agreed. She had received no financial aid whatever from the child's father."

"The father, Henry Logan Marriott, was then living in the State of Victoria?"

"Yes."

"But he was located and executed the Deed of Disposal of Guardianship?"

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

"I have no idea."

"He has no fixed employment?"

"None that I know of."

"Is he addicted to alcoholism?"

"Yes."

"Now, Miss Scott, on your return to Australia, did you immediately take up your duties as guardian?"

"Not right away. We had to look for a suitable house and engage servants."

"Naturally. So, for a short time, no change was made in the status quo?"

"None. My nephew remained with Mrs. Baines."

"Now, what was the attitude of the Respondent?"

"Very resentful."

"In what way?"

"She telephoned me to come to the house, which I did. She then proceeded to tell me that she was very much against my action and very disapproving of Mr. Huxley."

"Why?"

"As I remember, she said that Mr. Huxley had no right to delegate authority to me and that he had a duty to my late sister."

"But he wasn't exactly doing anything about that duty, had not, in fact, for six years; isn't that correct?"

"I would say so, yes."

"Nevertheless, the Respondent showed instant resentment of you?"

"Instant. She said that her home was quite adequate for the child."

"And what was your opinion?"

"That it was not."

"For what reasons?"

"Well — for one thing, the child's bedroom was just a tiny box of a room without carpeting of any kind. Furthermore, the only toilet facilities are outside the house."

Mr. Gentle rose and waved a baby hand.

"Objection, your honor. Counsel is merely involving the witness in a series of opinions prejudicial to the Respondent."

The judge peered down, found Mr. Gentle, coughed, and said, "Counsel for the Respondent will have opportunity later to disprove that there was no carpeting in the room in question and that the toilet facilities are outside the house."

Mr. Hood flashed a dazzling smile at the bench.

"Your honor, the condition of a slum dwelling is of less importance to my—"

"Objection," shrilled Mr. Gentle.

"I withdraw the word 'slum'," capitulated Mr. Hood, and Mr. Gentle nodded petulantly and sat down, rubbing one eye.

"In fact," said Mr. Hood, "we are less concerned at the moment with the condition of the er — house than we are with what took place. Now, Miss Scott, what tentative arrangement did you make with your sister?"

"We agreed that the boy was to come to me every second weekend."

"Why only at weekends?"

"Well, I didn't think it was fair either to my sister or to the boy to make any drastic changes so soon."

"I see. How long did this arrangement stand?"

"About two months."

"What brought about the change?"

"I paid a visit to the child's school."

"What school was the child attending?"

"A State school."

"So then you had the child enrolled at an academy — a private school?"

"Yes, it was very highly recommended to me."

"Did the Respondent protest this change?"

"Yes, she did."

"But you overrode her objections?"

"I felt I had to. Finally she agreed to reverse the arrangement and let my nephew come to me during the week to attend school and go to her on weekends."

"And this arrangement was held to until the weekend of July the fourteenth of this year?"

"Yes."

"What happened on that weekend?"

"I held to my part of the agreement and the child went to Mrs. Baines for the weekend. About six o'clock on the Sunday evening I received a telephone call from my sister, who simply said, 'P.S. has something to say to you.'"

"What did your nephew say to you, Miss Scott?"

"The child said, 'I'm not coming back. I decided myself.'"

"That was all?"

"That was all. He then hung up."

"Do you know of any reason that might have prompted him to say this?"

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CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

"None," replied Vanessa firmly.

"Were you shocked? Surprised?"

"I was horribly shocked. And afraid."

"Do you think that the child might have been prompted by someone to say this?"

"Yes. Indeed I do."

"Do you believe that he wanted to return to you as usual?"

"Yes."

"Why? Did your little nephew appear to be upset, distraught?"

"Frightfully distraught."

Mr. Hood fiddled with a watch chain.

"Did you then retain me as counsel to write a letter ordering the Respondent to return your nephew within ten days of the date of this letter?" Mr. Hood waved the letter like a flag.

"Yes."

"Did you further instruct me to deliver this letter to the Respondent in person?"

"Yes, I did."

"Will you state what happened on the evening of July seventeenth of this year?"

"Yes. I went to the house of the Respondent and waited in the car while you delivered the letter to her. After a few minutes my sister came out to the car. She appeared to be very hysterical and she said, 'P.S. is never coming back to you and I don't care what Mr. Hood says, you will have to get a court order.' I then asked very calmly if I might see my nephew."

"Did the Respondent agree?"

"After some hesitation she went into the house and came back with the child. I said to him, 'What's the matter, P.S.? This isn't like you at all.' "

"And what did the child say?"

"He repeated what he had said on the telephone. 'I'm not coming back to you. I've decided.' "

" 'I've decided'."

"Yes. So then I said, 'Why don't you sit down here with me and we'll have a talk about it.' "

"Meaning for him to get into the car? You didn't want the little boy to have to stand in the cold street while you talked with him."

"Exactly. Well, I put my hand out to help him into the car and—"

"Just a minute. Did he seem reluctant about getting into the car?"

"Oh, absolutely not. Eager, in fact. He put his hand out —"

"The child put his hand out first?"

"Yes."

"You're sure of that?"

"Positive. He reached out for me and just as I put my hand out to help him into the car, my sister caught hold of him and pulled him back forcibly."

"The Respondent pulled him back forcibly?"

"Yes, and held on to him."

"Did she say anything?"

"Oh, yes. She was extremely overwrought and hysterical and started screaming at me and calling me a kidnapper and attracted the attention of neighbors. She then encouraged the neighbors to boo at me."

"Was the child upset?"

"Of course. He was struggling to get free of her and crying."

"The little boy was struggling and crying to get to you. So what did you do, Miss Scott?"

"Well, finally I told the chauffeur to drive off. I didn't wish to prolong the child's agony. I knew that it was impossible to reason with my sister any longer and that I should have to resort — to apply to the court for restitution."

"Now, Miss Scott, there's one thing I would like to make clear to his honor. You said that the Respondent often defied your wishes in regard to your ward and also encouraged him to deceive you."

"Yes."

"Can you give us an explicit example?"

"Yes. Last May, I believe it was, she overrode my objections and took him to a writers' picnic."

The judge looked down. "What kind of picnic?"

"A collection of writers were giving a charity picnic."

"Why would you object to that?"

"I do not consider these people fit company for a child of six and a half."

"You knew these people?"

"I knew some of them. They were friends of my sister Sinden, I consider them Bohemian."

Mr. Justice Hay-Piggott frowned at Vanessa. "Bohemian? Is that a classification of some sort?"

Mr. Hood said, "Do you mean shiftless, erratic, bizarre?"

"Yes," said Vanessa.

"When the boy came home, did he tell you about the picnic?"

"Not at first. He had been told to say nothing about it."

"How did you ascertain this?"

"He was so very disturbed and tense that I sensed what had happened. I said, 'P.S., you mustn't worry about anything, but you must tell me the truth. Did Lila—' "

"Meaning the Respondent?"

"Yes. 'Did Lila make you go to the picnic?' and he said, 'Yes.' "

"Did he then describe this — this picnic?"

"Vividly. He was very confused about the people there. He said they were very strange and there had been a lot of drinking."

"Some of these writers were drunk?"

"Apparently, from the way he described it. And also there was a lot of talk about his mother in front of him."

"What kind of talk?"

"He had got it into his head that his mother never wore shoes."

"How?"

"I believe someone there told a story of how my late sister met Logan Marriott at some fancy-dress dance party and ran off with him without her shoes."

"The child was upset at this story?"

"Naturally."

"And were you upset by it?"

"Frankly," said Vanessa, and became queenlike for a moment, "I have no idea how my sister met Logan — met Mr. Marriott, but I consider it wrong for a child to hear a coarse story about his mother."

"Continue."

"Well, he then maintained that it was implied in front of him that he had been responsible for his mother's death."

Several women near Lila said, "Ooooosssh," and the judge tapped lightly on the bench with his gavel.

Lila, feeling waves of asthma rising, heard Mr. Hood say: "Is it possible, Miss Scott, that the child was making this up?"

"I do not believe so. He said he was told by one of these writers that he must finish a novel my sister was writing at the time of her death. He then said that he would never become a writer, never, and he used a vulgar expression that he had picked up from these people."

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CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

"Did you protest to your sister over the incident of this unfortunate picnic?"

"No, I felt that much stronger action was necessary. I felt my nephew should be taken away from Mrs. Baines' influence altogether."

"Did you get in touch with the boy's father?"

"Yes."

"And did Mr. Logan Marriott come to Sydney at your request?"

"Yes."

"And at your expense?"

"Yes."

"What did you propose to Mr. Marriott?"

"I asked permission to take the child to England, away from this dangerous friction — at least during his formative years."

"What was Mr. Marriott's reaction?"

"Well, unfortunately he was intoxicated. He was incapable of understanding the situation and I could get nowhere with him."

"He was too drunk to give a decision?"

"Yes."

"But was there only one meeting? Didn't you try again?"

"He then refused to answer any of my telephone calls and suddenly left for Melbourne the following night."

"Did he communicate with the Respondent?"

"I understand that my sister saw him off on the train."

"Mrs. Baines saw him off?" Mr. Hood looked stunned. "Went with him to the station and saw him off on a train?"

"Yes."

"The following night?"

"Yes."

"And was it the following weekend, the very next weekend, that the boy was not returned to your house as usual?"

"Yes, it was."

"Thank you, Miss Scott."

The point seemed to hang in the air and glitter, the false image of Lila with gun in hand forcing Logan on to a train.

SILENT applause followed Mr. Hood's leisurely walk back to his seat and died away as Mr. Gentle got to his feet. His robe and cocky walk did nothing to disguise his youth, and when he spoke his voice was high and nasal. Vanessa regarded him with gentle disdain.

"You say Mr. Marriott was too drunk to discuss your taking the child away from his original foster parents or did he disagree?"

"He was drunk."

"I see. In other words, you didn't even have a discussion."

"We had a discussion."

"How long?"

"Well, I don't remember — an hour or so."

"An hour or so."

"Perhaps not quite as long as that." Vanessa twisted a little.

"Even so, Mr. Marriott couldn't have been very drunk or you wouldn't have spent that much time arguing."

"I was putting my case to him."

"Then he must have listened. Did he understand what you wanted?"

Vanessa said sullenly, "Yes."

"Yes." Mr. Gentle pounced on the word, ran gaily around with it, tossing it up in the air like a spaniel with a ball. "Yes! He knew what you wanted and yet you still didn't get anywhere with him."

"He was emotional and intoxicated—"

"But he never gave his permission for you to take the boy away from Mrs. Baines, did he?"

After a second, Vanessa admitted defeat on this point. "No."

"No. Because he wanted his son to be with the aunt who had taken the little boy from his dead mother's arms!"

Mr. Hood sprang up. "Objection, your honor. That is assumption!"

"Objection sustained."

"Just the same, he got it out," whispered Lila to George.

"Miss Scott, you've implied that your nephew wished to return to you. Do you believe then that he was happy in your home?"

"Most certainly."

"I see. Can you explain why on one occasion he locked himself in a bathroom for several hours?"

Vanessa smiled. "Oh, yes."

"You admit he fled into a bathroom and locked the door?"

"Yes, and I blame myself entirely. I shouldn't have let him see his father. The child somehow got the wrong impression that his father had come to take him away from me."

"Are you sure it wasn't because you had threatened the boy and struck him?"

Mr. Hood was objecting loudly and the judge, sustaining the objection, reminded Mr. Gentle that he must have supportable evidence before trying to bully witnesses into confessions and that the witness was in court in the role of applicant. She was not on trial.

Mr. Justice Hay-Piggott then wagged a long finger at Mr. Gentle.

"This is your first appearance before me in this court and, while admiring your zeal on behalf of your client, I must remind you that this is a Supreme Court in Equity and I will allow of no police-court pyrotechnics here. If you're in doubt as to the proper procedure, I suggest you approach me first."

"Yes, your honor," said Mr. Gentle, smiling, admonished.

"Have you any further questions to ask the witness?"

"No, your honor."

Vanessa stepped down from the witness stand and the judge recessed the court until two-fifteen.

Lila, forcing down some half-cold mincemeat in the Kosy Korner, said, "I'm afraid the judge doesn't like Mr. Gentle."

George said, "Oh, you can't tell with these legal blokes. They all sing out to each other in court and get together in the evening for a drink at a club."

"How would you know that?"

Her snide rebuke made Lila instantly ashamed. She felt further humiliated when, guiding her through the traffic, George took her hand and led her back to the court like a child.

In the dirty corridor, busy with bobbing grey wigs and black gowns, they came face to face with Vanessa, talking in undertones to Mr. Hood, and for a moment the sisters glanced at each other like strangers in a bus. Then separately they made their way into the assembling courtroom.

Cousin Ettie Bult's affidavit added nothing of importance except to laud Vanessa's unselfishness, loving kindness, self-sacrifice, and good taste. While Mr. Hood was reading it, Lila looked over at Ettie and the old lady's returning smile said, "Well, she is all that and you also are a dear lamb, so couldn't you and Vanessa make up and let me take you all for a charming, expensive dinner somewhere."

Mr. Hood (wisely, thought Lila) made no attempt to question Mrs. Bult, but hurried on to the affidavit

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CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

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of Miss Pile, who described the select advantages of her private school and under direct examination went on to say that Miss Scott's little nephew was showing great advancement.

Miss Claire Colden, of the London College of Music, said under examination that her pupil had been showing advancement, had quickly accomplished a piece entitled "The Emu's Tea Party."

Ellen Glossop, cook and domestic, stated that she had been employed by the applicant for the past seven months and that the house was luxurious and "run beautiful." Yes, the little boy often had come and chatted with her in the kitchen; he was bright and happy. In fact, in Ellen's opinion, if anything, he was spoiled. Too many expensive toys and fussed over too much, waited on hand and foot, if you asked her opinion. Mr. Hood, pleased as punch, reminded Ellen that opinions stood for nothing; only facts counted.

Mr. Gentle jumped up.

"Miss Glossop, why was the housemaid Diana Huggens recently discharged?"

"They said she was no good."

"Think carefully now. Are you sure it wasn't because the maid, Diana, had witnessed ill treatment of the child?"

Ellen fumbled with her bag. "Not that I know of." Then, looking Mr. Gentle in the eye, she added, "I stick to my job in the kitchen and I don't gossip about what goes on in the house."

"Have you ever seen Mrs. Bult the worse for wear for drink?"

Ellen replied that sometimes both Mrs. Bult and Miss Scott had a sherry before dinner.

"I asked you if you'd ever seen Mrs. Bult intoxicated?"

"Not me."

"Are you telling the truth?"

"Yes, I am. I know what the oath means."

Mr. Hood objected to the line of questioning and its implication.

The judge coughed and said, "Well, if the implication is that a sherry before dinner constitutes excessive drinking, we may all be found guilty indeed" and the courtroom laughed obediently at the judge's first real joke; the judge appeared pleased, wiped dry lips, asking Mr. Hood if there were any further affidavits. On being told there were none, Mr. Justice Hay-Piggott adjourned the proceedings until the following morning at ten-thirty.

Mr. Gentle, rushing off to catch a beer before the six-o'clock-closing-time crowd, said, "Now, Mrs. Baines, tomorrow's our turn and they're going to get it where the chicken got the axe."

. . . . .

The next day Vanessa studied her nails, listening to Mr. Gentle reading Lila's affidavit. Really! That distressing accent. Not only that but the embarrassing, really embarrassing, sentimentality of it all. The boy's "little" mother wanted this and that.

The boy's "little" mother wrote her last letter from the hospital where she was dying, begging the good kind Baines' to take her child. Why not "short but wiry," just for a change. The "short but wiry" mother wrote a letter. The Baines' house was "modest but full of love." Does that excuse an outside toilet? Near to a "convenient public school which his playmates attended and good enough for the son of a shire counsellor." To obtain votes, no doubt. "A boy needs a father's guidance." Poor old George, half asleep over there. Couldn't guide a horse. Time for the mud to fly.

INTO this life of suburban bliss came the Deponent. "Autocratic, aggressive, sly, demanding, and living on the endowments of a well-to-do elderly relative." Inference: coercion and blackmail. ("Ettie, I'm going to have that child by hook or by crook and you'd better finance the undertaking or else!") Right from the start "Deponent had gradually encroached" on Lila's time and influence and had been impossible to deal with, even giving orders that Lila was not to launder the child's shirts.

As time went by this monster had regulated the boy's every waking hour, adding needless lessons in the afternoons, allowing no time for recreation and play, locking up toys and so regimenting him that it was no wonder the poor little boy became more and more reluctant to return to the Deponent on Sunday nights and more and more persuasion was necessary by good, kind, motherly Mrs. Baines to induce him to go back. He had often become hysterical; he—

Then Lila was getting up and going into the witness box.

Vanessa watched her. Oh, that mincing walk and that sheepish devoted smile, crossing the courtroom as though

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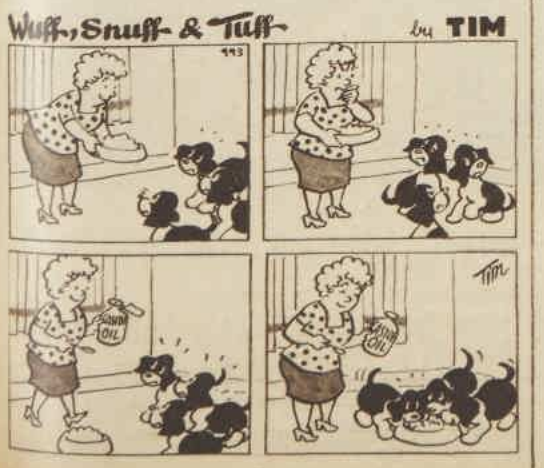
FOR THE CHILDREN



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CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

she were taking a cup of tea to Mater. Years of butter not melting in her mouth. Poor old George. Married to that fake.

Mr. Gentle said, "Mrs. Baines, have you ever tried to influence your ward in any way against the applicant, Miss Scott?"

"Never."

"Did you advise him not to return to her?"

"No. It was his decision. I tried to get him to go back at least for that week until we could get some legal advice."

"You tried to reason with him?"

"Oh, yes. But he kept saying, 'I won't go back, I won't go back,' and every time I tried to take hold of him he hung on to the bedpost and screamed. So I finally told him that it was all right but that he must tell Vanessa himself."

"On the subsequent night when your sister came to your house with her lawyer, did you forcibly prevent the boy from getting into the car?"

"Yes, because I saw the chauffeur had his hand on the door ready to slam it."

"Did the child cry and struggle to get in?"

"Absolutely not. He clung to me."

"Did you scream out to the neighbors?"

Absolutely not, said Lila. Vanessa had behaved like a crazy thing. Her abuse of Lila had been so terrible, so loud, that naturally the neighbors had been attracted by the noise. It had brought on one of Lila's rare asthmatic attacks. A doctor's certificate verified that Mrs. Baines' attacks were induced by emotional stress.

Guided and steered by Mr. Gentle, Lila basked in a spotlight of flatulent goodwill-toward-men. Pursued by arrogant writs and threats, poor Logan Marriott had been forced to flee Sydney on a train to escape Vanessa. Her sister Agnes, a temporary lodger, did belong to a religious sect (here Lila paused uneasily) but she did not try to impress her beliefs on the child, knowing that Mr. and Mrs. Baines did not adhere to them.

Here Mr. Hood stood up and asked, with the judge's permission, was Miss Agnes Scott in court?

"No," said Mr. Gentle.

"Not here?" Mr. Hood looked astounded.

"Owing to the fact that Miss Agnes Scott has only been living in Respondent's home for the last month or so and was not present during any of the incidents applicable to the case, her affidavit has not been requested."

"Not requested? I see."

Mr. Hood sat down, eyebrows sky high, and Agnes' absence in court was duly noted.

Skipping lightly over the unfortunate picnic, aware of traps, Mr. Gentle averred that Mrs. Baines had been within her rights to take the "little" boy to meet some of his "little" mother's friends. And hadn't the mother herself been a writer?

A "little" writer, thought Vanessa. A short but wiry novelist.

"I believe his mother would have wished him to go," said Lila on cue, and touched her eyes with a handkerchief.

"Is it true, Mrs. Baines, that during this picnic it was implied in front of the boy that he'd been in some way responsible for his mother's death?"

"No."

"Not at any time?"

"Never."

"Where did he get this idea?"

"From his other guardian."

"From the Deponent!" Mr. Gentle's turn to put on a look of horror. "How do you know?"

"He told me that Vanessa had said he was late coming and so his mother had died."

"When was this?"

"A long while before the writers' picnic."

"Before?"

"Yes. Vanessa had taken him up to see Dear One's Little Garden—"

The judge looked down crossly. "Dear who's what?"

Mr. Gentle elucidated.

The judge, writing, asked Lila, "This is what you call the grave?"

"Yes, your honor," said Lila. "We think it's nicer."

Mr. Hay-Piggott regarded Lila fiercely. "What have you told the boy about his mother?"

"Well"—Lila seemed flustered—"That she's with the angels."

"With the Rangers?" The judge looked affronted.

"Angels, your honor." Mr. Gentle spluttered. "Now, Mrs. Baines—"

"Wait a minute." The judge waved a pen at Mr. Gentle. "I don't understand. If the boy thinks his mother is with the angels, how can he also believe that she is in some little garden?"

"He didn't," said Lila and Mr. Gentle in chorus.

"I'm asking the witness," said the judge irritably.

Lila said shakily, "He thought of the little garden as a sweet sort of—memorial where we leave flowers and things—"

"What things?"

"I mean, just flowers, your honor. We've always made it seem nice to him. Then my sister went and told him that Sinden was down there in a box."

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CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

"We can presume that that is the truth," said the judge. "I don't understand the point of all this."

Mr. Gentle said, "But, your honor, the point is that the Deponent wilfully undermined all the careful training——"

"Careful poppycock," said the judge. "I must remind counsel we are not in session to hear a lot of emotional balderdash about gardens and angels. The point is that the boy learned that his mother died in childbirth."

"Yes, your honor."

"And that he learned this from the Deponent?"

"Yes, your honor."

"That's all we need to know. Good gracious, we don't need to write a book about it. We've already taken up far too much time on unimportant points. Now, do you have any further questions?"

Mr. Gentle said quickly: "No, your honor," and sat down as Mr. Hood approached Lila with a gleaming smile.

"Did you go to the train to see Mr. Marriott off to Melbourne?"

"Yes."

"Because he wouldn't come to your home?"

"Oh, no." Lila was indignant. "He was coming. I had dinner all ready and at the last minute he rang up—"

"He didn't come to your home?"

"No, but he'd been——"

"So you had to go to him."

"He was leaving that very night."

"Well, then, naturally he wouldn't have been able to come to your home."

"Yes, but—"

"What did you discuss with him?"

"Nothing. There wasn't any time."

"What would you have discussed with him?"

"Well—about P.S."

"What about your nephew?"

"My husband and I wanted Logan's approval to adopt P.S."

"Ah, I see. But you weren't able to bring this up?"

"Only briefly."

"Oh, then you were able to discuss it. I thought you said nothing was discussed."

LILA had begun wheezing. "Just as the train was leaving," she said.

"And what did Mr. Marriott say?"

"He said he wanted us to have P.S."

"Was anyone else present when he said this?"

"My husband and my sister Vere."

"Oh, your husband. Naturally. Was Mr. Marriott sober when he said this?"

Lila swallowed several times, seemed to be fighting for breath.

"No. But he understood and he said to write to him."

"I'm sorry; I didn't hear that."

"To write to him."

"Write to him where?"

"We don't know where he is. We——"

"Aren't you feeling well? Do you want a glass of water?"

Lila shook her head, regained her voice with an effort. "We then wrote to him care of his sister."

"Was there any reply?"

"No."

"No. Knowing Mr. Marriott's talent for evasiveness, you could hardly have expected a reply. Once he was safely on that train and off into the blue, did you honestly hope that Mr. Marriott would give a decision in your favor?"

"We thought that perhaps—since he was so angry with Vanessa—"

"I know you are not feeling well, but I must ask you to speak up."

"I'm sorry I—"

"Did you expect an immediate reply in your favor?"

"Well, no—"

"No, of course not." Mr. Hood's tone was kindly and conciliatory. "Why should you? You had not seen him for over six years, so why should you not assume you would not hear from him for another six. Were you angry when the train left?"

"Somewhat."

Mr. Hood cupped an ear in pantomime.

"Somewhat," Lila gasped.

"Somewhat angry. Yes. I should think so. I should think you went home very angry indeed. Was it the next Sunday that the boy refused to go back to Miss Scott?"

"Yes."

"It was the very next Sunday, a few days, in fact, after you had been frustrated in your attempts to get the father to agree to your taking the boy away from Miss Scott that the boy refused to go back?"

"Yes."

"And you still maintain it was solely the boy's decision."

"Yes. Yes."

"You are asking the court to believe that, out of the blue, a six-year-old child suddenly made up his mind not to return to his other guardian? You maintain that this extraordinary timing was merely coincidence?"

"Yes."

Mr. Hood remained silent while Lila exploded into a fit of wheezes and gasps, struggled for breath, flopped and wriggled in his fishing net. More than enough time to present a lying witness caught in her own asthmatic floundering. Then he bestowed on her a pitying smile and said, "Perhaps you had better stand down," putting out a hand to help Lila step from the witness box into the grave he had dug for her.

Mr. Gentle was up, waving little black wings and squawking that it was being implied the witness was in bad health; the witness had never been in bad health, was perfectly capable and willing to stand there all day and answer questions, provided they were put to her in a reasonable manner.

The judge maintained that the questions had been put in a reasonable manner and asked Mr. Hood if he wanted to ask anything more.

Mr. Hood said agreeably that there was no point in further questioning Mrs. Baines. Mr. Hay-Piggott cast a look of malignant dislike on both lawyers; warned them in his most leather-bound voice that it was to be hoped that proceedings would be wound up that day; and adjourned for lunch.

Mr. Hood hooked an arm around Vanessa coming through the swinging doors into the corridor and said, "So far, so good, but we may have a difficult time with that housemaid. Might have to recall you to the stand if she gets tough."

At the same time Mr. Gentle was reassuring Lila that once he got Diana on the stand things would really swing their way. Not that they needed it. If ever there was an open-and-shut case, Mr. Gentle added, this was it. And, by the way, the judge had asked to interview P.S. in chambers tomorrow afternoon.

Ettie, blundering out of the ladies' room, came face to face with Lila going in and

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CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

in a reflex action they clutched each other.

"Lila! Ah, you poor lamb. How are you?"

"Ettie. Oh, my dear, your hands are icy cold. Haven't you got your gloves?"

"Ah, dear thing — so kind of you — got my muff but it's freezing in the —er — courtroom."

"Yes, isn't it? Someone ought to complain. Not even a radiator in the middle of August."

"How's the little —"

"He's fine, Ettie. Oh, Ettie, who would ever have thought that this —"we didn't want this."

"Ah, I know you didn't, you poor dears. Neither did Ness."

"Well —"

"Poor you. Poor Ness."

Vanessa, spiralling like smoke around a corner, caught them red-handed. "Ettie!"

Ettie's little diamond hands moved uselessly in the air, made feeble protests at being drawn away, signalling that they were all lovely people at heart. Blood, said her fluttering hands, was thicker than water. Couldn't everyone kiss and make up now, before more damage was done to the soul?

"After all," she said to Vanessa's knotted face, "her mother was my first cousin."

"Of course that excuses everything."

"Ah, Ness —"

"Please. I'm very nervous today."

Vanessa felt her nervousness grow during the waning afternoon. George Mason Baines, with no issue of his own, loved the boy and a boy needs a father. Mr. Baines had provided an adequate home through thick and thin for more than six years. Mr. Baines had had vicissitudes but they were not overwhelming. In fact, the prospects for improvement, for quick reinstatement in the Trades Hall, were so blinding that it seemed an inopportune moment to turn on the dusty green-glass courtroom lamps.

MR. HOOD asked in a respectful tone for what party had Mr. Baines been a candidate in the 1926 election? Ah, the Labor Party. Yes, of course. Then, had the Socialists—beg pardon, Laborites—been instrumental in obtaining his employment for the trade unions? Yes. And Mr. Baines was now working as a nightwatchman? Only temporarily, owing to a cutback; I see. Were politics discussed much in the house? Not much? That's surprising considering your interest in the Labor Party and unions and strikes. Objection? I beg your pardon, no inference meant at all.

Housewife and neighbor Mrs. Florence Grindel had witnessed cleanliness, good wholesome food, and happiness next door. House good enough for little mother to live in for some months prior to her confinement. Everything milk and honey until arrival of Deponent from England. Remarked then on change in child. Nervous, fearful. Witnessed threats and wild behaviour of Deponent toward poor Mrs. Baines. Considered calling police. Child sick in hydrangeas. Wonder to her he hadn't refused to return to Deponent long before.

Now, at last, the housemaid, and the courtroom sat up and straightened its back. Vanessa smiled to hear herself described as a "martinet" and "strict disciplinarian." How silly of this young lawyer to put such words into the mouth of an inarticulate slavey who probably thought a martinet was some kind of cocktail.

Poor thing in her terrible beret with a rhinestone koala pinned to it, her bile-green dress with all that awful ruching, stumbling now toward the witness box, puce-faced, numb with the shock of being of importance. Almost immediately the judge became impatient and rapped at Diana to "speak up, for goodness' sake. If I can't hear you, I'm sure nobody else can."

But, to Vanessa's relief, Diana made a wretched witness. Glazed with stage fright, her butter fingers muffed every ball that Mr. Gentle tossed hopefully at her. She grew vague about times and events and frequently had to have portions of her affidavit read again to her. Every damaging admission was drawn out of her with red-hot pincers and sighs of pain.

"Y-e-e-s, well, the old lady sometimes took a few." Well, not drunk exactly, more tipsy, like. Always nice to her, though. No, she couldn't say Miss Scott was cruel exactly, more "stern." You had to watch your p's and q's with her. The kid had too many lessons and not enough time to play with other kiddies after school. The kiddie was often so "knocked up" (translation for the judge: "Tired, your honor") he had to go to bed before it was even dark.

Had she ever seen Miss Scott strike the child?

After a long pause: Well, yes, once.

Well, it was the day after the father came and there had been a big bust-up. Even they could hear it in the kitchen and the father told Miss Scott to go to hell and left. Right after that, Miss Scott had run upstairs and pushed the kiddie into his bedroom and slapped him for no reason. Then the kiddie had come running out and locked himself in the bathroom. Oh, for hours. None of them could get him to come out. It got her goat to see a poor kiddie suffer and so she'd spoke up to Miss Scott and got the sack then and there.

Mr. Hood said, "Are you used to hard work?"

Oh, yes, she was indeed. Came from a farm, where she milked ten cows before daylight, cooked for twenty farmhands, worked eighteen hours a day, even when she was a kid.

"Eighteen hours a day," said Mr. Hood, "and you consider an hour's piano lesson or a ride in the park overtiring for a boy of six?"

"Well—"

"When you were employed by Miss Scott did she ever correct you? Complain about your work?"

"Oh, yes, she—"

"Was she ever harsh with you?"

"Yes. Oh, she would give you the rounds of the kitchen if something was out of place, like if you forgot the serviettes."

"Made you feel bad sometimes?"

"Well, I don't like bein' roared up. I did my best."

"Must have made you feel very hurt when you were discharged."

"Too right. With my dad sick and all."

"Are you employed at the moment?"

"Part time in a bottling works."

"Do you like this as much as your previous job?"

"No, but I don't get my head blown off."

Mr. Hood turned away, then wheeled suddenly back. "Oh, just one other thing. Where exactly was the child standing when you saw Miss Scott hit him?"

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"Mr. Walters, Graham took my slide rule and won't give it back."

CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

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"In his bedroom," Diana said.

"Where in the bedroom?"

"Oh, I can't say for sure."

"Why not?"

"Well, see, I was coming up the stairs—"

"Oh! You were on the stairs! Could you see into the bedroom?"

"Well, not right in it, but—"

"Then you didn't see the boy slapped at all."

"Well—"

"Did you see the boy slapped?"

Diana clenched and unclenched her mammoth hands. "Well, no, but I heard it."

"You heard what sounded like a slap?"

"Yes."

"Thank you."

Moments later the rattle of machine-gun fire as Miss Gwenevere Scott's borrowed amber-glass beads broke and rolled in every direction as she mounted to the witness box.

"Oh, my beads! Sorry, terribly sorry."

Laughter. Ushers scurrying around on the floor, bending and retrieving the noisy beads and handing them to Miss Scott, who meanwhile had dropped her bag.

The judge, patience worn thin, rapped and reproved everybody.

Now what on earth could Vere have to say?

Dressed like something out of a musical comedy, thought Vanessa, looking at Vere's scavenged finery, a purple wool suit, large black velvet hat with a brass arrow which had apparently pierced her skull and emerged beside her left ear, and, to set off the ensemble, somebody's stone-martens.

Ettie, murmuring, "Vere-de-Vere looks very nice," and giving Vere a little secret wave of encouragement.

No need to tell Vere to speak up; she was on the stage and her high, excited soprano voice rang through the court and echoed from the high, dirty ceiling.

Logan Marriott had told her that he wanted Lila and George to have the child. He was worried to death because Vanessa was breaking the boy's spirit. He wasn't so very drunk when he said it either. No, they'd just had a couple of beers together at the Carlton and the reason he was scooting out of town on the train was because he was so thwarted by Vanessa.

So what?

Thwarted. Logan knew what Vanessa was up to and he'd only come because he wanted a peep at his own son. Vanessa wanted the child all to herself. That was obvious. Why? Because Lila often let the boy visit her, Vere, for an afternoon at the pictures or the botanical gardens, and Vanessa had only let her have him once and even then had created a most "undoing" scene because they were five minutes late coming home and had attacked her so savagely that the child himself and Mrs. Bult had tried to intercede. She had been told not to visit the house again.

Mr. Hood stood up and waved a long finger at Vere.

"Just one question. Don't you think a guardian has every right to exert some discipline over a child?"

"It depends on the child."

"Is this child different from others?"

"No, but he's a good child. I don't think he needs to be disciplined."

"What do you think he needs?"

"One less mother."

The courtroom rocked. Even the judge smiled and Vanessa and Lila said "Absolutely" to Ettie and to George. Mr. Justice Hay-Piggott reminded Mr. Gentle that he wished to interview the boy in chambers the next afternoon at two o'clock and set a date two weeks in advance for handing down his decision. It was over at last.

THE next day Mr. Gentle was waiting for them by a big iron gate outside a very dirty old building which had iron bars on the windows. For a moment he hung back and held on to Lila's hand. Was this really a gaol, like Winnie had said, and had Lila and George just been telling a lot of fibs about his having to see the judge? They went through the gate and up some steps to a big door on which there was an emu and a kangaroo holding up a shield. Mr. Gentle rang a bell and after a little wait the door was opened by a fussy young man who seemed in a hurry and said everything twice very quickly—come in-come in, sit down-sit down—and sat them down in a dark office full of books and papers.

While Lila took off his overcoat and gloves and combed his hair, the young man spoke into a box on the desk and said, "Your honor, the Marriott boy is here," and there were some rumblings and sputterings from the box and a click and Mr. Gentle told him not to be nervous and to be sure to tell the truth about everything, no matter what the judge asked him, and Lila was saying, yes, darling, tell the truth, it's very important, and kissed him. Then there was a long wait and so they all stared at the walls and from time to time Lila asked Mr. Gentle a question and Mr. Gentle sucked at his pipe and said maybe, perhaps, we'll see, and that he hoped that it wouldn't take too long because he had someone waiting at his office for him right now.

Finally there was a loud buzz on

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CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

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the box and the fussy young man listened to some rumbles and said, "Yes, your honor," and told them the judge was ready now and Lila said again don't be nervous now, pet, and tell the truth, and the fussy young man tapped on a door and opened it and beckoned him to go in.

Even Vanessa would have thought the room was very grand, like something in the Hollywood pictures. The walls were of shiny, polished wood and there were bookshelves right up to the high ceiling. The carpet was soft and deep like long grass and everything was very big — very big leather chairs and a desk as big as a tennis court and a fireplace twice as high as he was, in which a big fire crackled and popped. But the biggest thing of all was the judge, standing by the fireplace and looking down at him, and he suddenly thought of God.

The judge was exactly like God to look at, with his white hair and white eyebrows, only wearing a suit. So like God, in fact, that he almost got down on his knees, but instead held out his hand politely and the judge gave him a huge cold white hand and said, "How do you do? Are you P.S.?" and he said, "Yes, thank you," and the judge smiled and now all at once he didn't feel nervous at all, only impressed, the way he'd be if it really was God.

The judge said, "Sit down, P.S.," and helped him up into one of the leather chairs, which was so big that his feet just stuck out in the air.

The judge said, "Do you like chocolate?"

Yes, he said, thank you, and the judge handed him a big shiny red-and-gold package, the giant size which must have cost at least two shillings, and he said, overwhelmed, "Thank you very much."

"Don't eat it all at once," said the judge. "If you got sick, your aunt would blame me."

Which aunt? Vanessa, of course. She didn't believe in chocolate for children because of their teeth and so very likely she'd given the judge strict orders about it and perhaps the judge didn't like that, was a teeny bit annoyed with Vanessa. The way he'd said "your aunt" sounded as though he might be, and that was good. That meant everything was going to be all right and the judge was going to tell him in a minute that he was going to give him back to Lila.

"Now then," said the judge, sitting down near him and folding his big white marble-looking hands. "Now

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AS I READ THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week starting Sept. 18.

ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, rose. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ With the exception of muddle on September 24, you have nice stars until October 1. Luck could provide you with unexpected and surprising twists of fortune. Romance is in spring mood.

TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ A time when you get all sorts of little lucky breaks — not spectacular, but welcome for all that. Love affairs and romance come to the fore and play a major part in your life.

GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors, red. Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
★ You will get that spring feeling this week and your thoughts will turn lightly toward love. An excellent time for romance. Married folk enjoy pleasant and exciting times.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, orange, rose. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ Love and romance burgeon with the bees and the blooms as the zodiac enters the spring season, providing you with lots of emotional fare. There are compensations for hard work.

LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, blue. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
★ Exhilarating social events could climax at night a busy round of successful business activities. An ideal time to concentrate on material gain and to combine it with a touch of gala.

VIRGO
AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors, red. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
★ Many Virgo folk have experienced big changes—some not all for the better. You still receive the most attention from the stars. A relatively good week ahead to push your personal affairs.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, lilac. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ This should prove to be a happy week with most things proceeding swimmingly. Write important letters or sign important documents. A good period for travel.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, checks, red. Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
★ Love, luck, and lottery are particularly favored, but the home front is the focus and receives fortunate influences. A good time to solve problems relating to home and family.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, pink. Lucky days Wed., Sunday.
★ Good conditions will surround you for some time, and if you want to build solidly the stars are your way all the way until September 30. Everything tends to success in new plans.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ To use a well-worn word of the moment, you have a friendly "confrontation" of planets that could help your status in life. Exciting things could happen romantically later in the week.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, pink, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ Very powerful planets will give you the opportunity to hurdle the things that fence you in. A pleasant few weeks romantically. You could make exciting friends — and receive a surprise.

PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, yellow, pink. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ If you have been thinking of changing your career—or expanding it—this week's stars give you opportunity to do so. Material and business interests favored. Buy some oil shares.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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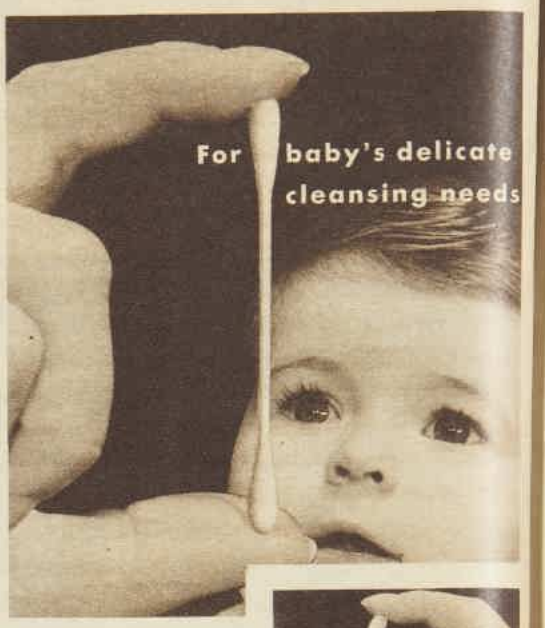

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There are some things about which you must be quite sure...

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Your mortgage repayment programme.

Social Service provision for widows' and old age pensions.

Death Duty requirements.

Family income and cash needs.

You must have all the facts on these and other related points. You must be quite sure that everything adds up correctly.

You can be sure if you arrange to have an A.M.P. FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP.

4 FOUR POINT FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP

Your A.M.P. man knows, from training and experience, how to help you—

1. Check the facts related to your present family and financial position.
2. Check the extent of your needs — what would be required if your family had to live without you — what you will require on retirement or to take advantage of long service leave.
3. Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
4. If they are not, your A.M.P. man will show you a family security plan tailor-made to your precise needs and circumstances.

An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or call the nearest A.M.P. Office.

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M106

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As new as tomorrow — far-and-away Australia's best-selling twin-tub washer — that's 1963 "Hoovermatic"! Famous boiling-pulsator action gives you your cleanest-ever wash . . . superfast spin drier leaves clothes driest . . . automatic timer cares for every type of fabric! Portable, compact "Hoovermatic" twin-tub can be used in your laundry, kitchen or bathroom — it's your best washer buy!

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12 MONTHS INTEREST-FREE TERMS ALSO AVAILABLE

£10 TRADE-IN*

(for your old power cleaner)

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Now with 60% GREATER SUCTION for cleaning

It's the world's most efficient vacuum cleaner — gets your whole house *really* clean! Everything's spotless with Hoover "Convertible" . . . carpets, drapes, furniture, lamps, accessories! More suction power means more cleaning power, and "Hoover's" exclusive agitator-action gives the most *thorough* cleaning of all! Attachments, **7 gns. extra.**

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	YOU PAY ONLY	**£32**

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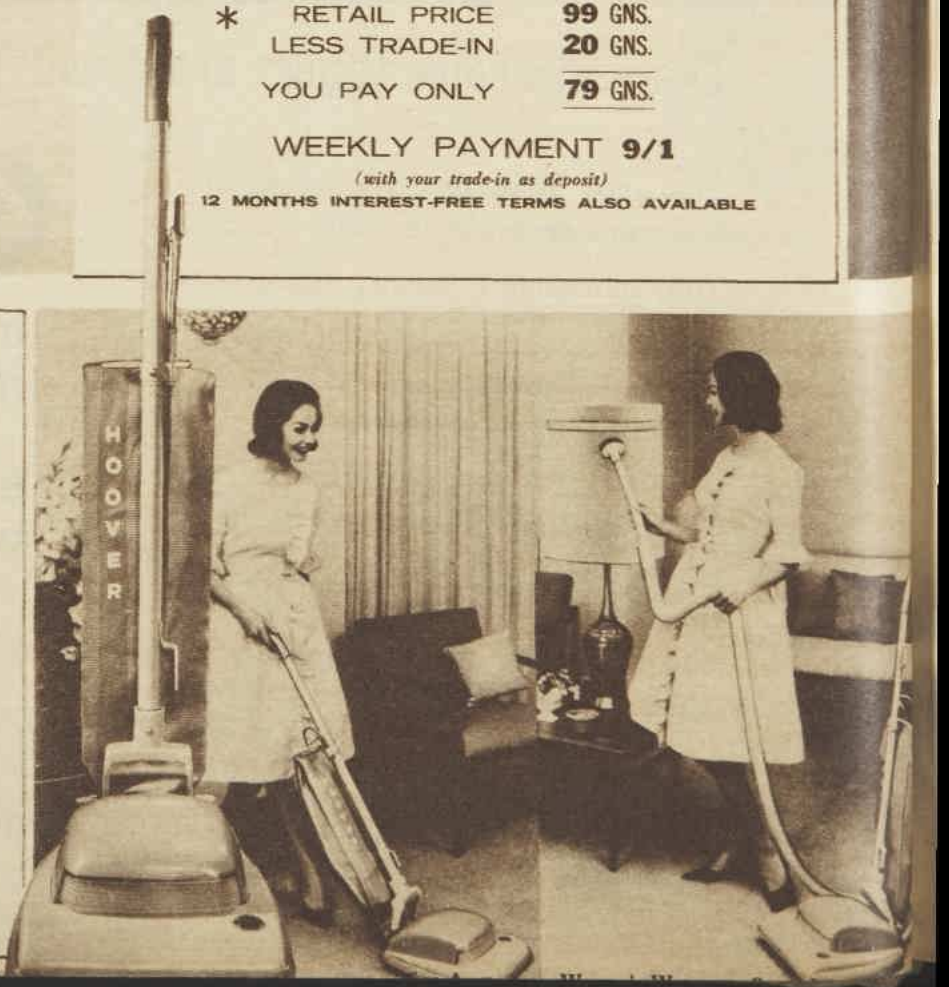

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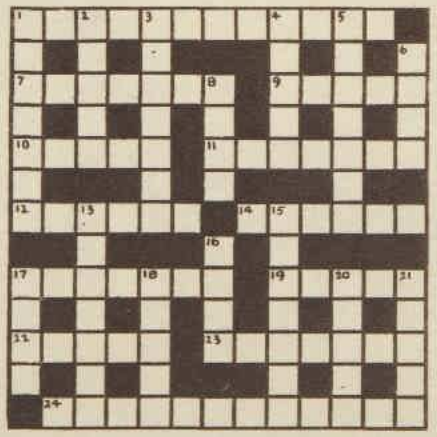
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE is telling Nardo about Joan's "ghost lover." Joan feels he is in trouble, and Mandrake now believes her strange story, because she said the ghost tilted as he faded away when she touched him. READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Opposed to a port in Celebes for protecting furniture (12).
7. The citadel of Moscow (7).
9. Lower a groundwork (5).
10. The senior tree (5).
11. Sailors whose heart can be used as car (7).
12. Master (anagr., 6).
14. Notorious and half of it is an ant (6).
17. Do have a bet for this widow (7).
19. Erratic lasses form this set of students (5).
22. African capital city (5).
23. The oyster belongs to this type of shellfish (7).
24. When reflected don't lose your head, for you will ever be chided (12).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. One of these ornaments contained in a bank letter (7).
2. Have a general tendency with the end where it belongs (5).
3. Fever with an end set to music (7).
4. One of them can be a dragon (5).
5. Its capital is Montgomery (7).
6. Company of persons who take meals together in a Thames sanctuary (4).
8. River on which 22 across is situated (4).
13. This untanned leather had wire (7).
15. Regain health when the second half is over (7).
16. Maggot which can turn into a Scottish borough (4).
17. Adorn a pack of cards (4).
18. Feel your way mostly with a rope (5).
20. Distribute to all (5).
21. Use up the bookie to the finish (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Yes—even this kind of dirt!

* Taken from the famous Handy Andy Kindergarten Cleaning Test Commercial — now on TV

Handy Andy shifts dirt like nothing else can!

In Stafford, Brisbane, sixteen kiddies were invited — yes, *invited!* — to make a mess of their kindergarten wall. And *what* a mess they made, with grease, jam, finger-paint — even mud pies. The kiddies went home, and the dirt was allowed to dry hard. The object? To test Handy Andy with ammonia, the white liquid that shifts dirt like nothing else can! Just a little Handy Andy in water and — *whoosh!* All that dirt was wiped off in next to no time. For all your tough cleaning chores try white Handy Andy, the first liquid cleaner to combine powerful cleaning agents with ammonia. Shifts dirt like nothing else can!

HANDY ANDY

Now in a bright, new, easy-grip bottle

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Continued from page 102

CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU

then, P.S., I'm going to ask you one or two questions and I want you to remember that this is all just between you and me, so don't be afraid to tell me the truth, understand?"

He nodded.

"Do you have a puppy?" asked the judge.

"No." Was the judge going to give him a puppy, too?

"If you had a puppy, would you care for it and look after it?"

"Oh, yes."

He was thinking how Vanessa hated puppies, would never let him have one. She always shooed stray dogs out of the garden. "Go away, you nasty thing." Once when they had been walking down the road, a little brown puppy had come running up to him and Vanessa had snatched his hand away from beginning to pat it and said, "No, don't touch it, P.S., it might have ticks. Shooo — go away, go on," and the poor little pleading thing had cringed and shivered all over with fright.

Lila had given him a little mongrel puppy when he was four, but the stupid baker's boy had left the gate open and the puppy had got out, been run over. Lila had cried over it much more than he had and when he had asked for another had said, "Oh, no, oh no, pet; I couldn't stand any other dog to have poor little Winky's collar."

The judge was saying, "Now a puppy has to be taught, doesn't it? Not to do certain things in the house? Has to be spanked when it's naughty? Eh? So it will grow up to be a nicely behaved dog?" He smiled gently.

Yes, he agreed, wondering what this was all about anyway.

Well, in some ways he was like a puppy, the judge explained. He wasn't old enough yet to know everything that was right and wrong and so he must be cared for and looked after until he was able to decide things for himself. Did he understand this?

Oh, yes.

"Now then, if you had a puppy and you had to give it away, to whom would you give it?"

That was a hard one. Who? Winnie? Alan? Cynthia Lawson?

The judge helped him out. "Wouldn't you give it to the person who you know would look after it the best?"

"Yes," he said gratefully, knowing for sure now that the judge meant Lila because she loved puppies and was always stopping in the street to pat them: "Oh, you dear little thing. Oh, wazza sweet little baby ting oo is!"

The judge seemed to know, like God, what he was thinking because he said, "Your Auntie Lila has been very kind to you, hasn't she?"

Oh, yes, he told God; oh, yes, he loved Lila and George.

"And your Auntie Vanessa? Hasn't she been very kind to you also?"

Yes, oh, yes. He supposed it was better to be polite about Vanessa. Specially now that he was sure the judge was going to give him to Lila.

"Why didn't you want to go back to her?"

Funny. It was hard to say why. He'd never thought so before, but it was. He'd never been asked why straight out before and he began thinking of all the things, the sadness he felt away from Lila in the big house, Vanessa and her strict orders, Miss Pile and Miss Colden, the fright about going away to England and Vanessa hugging him on the bed with her and—it was like being asked a hard question in class with everyone looking at you and being nervous that if you came out with the wrong answer then everyone would laugh at you, and now he saw that the judge was frowning and tapping his fingers together as if he was in a hurry.

"I don't know," he said to the judge.

"Why did you tell her you didn't want to go back?"

On the phone that night? Was that wrong? Of course, he'd had to tell Vanessa himself. Lila had explained that to him but perhaps she hadn't explained it to the judge.

"Lila said I had to tell Vanessa that I decided myself."

The judge seemed to understand completely because he nodded, and turning around picked up a gold pencil and wrote something down on a pad on the big desk.

JUST as he was going to explain to the judge, in case Lila hadn't, how it had all started that Sunday and about his plan to escape with Vanessa, the phone buzzed and the judge picked it up and said, "Yes, who? All right, put him on. Hello, Sir Gerald . . ." and went on talking for a long time, so he read as much as he was able to of the label on the chocolate wrapper and then looked around at the pictures on the wall, which weren't very interesting; mostly old, old men wearing long grey wigs who stared back at him crossly.

There was also a very large photograph of the King. He was thinking how sad the King looked (and no wonder, with all the troubles he had) when the judge put down the phone, and, catching him looking at the King, said, "Do you know who that is?"

"The King," he said, and noticing that the judge looked pleased that he knew, and feeling certain that the judge of all people must have inside information, asked, "Why does he look so sad—is someone going to shoot him?"

"Nobody," said the judge sternly, "wants to shoot the King of England, son."

Then the judge said that everybody in the British Empire was loyal to the King. Occasionally, the judge explained, there were bad kings who had got themselves shot. But they were in foreign countries and they were not like King George, who is good and kind to everybody, even the blacks. The judge gave him quite a lecture about it, blowing his nose every now and then very fiercely.

Finally the judge took a big gold watch out of his waistcoat pocket, gazed at it for a minute, wound it, put it back, and said, "Well, P.S., thank you for coming and having this little talk."

So it was over and it hadn't been bad at all, a treat almost, because the judge had been so nice. So nice, in fact, that it seemed perfectly all right to ask straight out: "Can I go home now?"

"Yes," said the judge, "you may."

If the judge had wanted, he would have given him a big kiss on his white old cheek, but he shook hands politely again and then, feeling the need to do something more to show his gratitude, he made his dancing-class bow.

"Goodbye," he said.

"Goodbye," said the judge.

(To be concluded)

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Send your order and postal note to PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE REQUIRED.

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2178.—An attractive all-purpose suit. (A) Self-collared jacket with flap pockets, slim skirt, and back-buttoned overblouse with short, set-in sleeves. (B) Contrast overblouse. Jacket has contrast facing and collar, and the skirt is the same as View A. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick Pattern 2178, price 5/3 includes postage.

2255.—Cool sleeveless dress with scoop neck and six-gored skirt and contrasting short jacket with notched collar to dress it up. Sizes 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45in. bust. Butterick Pattern 2255, price 5/3 includes postage.

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Wonder liquid polish for lino and the new tile floors

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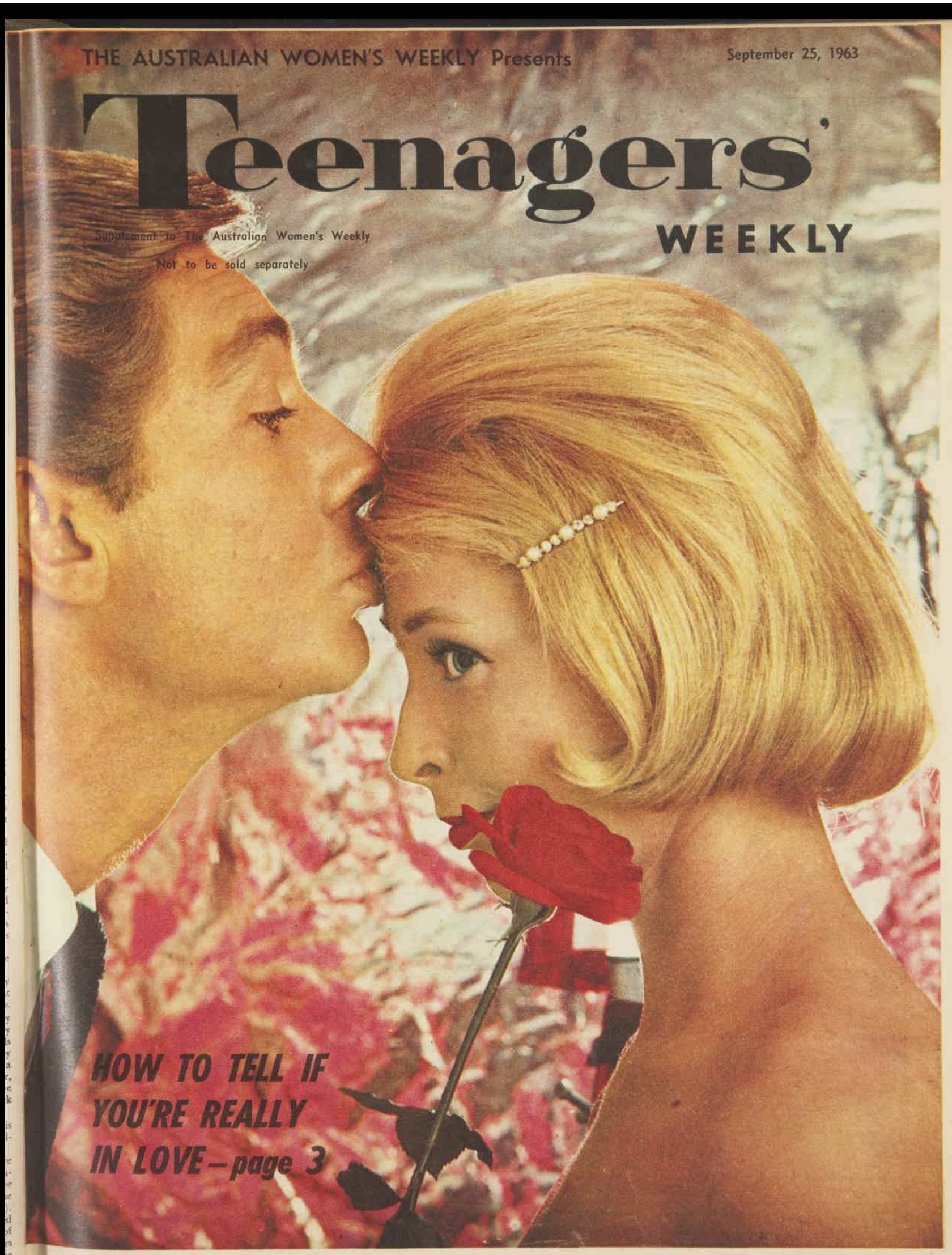
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

September 25, 1963

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



HOW TO TELL IF YOU'RE REALLY IN LOVE—page 3

LOOK FOR YOUR SUNSILK IN THE NEW BEAUTY BOTTLE

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication ue give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Nonsense about teenagers

YOUNG people (teenagers, if we must be labelled thus) are said to be a sadly misjudged and misunderstood group, who can be moulded into strong and conscientious citizens with just a little patience and understanding.

I have never been able to discover who it is exactly who propagates this sort of nonsense, but many people are beginning to believe it, and steps should be taken to set them straight immediately.

Most dangerous of all, teenagers are beginning to believe this themselves, and this can lead nowhere but to trouble.

Before it is too late, let us remove all young people from psychiatrists' couches and stand them firmly on their feet.

People are spending so much time "understanding" teenagers these days that many a juvenile delinquent is now prepared to commit his infamous deeds more freely, and if apprehended blame his evil on to "maladjustment" or some other such abstract term invented for his convenience by his bumbling, officious elders.

"Teenagers" are not sadly misjudged. There is a bad element among them, and it must be removed or corrected. But basically, young people would suffer less if they were not constantly pestered by those who "endeavor to understand our peculiar problems."

If the preceding generation MUST do something, they should begin by setting a faultless example, in the path of which any "teenager" may follow boldly and without hesitation or guilt. — *G. Stone, Resevoir, Vic.*

Nutty advice

IF you're caught in a rut
Just change your manner,
Turn into a nut —
All you need is a spanner.
—*Ross Anderson, Strathfield, N.S.W.*

Next week

TO coincide with the opening of the surfing season, our next issue contains:

- **Cover pin-up of 16-year-old Pearl Turton, who was judged the best girl surfboard rider at the recent interstate championships.**
- **Special article on surfboards and how to ride them.**
- **New fashion trends in swimsuits, illustrated in color.**

Legible Americans

SEVERAL of my girl-friends and I have teenage penpals in America and we have noticed that they all have practically identical handwriting.

Although my friends and I all learnt to write the same way originally, not one of us writes a bit like any of the others now.

My mother had a penfriend in America when she was my age, and has told me her writing was almost the same as my penfriends'.

I think their writing is neat and legible. I wonder why this should be so? — *"Mary," Box Hill, Vic.*

School politics

THERE is no doubt that teenagers are politically ignorant. They follow in the political footsteps of their parents, who no doubt followed their parents.

It is time that the politics and economics of our own country were taught in schools.

The history we learn now has little relation to what is going on in the world around us. The history of our own political parties, and what they stand for, should be a compulsory subject in every secondary school.

How many teenagers today know how the government of their country is constituted? Very few, I'm sure.

"Politics doesn't interest me," is a common statement, yet how could people say this if they were aware of just how much politics influences their everyday lives? — *Margaret Lewishon, Canley Vale, N.S.W.*

Glory box

READING in the letters column (T.W., 28/8/63) of the 14-year-old starting her glory box, I have a useful hint for engaged, soon-to-be-married girls.

Four months before I was married, I started a grocery-box, spending only a few shillings weekly on non-perishable groceries. When we moved into our flat, we were able to save quite a few pounds. — *(Mrs.) Elizabeth Standish, Largs Bay, S.A.*

Date worry

I AM rather shy, and when a boy takes me out, and I am enjoying the evening, I suddenly begin to wonder if he likes me and if he will want to make another date. From then on I worry about it.

Usually the next date is suggested just as I am opening the front door and all is well, but I do wish I did not have to wait all evening to know that I am finding favor with my escort. — *"Jan," East Kew, Vic.*

Lonely in city

SHOULD I return to my country town? Ten months ago I arrived in Sydney, excited with the prospects of an interesting position. I hoped to meet many people and thus widen my outlook on life. I have been very disappointed.

Opportunities of meeting people must exist, but as far as I've discovered an outsider seems unwanted in an already-formed group. Have readers any ideas that might help me? — *"Country Girl," Newtown, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK

"Man, I like to think of myself as one of those clean-cut guys."

Thin girl's plea

PEOPLE are for ever inventing things to make girls thin. Everywhere you read "Are you too fat?" or "Become slim the easy way," but nowhere do you see advice on how thin girls can become fatter. No one ever thinks of us.

Just about every girl I know seems to think that she is too fat, yet you hear remarks like "Oh, it's better to be pleasantly plump than skinny like a scarecrow."

If anyone knows a way to put on weight, would you please help? — *"Still Hoping," Kenthurst, Sydney.*

NO 'AYE' FOR AN EYE? BUT ONE FOR A TOOTH!

● Two newspaper headings on the same page the other day have come to my attention.

ONE read: "LEG. COUNCIL HALTS BILL." The other was: "DELAY IN LEG. COUNCIL."

Many people realised, or soon gathered, that the first headline referred to the N.S.W. Legislative Council's handling of the Optometrists Amendment Bill.

Not My Girl Farraday, however. Oh, no!

(You haven't met her before, have you? She's a doll called Farraday I knock around with. Although she's de friend she's a bit Defoe because she told me once that Daniel wrote a love story called "Robinson's Trousseau"!)

Well, M.G.F. (I'll call her that, initially!) is one of those lasses who read only the headlines—and take them literally.

So when she read the first headline she asked, "What does the LEG Council do?

"And what did Bill do to annoy them?"

Foolishly, I simply said it was about eyes.

"Well," said My Girl Farraday, "I don't see why Bill should be stopped from eyeing off legs."

When I came to think of it, I realised that, indeed, the duties of a House of Parliament could well be confused with those of romantic fellers.

Why, I believe male members call lady members "Hon."!

And, strictly speaking, a citizen who showers valuable gifts on his popsy is not out on his own.

Parliaments, of course, issue gold passes, too!

I dunno, perhaps My Girl Farraday was right—maybe the Leg. Council was interested in stopping Bill's roving eye.

If so, for shame! It's an intrusion on a male's constitution-al rites!

In which case, the second headline is reassuring.

I hope the Leg. Council is delayed for a long time.

Anyway, an ogling problem would be the parliamentarians' fault.

Who, I ask you, introduced this Bill?

I ALSO see that an English lass' favorite date is with her dentist.

And it's not a romantic meeting that the girl—16-year-old June Walker, of Romford, Essex—enjoys. She likes having teeth filled and extracted.

"I look forward to going to the dentist more than to a week's holiday at the seaside," says June, by gum!

She's a funny girl, all right. Most dolls' (and guys') attitude to dentists is summed up by the old saying "The spirit is filling, but the flesh is weak."

Perhaps there's even more to June's unusual enjoyment than meets the eye (tooth).

I wonder if her favorite songs are "Fangs For the Memory" and "Peg O' My Heart."

I'd guess she'd go out only with apprentices.

Indentured, of course!

—Robin Adair

TWO colour cards free in every Weet-Bix packet! A

Jerry is very enthusiastic about

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BEGINNERS, PLEASE!
No. 2 **By Sheila Sibley**

LOVE: WHEN IT IS, AND WHEN IT ISN'T

● Every beginner should know when she's *really* in love — it saves so much wear and tear. Experience is the best teacher, but as a teacher Experience is so sour-faced and quick with the ruler that few of us go willingly to school.

THE phrase, "I'll know better next time," is really the saddest there is. Try to know better NOW —ask yourself coldly and clinically:

Do I really **love** him? Or am I simply **in love?**

There's a world of difference.

It's easy to fall in love when you're young, and, bless your little heart, just as easy to fall out again.

Falling in love is like wearing a new dress—it's something gay and pretty that suits you very well for a time, but it has a limited season, and when the weather changes you'll want to change, too.

But to **love** somebody is to commit yourself, irrevocably, to another human being, to acknowledge his happiness to be more important than your own. It's a giant step, and almost impossible to retrace.

So that's why it's handy to know, before you start throwing those "for ever" promises around, if you really love the man.

How, then, do you tell the difference between loving and being in love?

Here are a few useful tests to try:

1. HE'S HALF AN HOUR LATE.

In love: You're furious because he kept you waiting. How dare he stand you up like that? Who does he think he is?

Loving him: You worry. Has there been an accident? (Has he been run over? Drowned in his bath? Slapped by a pterodactyl?) When he arrives safely you're so grateful that you welcome him with open arms.

2. YOU NEED A NEW DRESS. YOU BUY A PINK ONE BECAUSE:

In love: Pink suits you.

Loving him: He likes you in pink. Frankly, you think blue suits you best, but you're dressing to please him. In pink.

3. HE'S MARVELLOUS, OF COURSE, BUT YOU DON'T LIKE SOME OF HIS FRIENDS, YOU DON'T CARE FOR SOME OF HIS HABITS, AND ON SOME THINGS YOU SIMPLY CANNOT SEE EYE-TO-EYE.

In love: You set out to change him to something nearer your heart's desire. If you can't change him, you drop him. ("Yes, I was quite fond of him, but I knew he'd never change . . .")

Loving him: You set to work to **like** his friends, his habits, and, gritting the teeth a little, you **see** eye-to-eye. Why are you backing down so humbly? Because you're too darned scared of losing him, that's why.

4. YOU HAVE QUARRELLED WITH HIM BITTERLY.

In love (and now out of it): You snap your fingers, announce there's more fish in the sea—and go fishing.

Loving him: You can't eat, you can't sleep, and you wish to heaven you could stop crying.

5. YOU SEE HIM WITH ANOTHER GIRL. HE HAS WHAT APPEARS TO HIM TO BE A PERFECTLY REASONABLE EXPLANATION.

In love: You don't believe a word of it. You get the sulks. You get rid of him.

Loving him: Whether his explanation rings true or false, you believe him. You've **got** to believe him, because the whole of your happiness, present and future, hangs on the thread of that belief.

6. HE HAS TO GO AWAY FOR SEVERAL MONTHS. HE DOESN'T WANT YOU TO MOPE AT HOME. HE SAYS HE WANTS YOU TO GO OUT AND ENJOY YOURSELF.

In love: You stay at home for a week, maybe two. Then you remember he forbade you to mope at home. You go out with other men. **He's** not spending every night with a good book, that's for sure. From then on it's just a short step to wondering what you ever saw in him.

Loving him: You simply stay at home. You don't go out and enjoy yourself with other men because you couldn't enjoy yourself without him. Any other man, no matter how charming, has one big unforgivable fault —he's not **him.**

7. HE ASKS YOU TO MARRY HIM.

In love: You ask for time to think it over. After all, it's a serious step.

Loving him: It's a serious step and you've thought it over. "YES."

And by all the rules you should live happily ever after.

But if he doesn't ask you to marry him, if you love him and he was only **in** love with you, how do you cope with that?

See this page next week for a Beginner's Tour Through Sentimental Swamp, stopping along the way with practical advice on How To Mend A Broken Heart.

WRIST ROMANCE

LATEST CRAZE for American teenagers is to wear their love on their wrists (instead of their sleeves). The metal bands have special compartments for photograph and engraved sentiment.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LOVE

"He didn't propose in that many words, but he took out a piece of string, measured my ring finger, then put it back in his pocket, looking sheepish."

"Charlie isn't my steady any more. He said I was getting too possessive."

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Fun-fa
leisu

● *Denim and cotton are the inspiration for these eye-catching summer-fun outfits in madly young and gay prints, stripes, and checks. Teenagers with a flair for fashion who like to look slick and different will go for these casuals, which are trend-setters with lots of nice finishing touches.*

BLAZER SUIT (left) of ticking-stripe cotton (it's washable, crease and water repellent) is piped in red, becomes a fashion-wise three-piece by adding matching front-zip Bermudas.

CHEWING on a *wearing check* *ham pants (broc* *justable and* *Cotton workman* *contrast patches*

FLA *in* *fash* *slee* *line* *smar*

Fashions by Grayson at Mark Foy's Stores, Sydney.
Photographed by Adelie Hurley.

TWO colour cards free in every Weet-Bix packet! A

Jerry is very enthusiastic about

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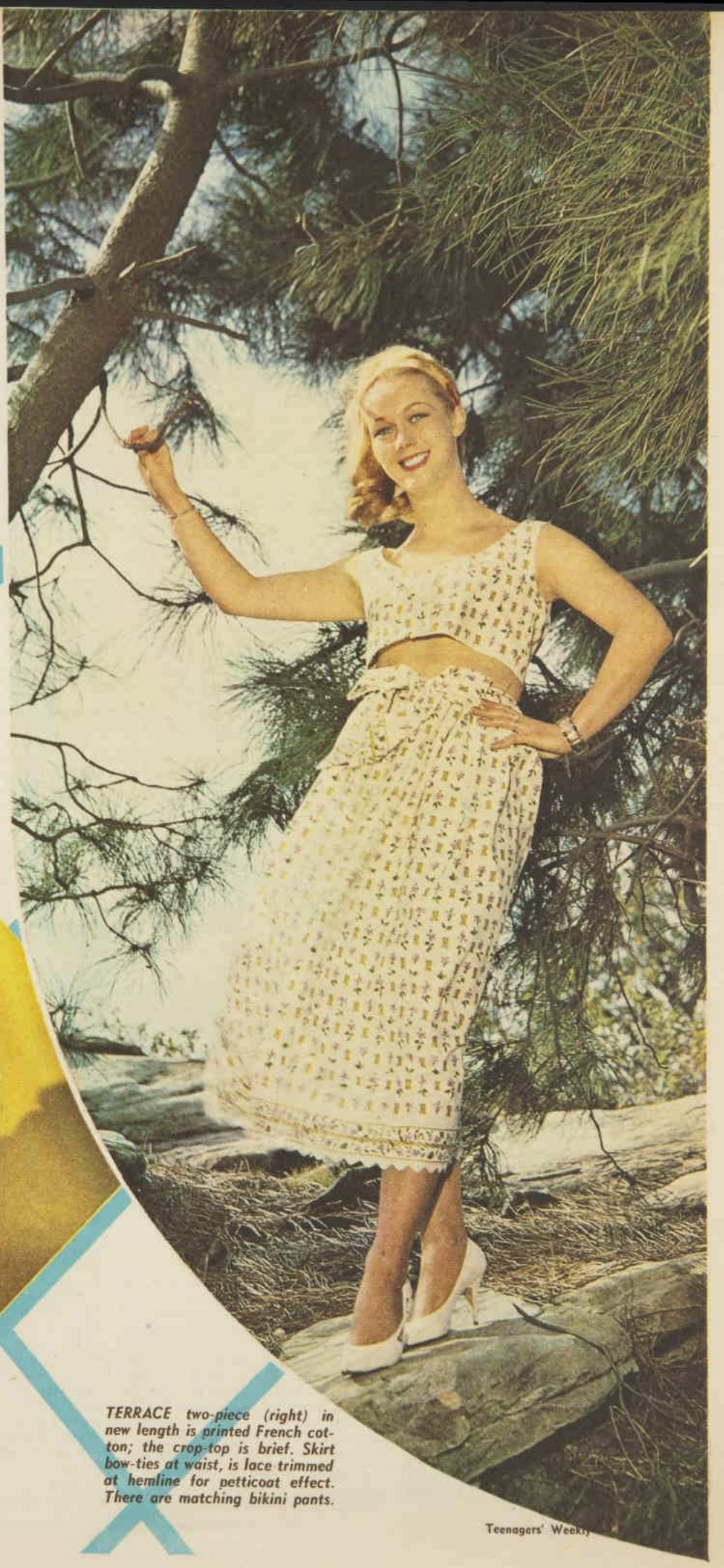
shions for
e living

PRINTED denim hipster slacks (left) in lively fashion colors is topped with gay poplin shirt blouse with stud - fastened collarband.

w (left) n-ging- are ad- rable). t has elbows.

b-and-brace skirt print (right) is a surprise pocket. Roll- louse with shirt neck- s linen buttons, a thered yoke at back.



TERRACE two-piece (right) in new length is printed French cotton; the crop-top is brief. Skirt bow-ties at waist, is lace trimmed at hemline for petticoat effect. There are matching bikini pants.

LOOK FOR YOUR SUNSILK IN THE NEW BEAUTY BOTTLE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4978190

Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

An ocean apart

"I AM deeply in love with a boy of 19 who came to Australia from America two years ago and who is going back to America next January. He has told me he loves me and doesn't want to go back to America, but his parents won't let him stay here in Australia and my parents won't let me go to America because I am too young. Please don't ask me to forget him, as I have tried many times since I knew he was leaving Australia, and every attempt has failed."

D.B., S.A.

Better start saving up. If you don't ever manage your fare to America you'll at least be able to buy lots of writing material and airmail stamps.

I don't want to sound heartless, but distance and time together are the enemies of romance. Your mutual feelings will need to be pretty strong to overcome them—and letters will be just about your only weapon.

If you succeed, your love will surely find a way to get together when you are both old enough to marry.

Tongue-tied

"I'M in love with a girl a year older than myself. Do you think there's anything wrong with this? I know she loves me, but I haven't the 'guts' to tell her I love her. How could I do this without embarrassing myself?"

"Lovesick," Tas.

1—No. 2—She probably knows already, so you shouldn't be embarrassed. Just try to get the words out when you feel the time is right. If you can't say them, write them in a note and send it to her with some flowers.

Knocking a rival

"I AM a 21-year-old boy. About three years ago I met a most attractive Italian girl. I used to see her every night getting the same bus home as I do. I fell in love with her and asked her out. I was very disappointed when she told me she was not allowed out with boys (she was only 16 at the time). In the meantime I have taken other girls out, but find I am still in love with her. Lately I have found out that she is going steady with one particular boy whom I have known very well for many years. I also know that he is not true to her and if she marries him she will be very unhappy. (He is Australian, not Italian.) I do not want to see her hurt. Should I warn her of the future?"

"Worried," W.A.

No. Because (a) your motives would be suspect (isn't there at least a touch of sour grapes mixed with them?); (b) even if your facts about the boy are right, you can't be sure she'll be unhappy if she marries him; and (c) it's none of your business.

The fact that she's going steady need not prevent you from trying to win her yourself — but don't do it by knocking the other boy.

Gossiping girl

"I HAVE been caused much embarrassment, and even some cross words between friends of mine, because of a bad habit of my girl-friend's. She lives in a hostel and so do I, and therefore we have many mutual acquaintances. My problem is that when I tell her something about one of these people she rushes and tells everybody she knows. She just can't keep her mouth shut, and nothing I say does any good. She sometimes wheedles secrets out of me, and the next time I see someone we both know out it comes! Please help me — it's getting frightfully embarrassing."

"Curly," N.S.W.

You could try pointing out to your girl-friend that she could cause real harm by her gossiping—and possibly has done so already. This MIGHT shock her into an effort at future discretion. But it's a very difficult malady to cure. The only really safe method of dealing with gossipers is to tell them nothing that you wouldn't want repeated to the world at large.

Unless you feel you can face a future together devoid of shared confidences, you'd better start looking for a girl who knows when to curb her tongue.

Pen-friendships

"I AM wondering if you could tell me if it is wise for girls of 12 to 18 to correspond with male pen-friends from, say, Japan, Indonesia, America, Germany, or any overseas country when they don't know who they are, their background, religion, etc. I know of one girl whose very first letter from a 19-year-old boy in Germany (he saw her name in a pen-friends' column and wrote to her) had with it a photo of himself and he'd written 'I love you. Forget me not' on the back of it. What do you think of this set-up? I think it could lead to dangerous circumstances if correspondence is continued to a person like that, don't you? Continued correspondence to any man or different men all over the world by girls of these ages is a puzzle to me. Please tell me what you think."

"Puzzled," Vic.

It's natural and healthy for young people to be interested in other young people, despite differences of nationality, religion, and background. In fact, it is these very differences which add glamor to overseas pen-friends. And, of course, most girls in their teens prefer to correspond with a boy — that's human nature.

There's a great deal of educational value in this exchange of letters, too. The girls learn about other countries and peoples at school. Letters from these countries bring those lessons to life for them. They learn that people all over the world have feelings and problems very like their own — which is a sound basis for international tolerance and understanding.

If a little bit of romantic nonsense is indulged in, it's often because the writers feel safe in the knowledge that they are most unlikely to meet. Remember, too, a girl is not obliged to answer an unpleasant letter.

And a "Johnny-on-the-spot" will soon distract her thoughts from someone thousands of miles away.

Beauty in brief: POWDER POINTERS

DAYTIME make-up for the girl who has reached the age to wear cosmetics usually means some sort of powder-base and powder plus a dash of lipstick, perhaps some light strokes of an eyebrow pencil.

Face powder, when it's put on properly, is the flush and finish of your whole make-up.

You can't "scrub" powder to the evenness that a base coat of foundation can have, nor should you "flour" it on. Best method of all is to press powder on thickly with a clean cotton puff all over your face and throat, and let it set for a moment or two.

Then flick off the surface with a fresh piece of cottonwool or a powder brush, moving from the forehead down to the base of the throat.

Make sure that there are no pockets of powder left at the corners of your eyes or beside your nose.

Two powder points that are worth more than passing notice are: don't powder heavily around the eyes—it's apt to produce an unnatural, mask-like look—and always use a downward stroke of the powder applicator to make cheek fuzz lie flat.

Face powder is not meant to absorb the oil of a make-up base—it should simply rest on it lightly. When powder is saturated with an excess of oil, it's almost certain to change color slightly after a few hours, even on a young skin.

So spare the foundation when you apply it. Whether it is cream or liquid, colored or colorless, it should be the barest filming for your skin, a light but firm foothold for the fluff of the powder.

—*Carolyn Earle*

A word from Debbie

WITH summer coming around the corner, now is the time to glamorise your warm-weather pretties—and you don't need a bulky pay envelope to do it.

Here are some bright new looks for dull old clothes.

Be a dandy. Make white organdie cuffs and false shirt fronts for dresses and suits. Edge with narrow lace and thread with ribbon.

Pretty up last year's cotton dress. Buy some rick-rack braid in gay contrasting colors. Trim pockets, collars, and sew it just beneath the hem like a petticoat edging.

Why not make a clutch bag to go with your favorite linen dress? Try strawberry-pink linen to go with pale pink, bright coral, or turquoise to give a lift to your bone linen.

And here's a spring hat to make in ten minutes flat: Wear a posy of artificial flowers plonk on top of your head. Add some black veiling to cover your eyes and nose.

Add a smile, and everybody will think you're Christmas—already!

Sunday boredom

"WE are two girls aged 15 living in a small country town. We like two boys about our own age, and would like to get to know them better. How can we do this without making fools of ourselves? Because our town is small, there are no clubs or other amusements on Sundays. This makes life rather boring, so could you please give us some ideas which would help us to amuse ourselves?"

"Double Trouble," S.A.

Why not ask your parents if you can have a party, then invite the two boys along with other teenage friends? Just have a simple supper — you should prepare it yourselves as much as possible.

During the evening start a general discussion about planning regular gang get-togethers — barbecues, record sessions, or even excursions to the next town to watch sporting events. You'll probably find most of them quite keen on the idea.

Hobbies are wonderful for banishing boredom, too. And you can learn a great deal through them. There are "make and do" hobbies like dressmaking, cooking, painting and sketching, clay-modelling, gardening, photography; "collecting" hobbies (shells, stamps, coins, dolls — the list is almost endless); and "playing" hobbies like music, amateur theatricals, dancing, sports.

Choose one and start it together. you'll be surprised how much fun you can get out of something you put a little bit of effort into.

• *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

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LISTEN HERE—with Diane Roberts

Tiny new singer is big on TV screen

● Tiny singer Joanie Nowland, recently seen and heard on several national television shows, admits she becomes a bundle of nerves before she makes a public appearance.

"I'M a mass of jelly before I go on to sing," she said. "I can't remember my words and I think I'm going to be terrible, but when I get in front of a microphone I just start to sing, and have a ball."

Joanie, of Sydney, is 18, just over 5ft., has reddish-gold hair and bright sparkling blue eyes.

Her hands move constantly and she talks in breathless little spurts.

"I want to be a good singer more than anything else in the whole world; that's all I've ever wanted to be for as long as I can remember," she said in one breath as I talked with her over a cup of coffee.

"I know it's not going to be easy, but I'm willing to work very hard."

Joanie began singing in a school choir, and when she left school ("a day I couldn't wait for") she got a job in a record store.

She began to sing at clubs and dances at weekends, and left the shop when an offer came to sing in one of Brisbane's biggest hotels.

While in Brisbane she made her debut on television, and when she came back to Sydney she appeared on "Opportunity Knocks," "Bandstand," and "Saturday Date."

One of Joanie's big thrills was meeting American singing star Connie Francis when Connie sang in Sydney.

"I've always been a fan of hers," she said. "I met her father while I was at a radio station and he took me to see Connie one night before she went on stage.

JOANIE NOWLAND

"We sat in her dressing-room and talked for about half an hour about singing and just everything. She was wonderful."

Finishing her coffee, she gave me a quick smile and was gone. But I don't think it's the last I'll see or hear of Joanie Nowland.

BACK in Sydney after a smashingly successful tour of Queensland, **Col Joye** is proudly brandishing a gold-plated sugar-cane knife.

The knife was presented to him by the manager of the Ingham Theatre, Ingham, for breaking all attendance records. Two hours after bookings opened for the show, the theatre sold out.

But Col and his crew nearly didn't make it. They were travelling in a specially chartered train, and a railway strike held them up. They finally chartered a bus to Ingham to do the show.

RADIO stations in America are being bombarded with queries about Australia every time they play **Rolf Harris'** "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport," which is currently flying high in the U.S. charts.

Listeners want to have parts of the song "translated," and a frequent question is "What makes the bubbling noise in the background?"

An Australian listener finally came to the rescue and brought a wobble board into the station to demonstrate.

A BOUNCY up-tempo number that you find yourself singing is **Dore Alpert's** "You're Doin' What You Did With Me With Him" (Festival 45). It's a bit of a mouthful to sing-along with, but the backing is cute, and I think it will be popular. The flip, "Dina," is a slow ballad—so slow it drags.

BARBARA LEWIS has a sweet voice as she sings "Straighten Up Your Heart" (Atlantic 45), a pretty song with a slight cha cha beat. On the flip, "If You Love Her," her voice sounds huskier, but both sides are good.

SOUNDING rather like the Four Seasons, **Randy and the Rainbows** have a swinging single out, "Denise," backed with "Come Back" (Festival). "Denise" is a rocking number that really moves. "Come Back" is a bit too gimmicky, but it has a good beat.

JUDY GARLAND is a dynamic personality who has been a favorite artist with many, many people over the years, and is still gathering fans.

If Judy is a favorite with you, or if you're undecided, listen to "The Magic Of Judy Garland," a newly released album from the Universal Record Club.

Numbers include "That Old Black Magic," "Zing Went The Strings Of My Heart," and "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows."

SMOOTHLY soft and subtle and made to be played with dimmed lights is **Tony Mottola's** "Romantic Guitar" (Command LP). Deftly handling his guitar, and aided by a simple and effective backing, Tony strums and weaves a spell through numbers like "Fly Me To The Moon," "Misty," "Alone Together," and "Speak Low."

TWO lovely singles released by **Della Reese** are "The Classic Della," Volumes 1 and 2 (R.C.A.). They include "Serenade," "Till The End Of Time," "If You Are But A Dream," and "The Story Of A Starry Night."

Excellent orchestration and the exciting voice of Della make these good singles to buy — cheaper than buying an album, yet you get the quality.

WORTH HEARING

Music for three and four harpsichords

A CONCERTO for four harpsichords and orchestra is not such a freakish idea as it may appear at first sight; in fact, the most famous example of a four-harpsichord concerto was devised by Bach himself.

It must be remembered that in the 18th century, when Bach wrote, musicians delighted in experimenting with unusual combinations of instruments, especially when writing concertos.

Bach's four-harpsichord concerto is not entirely an original composition, but a free arrangement of a concerto for four violins by his slightly older contemporary Vivaldi; the four harpsichords playing together make a truly exciting and glittering sound that can be heard in a record of multiple-harpsichord music issued by the World Record Club.

The soloists include two Australians, Eileen Joyce and Denis Vaughan; the others are Thurston Dart and George Malcolm. They are accompanied by the Pro Arte Orchestra, conducted by Boris Ord.

The disc also carries Bach's three-harpsichord concerto in C major and two modern experiments in writing for four harpsichords.

One of these is a concerto transcribed from another of Vivaldi's concertos by Thurston Dart, one of the world's chief authorities on the performance of older music. The other is a set of variations on a theme by Mozart, composed by George Malcolm.

— Martin Long

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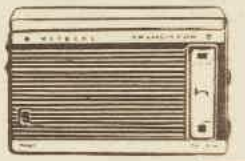

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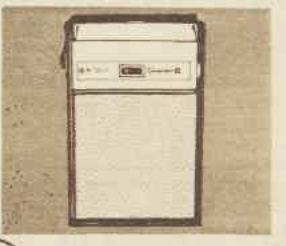

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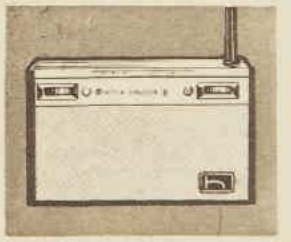

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MODEL WH822H
2-band shortwave/AM 8 transistor portable. Complete with accessories.
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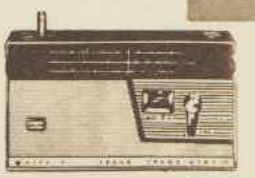

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TOP TEENS IN SPORT No. 22

Water-ski champion

● Ron Marks is a teenager who flies through the water with the greatest of ease as an international champion on silver-ash skis.

By Cynthia Robinson

AT present 19-year-old Ron is skiing his way round the world on a seven-month trip, proving wherever he goes that the standard of Australian water-skiing is equal to the best.

He competed with great success at several American championships before flying to France to join four other Australian team-mates for the highlight of his trip — this month's world championships in France.

Though Ron didn't enter competition water-skiing till 1958, he won the Australian Junior Championship at his first attempt and has since had a phenomenal run of success.

By the time he'd left Australia in June he was the current Australian overall and slalom champion, Pacific Zone (international) overall champion, Pacific Zone slalom champion, and Australian masters champion.

This isn't bad going for a former butcher from Baulkham Hills, N.S.W., whose entry into water-skiing was "a complete accident."

When he was about nine, his parents were driving his elder sister to a Sunday afternoon game of tennis and Ron had gone along just for the ride.

On the way several cars flashed by trailing speedboats, and Ron demanded to know where they were going.

His father obliged by finding out at a garage that they were water-ski enthusiasts on their way to the Hawkesbury.

At dinner that night the family foursome decided it would be fun to try the sport themselves, and within two weeks they'd bought a boat.

"None of us knew a thing about water-skiing, but we all had a go," said Ron's attractive mother. "And despite our many spills we soon gained confidence and were all great enthusiasts."

Ron has never had a lesson, and for most of the time his job permits him to ski only on Sundays.

Before he went to Florida to represent Australia in the 1961 World Ski Championships, he worked in one of his father's butcher shops.

When he returned, his father sold his shops, and he and Ron went into business manufacturing water-skis.

Ron, whose hair is crew-cropped so that water won't drip in his eyes when he's skiing, is a great lover of speed. When he gives up competitive water-skiing he plans to take up racing-car driving.

Ron gave a clear demonstration of his love of speed early this year when the Pacific Slalom Championship was held at Surfers' Paradise.

In a performance which water-ski experts still talk of as one of the finest ever recorded in the world, Ron swooped over five buoys at the amazing speed of 40 m.p.h.

Recently, at the American Masters Tournament at Pine Mountain, Georgia, Ron won a trophy which proved him to be a fine sporting ambassador.

The bronzed young Aussie, who is the first skier of any foreign country ever to be invited to compete in this event, was voted by a ballot of all other competitors as the "best sportsman" present.

NEXT WEEK: Christine Smith

RON MARKS, Australia's top water-skier, who was recently voted "best sportsman" by competitors in the American Masters Tournament.

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Jerry is very enthusiastic about

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